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CONTENTS

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The Execution of Ferrer 355
The King on the English Crisis 355
The Dismissal of Mr. Crane 356
The Decision in the Panama Libel Case 357
Bank Plundering by Speculators 359
Campaign Debate 359
Rival Political Shows 360
The Peary Statement 361
Ideals for the College 362
Modern Witchcraft 363
Germans in America 363
The Trustees of the People's Wealth .. 364
The New York Campaign: The Managers of the Estate 365
A Sportsman Scholar 368
The Spectator 369
A Picture Memory of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration 371
By Van Der Weyde
The Hudson-Fulton Celebration 375
By Frank Marshall White
The Window (Poem) 383
By Henry van Dyke
The Dutch Masters 384
The New Theater 395
By John Corbin
Mrs. Humphry Ward's Real People ... 407
By Charles S. Olcott
Double Trouble (Poem) 416
By Martha Young
In the Service of Quality 417
By Walter V. Woehlke
Halley and His Comet 428
By Waldemar Kaempffert
Day Laborers Before Their Time 435
By Lewis W. Hine
The Last Northwest 444
By John Foster Carr
The Effect of Field Sports on Human Character 456
By John P. Mahaffy
Of One Grown Old (Poem) 462
By L. Frank Tooker
Two Famous Ballads: Barbara Allen's Cruelty and Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale 463
Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie
Mayor Johnson of Cleveland 469
By Paul Leland Haworth, Ph.D.
The Lighthouse (Poem) 474
By Frederic E. Snow

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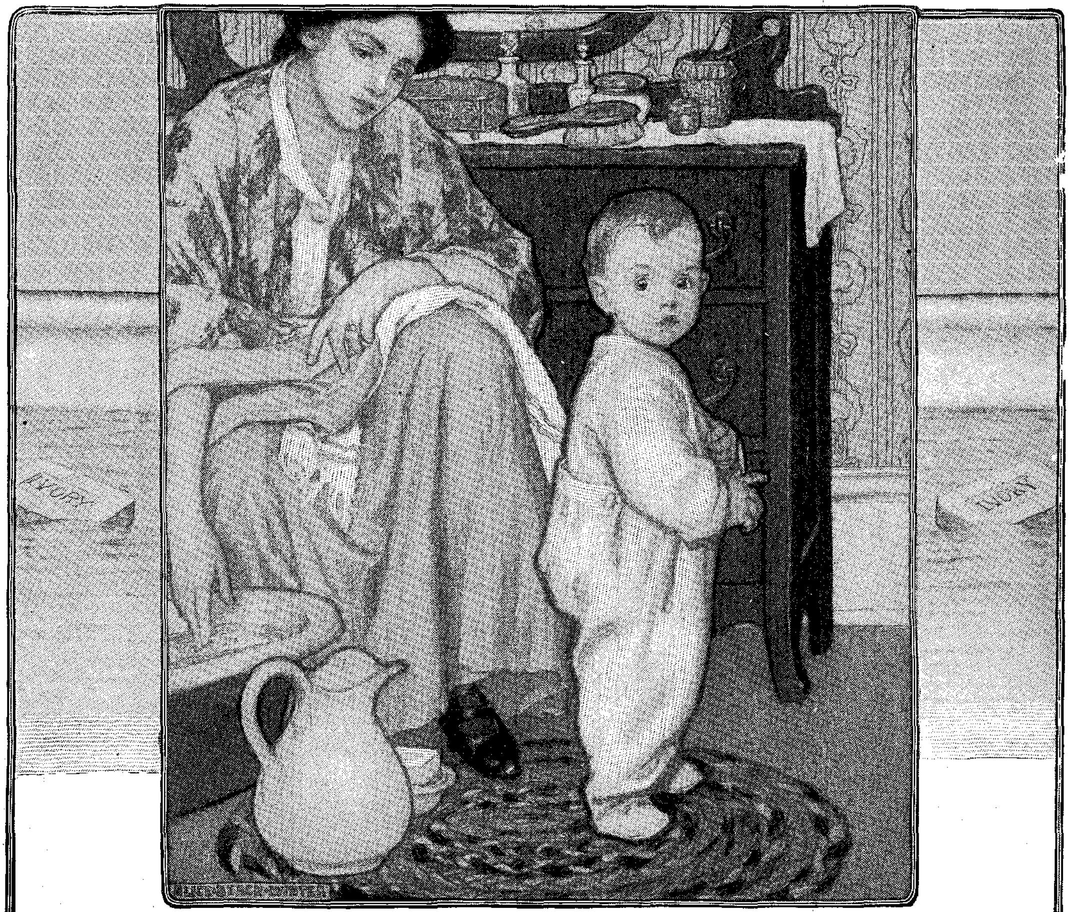

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What Bobby Wants—and Should Have.

Bobby's Mother: "Come on Bobby. Time to take your bath."
Bobby: "Wha'?"
Mother: "It's time to take your bath. Get ready."
Bobby: (Hesitatingly) "Ah—Ah—Is the water warm?"
Mother: "Yes."
Bobby: "And you'll use Ivory Soap?"
Mother: "Yes, dear."
Bobby: "And you'll let me play ship with the soap?"
Mother: "Yes. But hurry. That's a good boy."
Bobby: "A' right."

Bobby is like a good many other youngsters—he is a little dubious about the benefits of a bath.

He doesn't like cold water; or soaps that irritate his tender skin; or towels that make him wince every time they are applied.

He wants warm water. He wants Ivory Soap. He wants a towel that is grateful and pleasant to the skin.

Give him what he wants. Warm water cleans better than cold. Ivory Soap is far and away the best of bath soaps. As for towels, why use a rough towel when a soft one is better?

It floats; it is pure and it contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali. These are the reasons—the three very substantial reasons—for the superiority of Ivory Soap as a bath soap—*it floats; it is pure; it contains no "free" alkali.*

Ivory Soap . . . . It Floats.

The Outlook

OCTOBER 23, 1909

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LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

THE EXECUTION OF FERRER

Probably not since the shooting of the Duc d'Enghien by Napoleon has the execution of any man in Europe created so much excitement as that of Francisco Ferrer, who was shot at Barcelona on Tuesday of last week. In Spain, France, and Italy the expression of public opinion took the form of extensive rioting, and the Spanish embassies in Paris and Rome had to be protected by police. Even in parts of South America the reverberations of the tumult in Europe were heard; and a great meeting was held at Sheffield, in England, for the purpose of laying a boycott upon Spanish goods. Ferrer was not a man of academic position or reputation, but had been a director of the Modern School of Barcelona, an anti-clerical institution. He has been spoken of in despatches as "Professor" Ferrer, but The Outlook is informed by excellent authority that he held no professorship. The statement that he was an Anarchist must be taken with a grain of allowance, because the word Anarchist, like the word Socialist, may mean many things. That Ferrer was a Radical, and that his views were revolutionary from the standpoint of the Spanish Government, is highly probable; that he was a destructionist is not proven. He was arrested three years ago on the charge of complicity in the attempt on the life of King Alfonso on the day of his marriage with Princess Ena of Battenberg, and was acquitted. On the first day of September he was again arrested, charged with having incited the rioting in Barcelona last summer, which took the form of a protest against sending Spanish troops against the Moors on the Riff coast, and which at one time took on almost revolutionary proportions. Ferrer was not in Barcelona at the time of the outbreak, but he was charged with having incited it; and it was reported that, at his trial, documents relating to revolutionary movements and including the proclamation of a Spanish Republic were submitted. It is charged by his friends, and generally believed, that while on his trial the depositions of many witnesses were taken, no testimony was given in the presence of Ferrer, that he had no opportunity of examining the witnesses against him, and that his trial was a mask for an executive murder. After his sentence was pronounced strenuous efforts were made to secure its modification, and passionate appeals were addressed to the King, Ferrer's daughter making a personal appeal for her father. These efforts, however, proved unavailing. Ferrer was taken through the prison yard to a ditch under the shadow of the wall, faced the firing squad of twelve men drawn by lot, and fell on the first volley. Newspapers of moderate tone in Paris characterized the execution as a political assassination, and described Ferrer as a revolutionary idealist. There was apparently no evidence of convincing weight which connected him with active revolutionary movements. It must be remembered that doctrines of political freedom commonly held in this country would be regarded in Spain as in the last degree Anarchistic. Whatever may have been the guilt of Ferrer, it looks as if the Spanish Government had committed a blunder of the first magnitude, and had put to death at the most dangerous moment a man who appeals to the sympathies of all radical Europe.

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THE KING ON THE ENGLISH CRISIS

The gravity of the political crisis in England is indicated by the fact that the King has called in council Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, representing opposition to the Budget of the Liberal Government, and the Prime Minister. These gentlemen have had conferences with him at Balmoral, and his unusual interest is shown by the fact that he came to London on Tuesday of last week for further conference. No one understands better than the King the position of the monarch in England; no one more tactfully keeps his authority in the background and uses his influence at the same time. That influence is very great, not only because of his position, but because of his sympathy with Liberal movements and his irenic temper. It is generally believed that he has been endeavoring to find some ground for compromise between the Ministry and the House of Lords on the question of the Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Mr. Winston Churchill have thrown down the gauntlet by the unqualified declaration that the House of Lords must accept the Budget as it reaches them. The King is undoubtedly endeavoring to avert what may be a very serious constitutional crisis. The Lords hold that the Budget is revolutionary in its character, and that it ought not to be presented to them until it has been submitted to the people. The Government holds, on the other hand, that the House of Lords has no authority over financial measures. This opinion is not universally held even by the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone, for example, was strongly of opinion that action upon financial measures lay well within the province of the upper House. If the House of Lords should throw out the Budget and an appeal be taken to the country, fear is entertained in many quarters that the constitutional crisis would not end with the assertion of the exclusive control of financial legislation by the House of Commons, but that the constitution of the upper House, and possibly its very existence, might be drawn within the area of discussion. There are many Liberals who would deplore this; for, while the feeling is general that the authority of the House of Lords needs more rigid definition and its constitution some radical changes, they hold strongly to the need of two legislative houses. The interesting but probably impracticable proposal has been made that a referendum should be taken on the Budget. This has not been very seriously considered in any quarter; but that it has been thought of is significant of the progress of the democratic way of looking at things in conservative England.

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THE DISMISSAL OF MR. CRANE

In the diplomatic service of the United States at the present time no position requires greater tact and ability than that at Peking; and when President Taft, after considerable delay, announced the appointment of Mr. Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, as Minister to China, there was a general feeling that the right man had been secured. Mr. Crane, who has been able and successful in business, combined unusual qualities for the important post. Although a man of affairs, he has an intimate personal knowledge of the Far East, has made several journeys thither, speaks Russian fluently, knows the Oriental character, and has been regarded as a person of sound judgment. His sudden recall by the State Department from San Francisco on the eve of his sailing for China was, therefore, a great surprise. What the public really knows about the difference between Mr. Crane and the State Department, which has culminated in his presenting his resignation to the President and its acceptance by Mr. Taft, is to be derived chiefly from the correspondence between him and Secretary Knox. Newspaper surmises are not entitled to credence. Secretary Knox declares that the State Department has been making a study of recent agreements between China and Japan in relation to Manchuria for the purpose of ascertaining whether there is anything in the agreements adversely affecting American interests or in conflict with the principle of the open door, for which our Government has resolutely stood since Mr. Hay defined its policy. The Secretary charges that Mr. Crane gave information, which appeared in a newspaper article, to the effect that this Government was preparing to protest against some features of the agreement. This article was printed in a Western paper and was immediately reprinted by the Japanese press, whereupon Mr. Knox telegraphed Mr. Crane that he had been charged with the responsibility for the canards recently appearing in the Japanese and American press to the effect that the United States is preparing to protest against the Chinese-Japanese agreement, and that the evidence of his responsibility was such as to warrant the Secretary in requesting Mr. Crane to come to Washington at once to meet him. At the conference in Washington Mr. Crane admitted having what may have been an indiscreet talk with a reporter which resulted in the publication to which exception had been taken, and assumed responsibility, stating that if the indiscretion was grave enough to shake the Secretary's confidence, he would willingly resign. The Secretary adds that, for the good of the service, he had informed Mr. Crane that his resignation would be accepted.

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THE GRAVITY OF THE INDISCRETION

This is not quite in agreement with Mr. Crane's version; he declares that in a letter received from the Secretary that official notified him that he had recommended to the President the acceptance of his resignation. On the 12th instant Mr. Crane placed his resignation in the hands of the President, declaring that, in his judgment, no mistake had been made, except as the Department had made it; that the manner in which the Department had proceeded was inconsistent with his own self-respect and his conception of the dignity of the position. The President has since notified Mr. Crane of his acceptance of the resignation. Mr. Crane says that the substance, if not the full text, of the Chinese-Japanese agreement had already been published, and its effect had been discussed before his talk with the reporter. This is a mistake; the text has not been published, and our Government is in some uncertainty as to its exact provisions. This is one of the important elements in the situation. The agreement relates to the granting of what are believed to be exclusive privileges to Japan in Manchuria. Our Government has apparently been waiting to get an exact statement of this agreement, and, in case it curtails the opportunities and rights of other nations, it has been planning, it is believed, to secure co-operation among the representatives of the Great Powers in the form of a protest. It was in the highest degree important that so delicate a matter at such an early stage in its diplomatic treatment should not be made a matter of public comment. Mr. Crane appears to have committed an indiscretion of a character which raises a very grave doubt of his fitness for a position demanding reserve and unusually sound judgment. The incident is a most unfortunate one in view of the relations between this country and Japan; and its treatment by some of the Japanese newspapers shows how sensitive the people of that country are in their relations with us. The method of the Secretary of State has been unusually drastic; only once or twice before in the history of our diplomatic service has a Minister been recalled upon the very eve of entering upon his duties. It is not improbable that the haste and apparent lack of consideration in the Secretary's treatment have been due to a desire on his part to influence public opinion in Japan. In view of the very delicate matters involved, and of the high personal character of Mr. Crane, the episode is greatly to be regretted.

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THE DECISION IN THE PANAMA LIBEL CASE

Judge Anderson, of the United States District Court in Indiana, last week rendered a decision—and, strangely enough, considering the importance of the matter, an unwritten decision—in the case of the United States against the proprietors of the Indianapolis News, who are under indictment by a Federal Grand Jury on the charge of having committed criminal libel in publishing articles relating to falsely alleged corrupt practices in connection with the sale of the French Panama Canal rights and property to the United States. The proceedings before Judge Anderson were in the nature of resistance to an attempt to remove the indicted persons to Washington for trial. This is the only point positively passed upon by Judge Anderson, and we may add that it is the only part of the decision which strikes the lay reader as strong and logical. It should be noted, before examining this ruling and the *obiter dicta* accompanying it, that the decision in no wise affects the moral heinousness, or even the legal criminality, of the slanderous statements published in the New York World and the Indianapolis News. The guilt of the World was perhaps more direct and first-hand than that of the News, but both still remain under the imputation of having deliberately published false accusations and innuendoes practically charging such men as Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt, Elihu Root, and others with having connived at a corrupt deal in the Panama matter, or having suppressed the truth about the alleged transaction. That our readers may bring to mind the facts, we will once more quote a single paragraph from the New York World:

> As to the detailed distribution of the Panama loot only one man knows it all, and that man is William Nelson Cromwell. The two men who were most in Mr. Cromwell's confidence are Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, and Elihu Root, former Secretary of War and now Secretary of State.

We repeat also what we have said before, that no living man now imagines that any such corrupt transaction took place, while the defense that an honest mistake was made in the ordinary course of printing and commenting on the news is neutralized by the fact that ample notice was given to the newspapers in question of the motives of the originators of the tissue of slander. The Outlook holds, as it has held from the beginning, that to defend as "freedom of the press" criminal libel, made when every opportunity for knowledge of truth is open, is the stealing of reputation, and as heinous a crime as to steal a purse. But a question as to the proper place for the prosecution of such a libel suit may rightly be raised. It is a rule of criminal law that the prosecution must be in the place where the crime was committed. There are certain exceptions made by statute (for instance, as Judge Anderson pointed out, where a man standing on one side of an inter-State boundary shoots a man standing on the other side), but the exceptions only prove the justice of the general rule. The Indianapolis News is published in Indianapolis; the claim that it is published in Washington is based on the fact that a certain number of copies of the paper (fifty, we believe) were mailed from Indianapolis to Washington, and there distributed; the newspaper has no branch office at Washington. Judge Anderson says that it might as reasonably have been held that the crime was committed in every one of the cities and towns the country over to which the Indianapolis News is mailed. It was repugnant to him and contrary to his view of law to admit that the Government might select any one of these cities or towns which it preferred for its own reasons, and have the defendants brought to that place, no matter how far distant, and there tried. This The Outlook and, we believe, the country accepts as sound in principle. The other points made in Judge Anderson's decision are not clear. If we understand the first, it says that a newspaper may declare a man to be a thief without libel provided that it states the facts on which it bases its conclusion, and provided that those facts on their face show that the act designated as theft was not theft. In this case, for instance, Judge Anderson holds that the charge that certain people made a profit in the Panama deal with France did not amount to a charge of dishonesty, because (as he thinks) legally they could do this, although it might be an improper act. The World and News (Judge Anderson would say) committed no libel, even although the editors of the papers mistakenly declared the act was theft. Finally, Judge Anderson devoted a considerable part of his decision to a loosely stated declaration that there were "very peculiar circumstances about the history of this Panama, or Panama Canal, business." Analysis of his views on this subject shows that personally Judge Anderson thinks that Mr. Cromwell before a Congressional Committee should have been more frank, and should not have taken refuge in his privilege as counsel, and that the sudden drop in the price asked for the property of the French Panama Canal Company was curious. Every one familiar with the facts of the case knows that these allegations are purely superficial and do not show anything like complete knowledge. The only point before the Judge for decision was that relating to the so-called "deportation" of the defendants. This decision ends the attempt to prosecute the Indianapolis News in Washington, but does not, we judge, prevent prosecution in Indianapolis if the Federal authorities decide so to do.

BANK-PLUNDERING BY SPECULATORS Far more than in most criminal actions there has been vital public importance in the prosecution and punishment of Charles W. Morse. In upholding the decision of the jury in the lower Federal court, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, through Judge Lacombe, last week delivered a decision remarkable for its breadth of view and clearness in the statement of underlying principles. The Court recognized the fact that the case as laid before the jury in the lower court was exceedingly complicated and technical; but pointed out that the charges themselves in essence were simple, and that if the offense charged was proved under one count each of the two classes of charges, the jury was fully justified in conviction. Moreover, it must not be for a moment supposed that the offenses alleged were technical. If that were so, the sympathy naturally felt for a man of Mr. Morse's ability and for the wife who has so devotedly aided him in his efforts to obtain freedom might have a better basis. But the offenses committed were not mere violations of technical rules, they were of the kind that shake the very foundation of commercial honor and security. If a bank may do with impunity what Mr. Morse's bank did under his direction, then neither depositor nor stockholder can feel safe as regards the money and securities held in trust by any bank for him. Judge Lacombe put the case very succinctly when he said:

> The gist of the accusation against the defendant is that, having obtained control of the bank, he entered upon a career of reckless and forbidden speculation, purchasing with the money of the bank securities of a fluctuating and doubtful value and concealing the transaction by entries in books and reports. It is contended that these entries indicated that the money so misapplied was loaned to third parties with the said securities as collateral, whereas the alleged borrowers were, in truth, mere creatures of the defendant, wholly under his influence and control, and of no financial responsibility, their names being used merely as a cloak to cover the improper use of the bank's funds.

There has been a tendency among certain people—and we have even lately seen it incorporated in a work of fiction—to assert that the things done by Mr. Morse are done every day by New York banks, and that his prosecution and sentence to fifteen years at hard labor were really in the nature of persecution based perhaps on business jealousy and hatred. To state this view is practically to refute it. Mr. Stimson, who conducted this case as the United States District Attorney, quietly pricked the bubble of this theory in the following words: "There seems to be an impression that Morse was convicted of misapplication of funds alone. There was, however, the additional charge of procuring false entries in the books of the bank. I do not believe that bank presidents of this city make a practice of procuring false entries in their books." In point of fact, the way in which Mr. Morse dragged legitimate banking through the mire in order to procure funds for colossal stock operations furnished a most potent factor in the financial collapse of the fall of 1908. It is to his credit that he has to some extent during his release on bail re-established his position financially and, as we understand, repaid a large part of the debt owed by him; but if he were to repay every penny of it, that would in only the slightest degree repair the entire injury wrought by his criminal violation of plain and just laws.

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CAMPAIGN DEBATE So far as public discussion is concerned, questions of municipal government have apparently in New York been ignored or drowned out by the noise of debate over personalities. No sooner was Mr. Hearst nominated at a meeting of citizens than an attack was directed toward the character and record of Judge Gaynor, the Tammany nominee. William M. Ivins, who four years ago was nominated by the Republican party for the Mayoralty in opposition to both McClellan and Hearst and was one of the candidates for the Fusion nomination this year, has been the chief assailant. He opened his attack by saying that Judge Gaynor's life was a chapter in political hypocrisy and that he would devote a large part of his campaign in demonstrating it. He charges Justice Gaynor with being a friend and adjutant of the race-track ring. Specifically he charges that Mr. Gaynor consulted with the Brooklyn Democratic boss, Mr. McCarren, and with a race-track lobbyist named Wood, gave them an opinion that the anti-gambling law was unconstitutional, and thereafter, on a test case concerning gambling (in which the stake was a case of golf balls) wrote an opinion regarding gambling which, if correct, was an opinion in advance under which men already indicted for gambling and for conspiracy for permitting book-making would be acquitted. An Assistant District Attorney in Brooklyn has indorsed these charges, which not only impugn Mr. Gaynor's character as a Judge but bear directly upon his inclination as an executive charged with the enforcement of the law. At first Mr. Gaynor was inclined to ignore this charge altogether. It was made, however, by a man of such standing that it could not be ignored, and Mr. Gaynor has entered a general denial. To Mr. Ivins's invitation, however, to bring a suit against him for disbarment Judge Gaynor has apparently paid no attention. In the meantime, Mr. Jerome, who has twice made a spectacular and successful campaign for the District Attorneyship of New York County, and who was this year renominated for the office by petition, has withdrawn. His withdrawal, which, we believe, indicates wisdom as well as fine public spirit on Mr. Jerome's part, will prevent what otherwise would have been an almost certain division of the decent vote between himself and Mr. Whitman, the Fusion candidate. Mr. Jerome leaves his office with a record of extraordinary efficiency. At no time has the impudence of Tammany Hall been more evident in the nominations for some of the less conspicuous but nevertheless very important offices than it is now. One nominee is a man who was discharged as the head of a prison because he plundered the prisoners. Another candidate for Judge of the City Court has accepted a retainer from the keeper of a disorderly house, who declared she gave it to him for the sake of getting his political influence to protect her resort. The citizens of New York who regard municipal government as something more than a market for swapping favors have as much reason in the present campaign as they ever had for uniting to defeat Tammany Hall.

RIVAL POLITICAL SHOWS

In keeping with the American inclination to jump from one extreme to another, the municipal campaign in New York has been suddenly transformed from a condition of apathy to that of lively and not always serious debate. This newly created condition is very well symbolized in the two exhibits which have been opened on Union Square. There, within two or three doors of each other, are two shop buildings placarded with signs. In front of each is a "barker" with a megaphone inviting patronage. Over one is the announcement that it is the "Citizens' Exhibit, prepared by the Committee of One Hundred." In the show window are placards denouncing Tammany's waste, and in the midst of them stands placidly a papier maché cow illustrative of the way in which the Tammany politicians milk the city. Over the front door of the competing show is the legend "Acorn Musée. This exhibit prepared by Committee of 4,500,000 minus 100." The managers of this exhibit have outdone their competitors; for in place of a papier maché animal they have caged in one window some live monkeys, tethered in the other window a live goat, and established just within the doorway a live elephant. This latter animal is supposed to symbolize the Republican party in its effort to eat the city up. A discussion is carried on between these two shows. A passer-by drops into the exhibit of the Committee of One Hundred and he finds posted on the wall statements regarding Tammany waste and corruption, and attacks on the boss of Tammany Hall; then he drops into the Tammany exhibit, which is under the auspices of the "Order of Acorns," and he reads among the posters extolling the goodness of Tammany government an attack on the former head of the Citizens' Union for his alleged incapacity in managing his ferries and his selling of these "dilapidated ferries" to the city. When next this passer-by drops into the anti-Tammany exhibit, he finds a poster exulting in the fact that the Tammany show has acknowledged that the Tammany government has paid a big price for dilapidated ferries. The calm way in which the fact that the former head of the Citizens' Union had no connection with these ferries is ignored on both sides is characteristic of the campaign. For the most part, the anti-Tammany exhibit is devoted to exposing waste and favoritism; but in the basement there is what is called a "Chamber of Horrors," which undertakes to show in graphic form the baleful effects of maladministration upon the lives and health of men, women, and little children. On the other hand, the Tammany exhibit is devoted largely to an appeal to the pride of New Yorkers. It cleverly presents those achievements of the city which are either really creditable or showy; and it devotes much space to expressing in catchy phrâse the view that criticism of Tammany's government is equivalent to slander of the city. Both these exhibits have been manifestly successful. According to appearances, the attendance on the one has not been much greater than that on the other. The Committee of One Hundred, however, has kept a careful record of the visitors, and in eight days the daily attendance has crept up from over seven thousand to twenty-two thousand. It is asserted that on the only day on which the attendance was recorded at the Tammany exhibit it was considerably less than half the attendance at the anti-Tammany exhibit. In spite of some incidental defects, the anti-Tammany exhibit is a serious, effective, and reasonable one. The statistics of attendance indicate that the people of New York are more interested in serious discussion and statement of fact than in a menagerie and catchy headlines during a municipal campaign.

THE PEARY STATEMENT

The North Pole controversy has advanced another step. Commander Peary has made a comprehensive statement, giving the grounds for his charge that Dr. Cook did not reach the Pole. The statement is addressed to the Peary Arctic Club and is made public by the Club. The statement reports the cross-examination at Etah by Mr. Peary and members of his party of the two young Eskimos who accompanied Dr. Cook on his journey. The two boys, I-took-a-shoo and Ah-pe-lah, the Peary party asserts, were questioned separately, pointed out independently on a map the course which the little party took, gave details of the equipment and provisions which the party had, of the conditions which it met with, and of the incidents of the journey in relation to the killing of game, the death of dogs, the making of caches and igloos, and so forth. A map accompanies the statement, and on it is marked the route of the Cook expedition as it is claimed the Eskimos pointed it out and traced it. According to this map and to the reported narrative of the Eskimos, Dr. Cook went only one day's journey north of Cape Thomas Hubbard. At the end of this march the party encountered rough ice and a lead of open water, which they did not cross. While they were north of the land they made no caches, lost no dogs, and killed no bear or seal, and they returned to land with their sledges almost as full as when they left it. The story of the Eskimos, as reported in the Peary statement, is circumstantial and full of detail. The only comment which Dr. Cook has been reported as making on the statement is to the effect that the Eskimos in telling such a story to Peary and his associates were only keeping faith with him who had charged them not to tell any one that he had reached the Pole. Shortly after the Peary statement appeared, another document was made public attacking Dr. Cook's story of his ascent of Mount McKinley in Alaska. It was in the form of a long affidavit by Edward M. Barrill, the guide who alone accompanied Dr. Cook on that trip. Dr. Cook, in his book "To the Top of the Continent," declares that he reached the summit of Mount McKinley, at an altitude of 20,000 feet. The affidavit of his guide asserts that they did not go beyond an altitude of 10,000 feet, and that the picture of himself waving an American flag which was published in the book over the title "The Summit of Mount McKinley" was taken by Dr. Cook on a little peak about 7,000 feet high. Barrill further declares that, at Dr. Cook's dictation, he altered the entries in his diary so that it would appear that they had really reached the summit. The publication of these two circumstantial statements from the only men who could have been with him when he performed the two great feats for which he has claimed credit calls for something more from Dr. Cook than vague promises that proof will be forthcoming some day. The verdict of a recognized scientific body that his records and observations afford undoubted proof that he has reached the Pole is the only thing which can dispel the clouds of suspicion which have gathered about his exploit. A sensitive jealousy for his own reputation should lead him to delay not a moment in submitting his data. That his rival has not acted in every particular with the highest regard for the spirit of sportsmanship does not affect his position. The question is not, Is Peary a sportsman? but, Was Cook or Peary the first to reach the Pole?

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IDEALS FOR THE COLLEGE On Thursday of last week Ernest Fox Nichols, D.Sc., LL.D., was inaugurated as the tenth President of Dartmouth College. As The Outlook has already said, his entrance upon the office is significant of the new place which science has taken in education. Dr. Nichols's formal education has been scientific. He does not even hold a bachelor's degree in Arts; and yet he is chosen to administer the affairs of a college of liberal education. What attitude does a man of this training take toward the duties of his office, and therefore toward the ideals of the college? The answer to this question he himself supplied in his inaugural address to an extraordinary degree. The standards which this scientist raised are those of the spirit even more than those of the mind. These standards he applied to those three points that determine the plane of the college—curriculum, students, teachers. As to the curriculum, he traced its development somewhat as Mr. Lowell did the week before when he was inaugurated President of Harvard. Unlike Mr. Lowell, however, he did not in his address seem to regard the elective system as a natural and inevitable stage in the development of the college. Though he recognized it as a response to the widening of intellectual and spiritual horizons, he regarded it as a "headlong plunge." He criticised it as offering to the slothful student paths of least resistance; others who have had perhaps a more intimate acquaintance with the elective system than Dr. Nichols would be likely to place their criticism on quite different grounds. In asserting, however, that the elective system is a lack of system, Dr. Nichols is in agreement with others, including the new President of Harvard, where the elective system is perhaps most highly developed. Like Mr. Lowell, Dr. Nichols urged a group system. He pleaded for the classics, not for their disciplinary functions, but for their charm and their value in expressing the adolescence of the race. He urged also the comparative study of religions, through which he believed "Christianity will soonest achieve its rightful and vital supremacy in the minds of college men." He deplored the tendency to attribute to science powers which it does not possess, and the harm that has come through the failure to recognize limits to pure reason. As to undergraduate life he spoke with optimism. He avowed his faith in the soundness of the majority of college men. On the other hand, he did not hesitate to drive sharp words at that group of students whose lifeless indifference is a drag on the college. He seriously questioned the popularly accepted views regarding the decline in scholarship, though he acknowledged that there was less demonstrative enthusiasm for scholarship than there ought to be. In his hearty approval of intercollegiate athletic sports he spoke as one who regarded the burden of proofs as on those who would abolish them. As to the teacher, he preached as it were a sermon short and emphatic. "We need special knowledge in college teachers," he said, "but not specialized men." He expressed the belief that "the richness of his knowledge, his enthusiasm for learning, his way of putting things, his sense of humor, and the range of his interests" had more to do with the teacher's success in enlisting the undergraduate's interest than any mere scheme of competition. In brief, Dr. Nichols's view may be summarized in this sentence from his address: "We are not quite satisfied with the college because it does not realize our later ideals of education, not because it falls short of our earlier ones." This is a scientific man's view of what he calls "a home of mental industry and moral growth."

MODERN WITCHCRAFT

The cult of Christian Science is passing through the same experience which every organized religious faith is sooner or later bound to meet—the experience of schism. Leaders rise who claim an authority by virtue of their special knowledge of the spirit of the founder or special revelations; other leaders dispute these, factions are formed, and finally some division takes place. No local Christian Science church has a man or woman for a pastor; the theory is that Mrs. Eddy's book "Science and Health" is the pastor of the church. But each church has a First and Second Reader who perform some of the ministerial functions. The First Church of Christ Scientist in New York had for several years Mrs. Augusta Stetson as First Reader; and ever since then she has been the virtual leader of that church. Now her right to teach and practice has been withdrawn by the Board of Directors of the "Mother Church" in Boston. Though a statement bearing the name of Mrs. Eddy has appeared declaring that while she requires obedience to her rules she does not interfere in individual cases of discipline, it is said that this action has Mrs. Eddy's approval. One reason given for the action is that Mrs. Stetson has fallen into error by indulging in "animal magnetism." Indeed, Mrs. Eddy in a letter warned Mrs. Stetson against the "temptation produced by animal magnetism." Witnesses before a tribunal accused Mrs. Stetson of dominating people by this mental malpractice. One witness declared: "When I refused to yield my will to the will of another, I aroused the enmity of that other. One night as I lay in bed I felt that my hour had come, that mental forces that were almost irresistible were being directed against me. I realized that I must fight not only for my sanity, but for my life. I called on God, and for an hour I fought the fight. During that hour I developed such pyschic faculties that I was able to make my body pass through the walls of my room. At last I conquered and have been safe since." Another witness declared that at a "practitioners' meeting" in the church in New York the practitioners sat together and concentrated their minds on willing that a certain person whose place was "in darkness whence he came" should be six feet under ground. Another witness testified to the strain consequent on this malpractice. All that this needs are the accessories of broomsticks and pins to be a genuine revival of Salem witchcraft. Fear of the invisible still persists, and, so far from being driven out by modern knowledge, masquerades under the very name of Science.

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GERMANS IN AMERICA

The New York Evening Post has a very interesting comment on the recent statement of a German traveler that the United States has become a Germanic people, including not less than thirty million men, women, and children of Teutonic descent, and that if the Speaker of the first House of Representatives, Mr. Muhlenberg, had been true to his fathers, German would now be the language of the people of America. For a long time past, as the Evening Post points out, German visitors have found convincing evidence that this country is not English, but Teutonic; but they are substantially agreed that the German element in this country has not sufficiently asserted itself, nor has it made its proportionate impress on American institutions and civilization. As Germany is asserting itself with considerable vigor in all other parts of the world, these writers are discouraged by the ease with which people of Teutonic blood in America accept the English language and culture. There is no better element in American society than that which comes from Teutonic sources, and one of its best qualities is the ease with which it ceases to be German in any divisive sense and becomes American. This country is not a group of unassimilated Europeans. It is not a Little Germany, a Little Italy, a Little Ireland, a Little Sweden, or a Little Palestine. It is America, welcoming the influx of people of the right sort from all parts of the world, but bidding them drop into the harbor of New York their racial antagonisms, their national prejudices, and their European loyalties, and expecting them to cease to be Germans, Irishmen, Italians, or Swedes, and become Americans. The Evening Post points out that in 1790 probably eighty-three per cent of the population was English, between six and eight per cent Scotch, between one and two per cent Irish, about two per cent Dutch, and between five and six per cent German. This does not furnish a very strong basis for the statement that it was due to Mr. Muhlenberg that German is not now the language of the American public schools, and indicates that the statement that thirty millions of Americans to-day are of German descent is very far from the fact. The Post estimates that there is probably a total of ten millions of people of German descent in this country, and is of the opinion that this number possibly may be increased to fifteen millions, and adds that an error of fifteen millions is not very bad for "a hot-blooded Pan-Germanist." A characteristic of our civilization is the vitality of its principles and traditions, and the rapidity with which the English language is learned by newcomers.

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THE TRUSTEES OF THE PEOPLE'S WEALTH

The people of the United States constitute a great corporation which owns large properties and is carrying on a large business. The Treasury Department is one of the largest banking concerns in the world. The Post-Office is a great carrying corporation. The Agricultural Department is a great co-operative concern to aid the agricultural industries of thousands of farmers. The Interior Department is intrusted with the administration of vast landed estates which belong to the people. Eighty millions of people cannot by vote pass on the innumerable questions which daily arise concerning the administration of this enormous and complicated business. They select trustees to do this work for them. To speak more accurately, they elect one man—the President of the United States—to select these trustees. The Secretaries of the Treasury, of the Agricultural Department, of the Interior, and the other heads of departments are trustees of the people, charged, during their terms of office, with the care of the people's property and the conduct of the people's business.

What is the duty of such trustees?

It is, in general, the duty of a trustee to conduct the business and care for the properties intrusted to him as though they were his own. He does not go to the statutes to ask what specific acts the Legislature requires of him. He does not do merely what the law commands. He asks only what the law prohibits, and, subject to these prohibitions, he acts freely, using in the business and in the care of the properties both diligence and caution. There are certain things which he may do with his own affairs that he may not do with the affairs of his wards. He may give his own property away; but he may not give away the property of his wards. He may speculate with his own property; but he may not speculate with the property of his wards. He may relinquish his own business and retire from it altogether, or he may leave it to subordinates if he likes to do so; but he may not leave his trust to subordinates, nor relinquish the business and retire from the trust unless he sees that another trustee is appointed to take his place.

Nor is it enough for him merely to keep the business alive and safeguard the properties from destruction. It is not enough that he merely guard them against swindlers and depredators. He is bound to use all due diligence to make the business a success and to enhance the value of the properties intrusted to his safekeeping. He may not wrap the latter in a napkin and return them to the true owner at the expiration of the trust, satisfied if they have suffered no diminution in value. And the use of this now familiar figure is evidence that these are not merely obligations. They are a Christian duty, for the figure is borrowed from a familiar parable of Jesus Christ, in which he condemned in very vigorous terms the trustee whose idleness or timidity led him to leave the property intrusted to his keeping unimproved, and who claimed that he had fulfilled his obligations because he had simply preserved the property unimpaired.

The people have a right to expect of the trustees of the public business and the public properties what good morals and the laws of the land require of the trustees of private business and private properties. The trustees and their subordinates, the various Federal officers, are entitled to be paid a fair compensation for their services to the public. But the public expect, and they have a right to expect, that the business will be carried on for the benefit of the public, and not for the benefit of the office-holders nor for the political benefit of the party to whose charge the business has been intrusted. They expect, and they have a right to expect, that it will be carried on efficiently, economically, and for the profit of the public. They expect, and they have a right to expect, that their properties will be guarded from private depredation; that private depredators will not be permitted to cut timber from their forests, take possession of their mining properties, seize for personal use their water powers, or fence in for their own benefit public grazing lands. The trustee has no right to give these properties away or to sell them except for the benefit of the people who own them. The people have a right to give them away. If the Congress, acting for the people, has required the trustee to give away the people's property, he must obey, unless he thinks this requirement has been enacted under a misapprehension, in which case he may properly wait until Congress has had an opportunity to reconsider its action. But if there is any doubt about the proper construction of the law, or any doubt whether the parties who are daring to take the people's property without compensation have a right to it under the law, the trustee is to give the people, not the private claimants, the benefit of the doubt, and to hold the property for the people until and unless either the courts or the Congress have passed on the claim and required the gift to be made.

And in the whole administration of the property and the conduct of the business the trustees of the property and the business, the secretaries of the various departments, are not to ask what the laws of Congress require them to do for their clients, the owners of the property and the business, but what Congress permits them to do. Congress, as the legal representative of the people, has a right to direct its trustees; but in the absence of specific direction the trustees are to do everything which the law does not forbid their doing, and which the interests of the people require.

That the principles here laid down are the legal principles by which private trustees in the execution of private trusts are expected to act will not be questioned by any lawyer; that they are the ethical principles by which they are expected to act will not be questioned by any moralist. Whether in the case of a public trustee, holding property or administering business for the public, they are modified by anything in either the written Constitution or the unwritten tradition of our Government is a question we leave for consideration in a succeeding article.

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THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN

THE MANAGERS OF THE ESTATE

On the second day of November, when the voters in New York City cast their ballots, they will decide to whom they will intrust the care of their property. Every dweller in the city of New York is a property-owner. A man may not own an inch of real estate; he may not own even the clothes on his back; but still he is a property-owner. He owns a share in the parks, and, as owner, has a right to use them; he owns a share in the police and fire departments, and, as owner, has a right to demand protection of a policeman or to summon a fire-engine to a fire; he owns a share in the streets, in the city's bridges, in the laboratories of the Health Department, in the school buildings, in the municipal ferries, in the water system, in the subway; and because he is an owner he has the right to the use of these properties under the conditions which he and his fellow-owners have determined. This great city is his city as truly as it is anybody's city. He is an owner of the city as truly as a shareholder of the Pennsylvania Railroad is an owner of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and for the same reason. The shareholder has invested his money in the railway; the dweller in the city has invested his money in the city. He may not have paid a cent of taxes directly into the city's treasury; but he has nevertheless paid for his share in the city's property by the money he has spent for his clothes, his food, his lodging. Every landlord and every merchant is a tax-collector. The man who pays rent, or buys from those who pay rent, pays taxes. So, by virtue of living in the city, a man is part owner of those great resources which comprise the city's public property.

As he travels back and forth on the subway, such a man may well say, This is my subway; my money helped pay for it; how is it being cared for? Is it being managed so that I and my fellow-owners are reaping the benefit that is due us? As he walks or rides through the streets, he may well say, Are these streets of mine kept clean and well paved and free from unnecessary obstruction? As he passes a squad of policemen, he may well inquire, Are these policemen whom I employ for protection well trained and solicitous on behalf of lawful and orderly conditions, so that I and my fellow-owners of the city are protected? As he goes home to the rooms which he occupies, he may well inquire, Is the fire department, which is in my employ, so managed that my family and I are safe from fire and from that false security which is consequent upon faith in a guardian that is not loyal? And as he contemplates the coming election he may well say, Have the men who have acted as my stewards, who have managed my property, been loyal to me and my fellow-owners? Have they spent my money for the purposes for which it was intrusted to them?

At the last election in New York City the voters intrusted their property mainly to Tammany Hall and its allies. The stewards of this property are the members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. This body consists of the Mayor, the Presidents of the five Boroughs, the President of the Board of Aldermen, and the Comptroller. If these officials are efficient and honest and free from unworthy obligations to special interests, the city can be, on the whole, well governed. It is true that they may be hampered somewhat by some other inefficient elected official or by the Board of Aldermen; but they have sufficient power to be held responsible. How have these men, representing by a large majority Tammany Hall and its allies, managed the people's property?

We shall not attempt a complete casting up of accounts. That is impracticable here. We can, however, present certain items which will furnish the basis for a fair estimate.

On the one hand, certain items may fairly be placed to their credit. They have provided for the city a creditable Department of Health. For at least a portion of the period during which they have been in control, they provided the city with a Commissioner of Police who steadily improved the morale of the police force. They have undertaken in the construction of the Catskill Aqueduct one of the greatest municipal engineering projects in modern times, under conditions which have successfully withstood even unfair criticism. These three items, however, are to be placed almost wholly to the credit of a single member of the Board, Mayor McClellan. In addition, they have established a municipal ferry, which has served the people better than the private ferry it supplanted.

On the other hand, these stewards have been guilty of waste and have permitted abuses that are inexcusable. Two of them, both Borough Presidents and both Tammany men, have been so derelict in office that, after investigation, they have been removed from office. President Ahearn, of the Borough of Manhattan, was the chief executive officer of what is virtually a city of over two million inhabitants; President Haffen, of the Bronx, was the chief executive officer of what constitutes the remainder of the old city of New York. These two men, whose administration of their respective offices was so scandalous that they were removed for cause, have been, and to a considerable extent still are, leaders in Tammany Hall.

Concerning the blow struck by Mayor McClellan at the efficiency of the police in the removal of Commissioner Bingham we commented last week. That is to be laid to the account of Tammany Hall. During the Tammany administration of the property of New York City the Queensboro Bridge was completed. That bridge is now in use; but it cost several million dollars more than it ought to have cost, and it can carry only a third of the passengers it was designed to carry.

It is impossible to ascertain how wasteful the government of New York City under the trustees provided by Tammany Hall has been. That it is enormous is indisputable. Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of dollars belonging to the owners of the city have been squandered in the buying of supplies at exorbitant prices and in the payment of salaries to people who have rendered no commensurate service, and in the purchase of land by methods that have enabled individuals to profit greatly at the city's cost. Meantime, while this waste has gone on, the trustees of the city have done little to meet the urgent need for more ample school accommodations, and have declined, on account of economy, to insure a supply of clean and properly prepared milk for infants, and thereby deliberately have chosen to let hundreds of children die. These are a few of the many items on the record against this Tammany Board.

Within the next four years the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the stewards of the city's property, are to have the expenditure, it is estimated, of something more than a thousand millions of dollars; and Tammany Hall, joining hand and glove with a corrupt organization in Brooklyn, comes to the people of the city of New York, and, in the face of this record of four years, asks to be given the chance to handle that money. And whom does Tammany Hall offer as trustees? For Mayor, William J. Gaynor, a judge who lacks judgment, and therefore has no means of supplying his lack of administrative experience; for Comptroller, R. R. Moore, the President of a Trust Company, who has had dealings with Tammany concerns; for President of the Board of Aldermen, J. F. Galvin, known chiefly as an apologist for present conditions; for President of the greatest of the Boroughs, Joseph Haag, whose experience has been in subordinate positions requiring no direct responsibility or enterprise; for President of Richmond, an influential Democrat with a good record; for Presidents of the other two Boroughs, mere machine politicians.

Opposed to this list are two tickets identical with the exception of the candidate for the Mayoralty. The Independent candidate for Mayor, Mr. Hearst, has been unscrupulous and sensational in his political methods, but he has one quality which the Tammany candidate wholly lacks—executive ability. The Fusion candidate for Mayor, Mr. Bannard, is exactly the sort of man to whom a wise trustee would go for advice as to the investment of a trust fund. His experience in finance and in the administration of charities has furnished an admirable training for the administrative duties of the Mayor of New York. Associated with both these men against Tammany are the following: As candidate for Comptroller, W. A. Prendergast, by whose efficient administration the work of the County Register's office in Kings County has been brought up from a condition of being seven or eight months in arrears to what is practically freedom from all arrears; for President of the Board of Aldermen, J. P. Mitchel, whose assiduous and zealous conduct of the office of Commissioner of Accounts has revealed much of the waste in the present city government and has led to the removal of two Borough Presidents; for President of the largest Borough, George McAneny, a student of municipal government, an active promoter of Civil Service Reform, and, as President of the City Club, experienced in the practical means by which municipal government in New York has been advanced; for Presidents of the other Boroughs, men of varying capacity, one of them (a machine Republican) being opposed by an Independent and much better candidate, and one, Mr. Cromwell, of Richmond, the single anti-Tammany member of the present Board, who has made an excellent record.

To the man who lives in New York these facts say: Here is Tammany's record in administering your funds; here is the set of men Tammany proposes to put in charge of your parks, your schools, your streets—in short, your property. Is this the way you want your funds expended? Is this the set of men you want to make your stewards? If not, you have in the Fusion ticket headed by Mr. Bannard a list of men whom you can trust. You and your fellow-owners of the city have it within your power to decide what is to be done with your property for the next four years.

A SPORTSMAN SCHOLAR

The members of the Outlook editorial staff at their weekly luncheon have seldom enjoyed a more spirited and vigorous debate than that to which Professor Mahaffy makes reference in his article on another page. The contrast between the two debaters was striking. Professor Ferrero, dark, slender, and vehement, putting his case with the utmost directness and without qualification of statement; Professor Mahaffy, stout, quiet, white-haired, slowly awakening, and finally launching his thunderbolts with tremendous energy. The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Irish types of mind could not have been more effectively contrasted than in the point of view, the arguments, and the manner of the two debaters: one the historian of Rome, the other the historian of Greece; one representing a powerful race whose work was to a very considerable extent done out of doors—the builders of roads, of aqueducts, and of walls quite as much as the builders of states—and the other, speaking for and in a certain sense through his Irish blood, representing a race with a unique sense of harmony, by which athleticism was cultivated not for the sake of the physical strength it developed but for the sake of the symmetry of limb, the beauty of person, and the fulfillment of the promise of life. Professor Ferrero spoke as a man whose interests were entirely intellectual; Professor Mahaffy, as a man behind whom lay remarkable intellectual achievement, but whose greatest joy in living was to be out of doors in pursuit of something which he could overtake by his superior endurance and skill. His declaration that, beyond all prizes of the mind, he valued a wet day on the Irish moors shooting game was significant of the force of his early habit and the survival of the passion for sport in a man grown gray in Greek, historical, and other studies.

Few scholars of our time have so many books to be reckoned with as Professor Mahaffy. He is not only the historian of Greek literature; but, what is still more important as constituting the emphasis of his work and his interest, the historian of the Greek spirit. In a series of volumes supplementing and expanding his "History of Classical Greek Literature" he has told the story of Greek life from the time when it began to take on artistic forms to the last age, when it was spread throughout the Eastern world as a fascinating and powerful intellectual influence.

A classical scholar of the old style, Professor Mahaffy's work in the field of Greek history is based on a wide and minute knowledge of his subject. Contrasting his interpretation of Euripides—a critical subject among the Greek scholars of literature and historians—with that of Professor Jebb, the reader cannot help feeling that while Professor Jebb presents the substance of knowledge wrought into his interpretation, Professor Mahaffy is not content unless he can buttress his position with an array of facts and a critical analysis of all the extant plays of Euripides. His view of the dramatist who moved Athens so deeply is more sympathetic than Professor Jebb's, but his presentation of that view is rather that of a scholar than of a man of letters. If he is compared with Professor Butcher, he seems more the historian and less the interpreter of the Greek spirit than the author of "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius."

For many years tutor and Professor of Ancient History in Trinity College, Dublin, now the Senior Fellow of that college, at one time precentor of the college chapel, the corresponding member of many learned academies throughout Europe and Greece, Professor Mahaffy has a long list of scholarly publications to his credit. There is also a very definite tradition of his activity and enthusiasm as a sportsman. He has been a crack cricket player not only while in college but long after graduation; he was a crack shot even at Wimbledon; he is an expert fisherman; and it is quite evident that, in a certain sense, he cares more for the trophies in his room in Dublin University than for the shelf-full of books on Greek literature which bear his name, his accomplishments as a musician (for he holds a Musical Doctorate from Oxford), his intimate knowledge of architecture, and his extraordinary information in many fields of learning. Readers of his article will be interested to compare it with the opinions which he held thirty years ago, when he wrote "Social Life in Greece."

"It were well to reflect," he says, "upon this nowadays, when boat-racing and running and jumping and putting weights are bidding fair to take the place of our old fox-hunting and shooting and fishing. The Greeks knew very well (what we ignore) that such sports as require excessive bodily training and care are low and debasing in comparison with those which demand only the ordinary strength and quickness of young men, but stimulate them to higher mental exercise—daring and decision in danger, resource and ingenuity in difficulties. Xenophon's tract on hare-hunting shows plainly how strongly he advocated the same views. Plato argues this point fully, and we find it again strongly put in Plutarch's 'Philopœmen.' As he appeared to have natural qualifications for wrestling, and some of his friends and tutors urged him to train, he asked whether athletic training would at all interfere with his condition for military purposes. Being told that it would, 'he not only avoided it altogether and ridiculed it, but afterwards, when commanding, punished all such training with disgrace and even insult.' But he rather feared physical results. Plato sees the mental consequences more plainly. Lastly, Alexander of Macedon established, says Plutarch, many poetical and musical contests, which shows plainly that, like Philopœmen, he thought physical training of little use for the serious affairs of life."

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THE SPECTATOR

It is but a day or two since the Spectator, swinging on a strap in a crowded Bridge car, overheard a fellow straphanger, a strictly tailored young woman with a carrying voice, setting forth her philosophy of travel. "Whatever else I do," she was saying warmly, "I shall *not* come back from Europe to talk about the good things I had to eat. And I shall *not* commit the vulgarity of snapping my camera in the faces of foreign peasants as if they were part of the scenery. I think it's indecent!" The squawk of the burdened leathers drowned the rest; but the Spectator had enough to keep him smiling all the way home.

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That scruple about snapshotting peasants, he had heard it before. Was it not the Spectatorin herself who enunciated it with vigor the first time she carried a kodak abroad? It was the second day out from Dalen, on a drive through Telemarken, that she met her initial temptation—a really picturesque, costumed Norwegian peasant. It wasn't a Sunday peasant either, nor yet a gotten-up waitress from a sophisticated inn. An old woman, bent double under a veritable haycock of dried pea-vines going home for fodder, the once gay tints of her embroidered bodice were toned by wind and weather. At the approach of the *stolkjaerre* she paused, giving the *skysgut* a mumbled "God-dag." The Spectator knew of old the rarity of such figures in Norway, where nondescript cottons and woolens are so rapidly usurping the place of historic dress. He wanted that old woman to take home. He saw her eye on the black picture-box, and knew how her hopes kindled at the thought of possible tips. But though the Spectatorin's eyes were wishful, she was proof against hints. "Oh, I couldn't," protested she, as the disappointed old crone hobbled off. "Just as if she were a curiosity! It would have been insulting."

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Marvelous indeed is it to watch in the most sensitive of the gentler sex the development of what might be termed the photographic nerve. One little week later, at the fish market in Bergen, the Spectatorin was proving herself already a bold and brazen "fiend." Well does the Spectator recall the practiced nimbleness with which she kept photographically "covered" some moving victim, some "perfectly delicious fishwife," or some grandam striding homeward with half a dozen butter-tubs in a pannier upon her back.

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Before she left Bergen, Mrs. Spectator had parted with her most cherished reserves. She didn't mind being conspicuous, nor trespassing on private property, nor breaking the laws of Norway, provided a picture was to be had. Her crowning exploit almost brought her to grief. She had been trying for a quarter of an hour to get within range of a grotesque little wooden figurehead over the door of an ancient Hanseatic fish-gaarde. Alas! he perched too high. In vain she balanced her trim figure upon a vivid blue cask of evil-smelling oil of cod-livers. It wabbled and spoilt her aim. The Spectator withdrew his attention for a moment, and when he returned it he beheld his retiring, law-abiding little wife mounted firmly upon a great fish-truck which she had somehow managed to drag across the trolley-line, unconcernedly holding up the passenger traffic of Bergen. A blue-coated official was making agitated representations to her in excellent Norwegian accompanied by Delsarte; but not till the click of the button told of victory won was that intrepid photographer induced to descend. The negative, by the way, was a pronounced success.

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As for the gastronomic delights of the Old World, the Spectator wonders whether, after all, that tailor-made tourist has found herself able to eliminate them altogether from her conversation. If so, he pities her. Think of the rush of ecstatic emotion that comes to a man in Oshkosh, Michigan, when he discovers another Oshkoshian who knows the sublimated bliss of Devonshire cream! Blood brothers they are on the instant. Can that marble-hearted maiden forbear to strike palms with fellow-travelers over the nougat of the Midi, the "petits-fours" of Rouen, the wild strawberries of Norway, the perfumed honey of Switzerland? So much the worse for her. The Spectator shrewdly suspects that as her boast was loud, so was her fall great.

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Without dropping to such unsentimental depths as that, the Spectator thinks it no shame to admit that he would unwillingly part with his memories of transatlantic viands. He will even go further, and confess that in his head he carries an esoteric map of Europe, all picked out in terms of *table d'hôte.* On it Zurich, for example, figures as *filet de bœuf* of a tenderness the recollection of which brings tears to his eyes. That remembered morsel of full-flavored beef by no means obscures or debases his more intellectual appreciation of Zurich; on the contrary, it does but throw it into finer relief. A town which can boast historic associations, a university, *and* a beefsteak like that—what a town that is, to be sure!

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If poignant associations such as these can cling about mere universal beef or mutton, why strive to belittle the fascinations of edibles that artfully confine themselves to a single spot on the map? There are the famous Banbury cakes, or the "light cakes" of Chester that draw their thousands yearly to a dull little shop in the least obvious of all the Chester Rows. Baedeker having carelessly omitted directions, "Ye Old Light Cake and Muffin Shop" is hard enough to find. It is by no means the mere toothsomeness of its specialty that draws pilgrims. Light cakes flourish by virtue of their rarity—light cakes in Chester, light cakes no otherwhere under the sun. Run to earth, the light cake, baked upon the griddle top of a capacious brick oven before your yearning eyes, turns out to be third cousin to an English muffin. It looks, indeed, like a muffin riddled with bird-shot, and all the heaviness of the leaden hail appears to have been left in. Gray and soggy and sodden with sickish syrup, the light cake is a dainty with which to tax one's system not more than once in a lifetime. Yet the Spectator has had time to forget the wrong it did him. The big brown bowl of batter ("Of a Saturday I empties four on 'em of an afternoon"), the rows of solid British cakes breaking damply into eruptions of volcanic craters upon the comfortable griddle—somehow they have got entangled with the very cockles of his heart!

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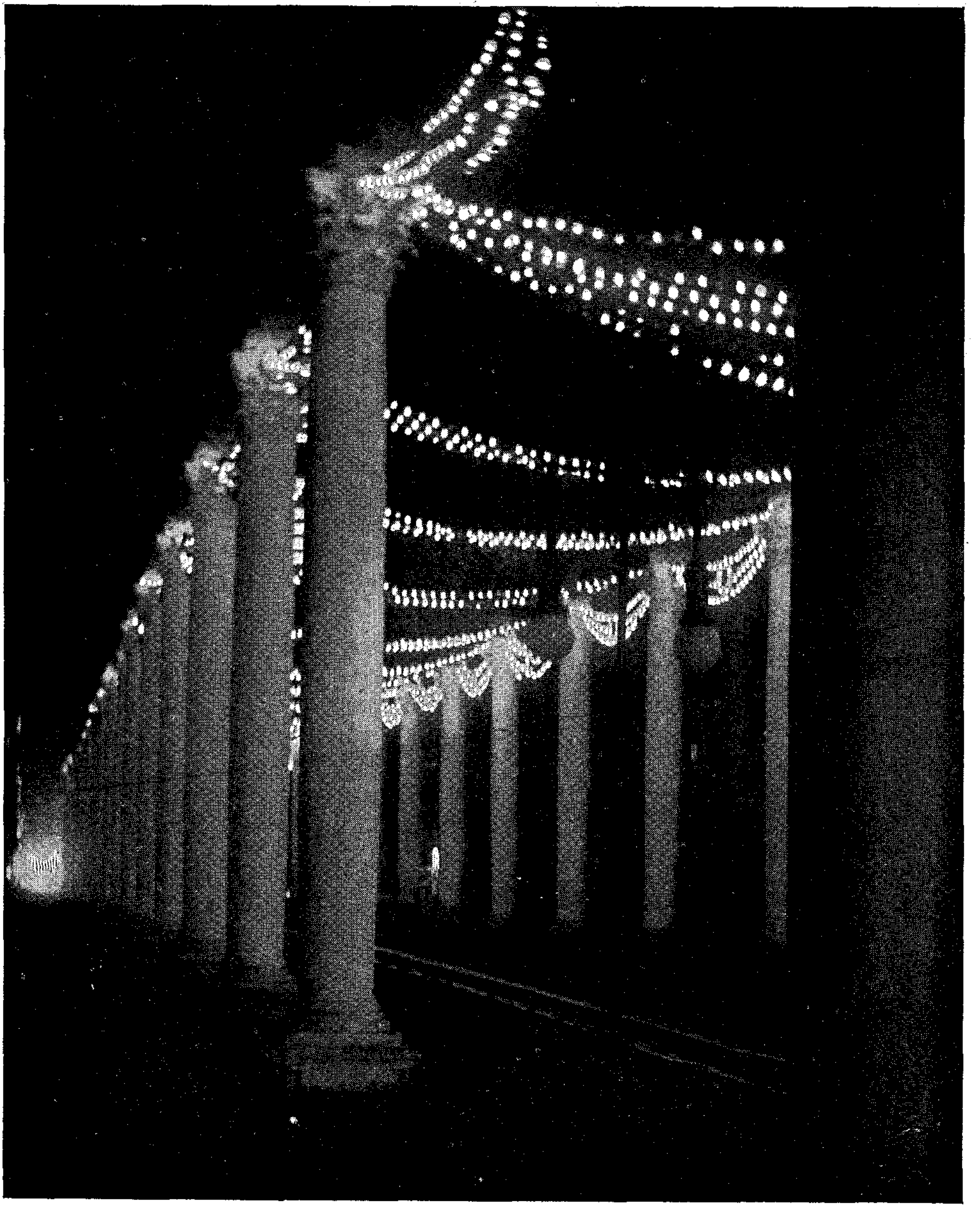
Not speak of things to eat, indeed! A fledgling traveler that was who strove to cast off the spell of Europe from even the meanest of human senses.

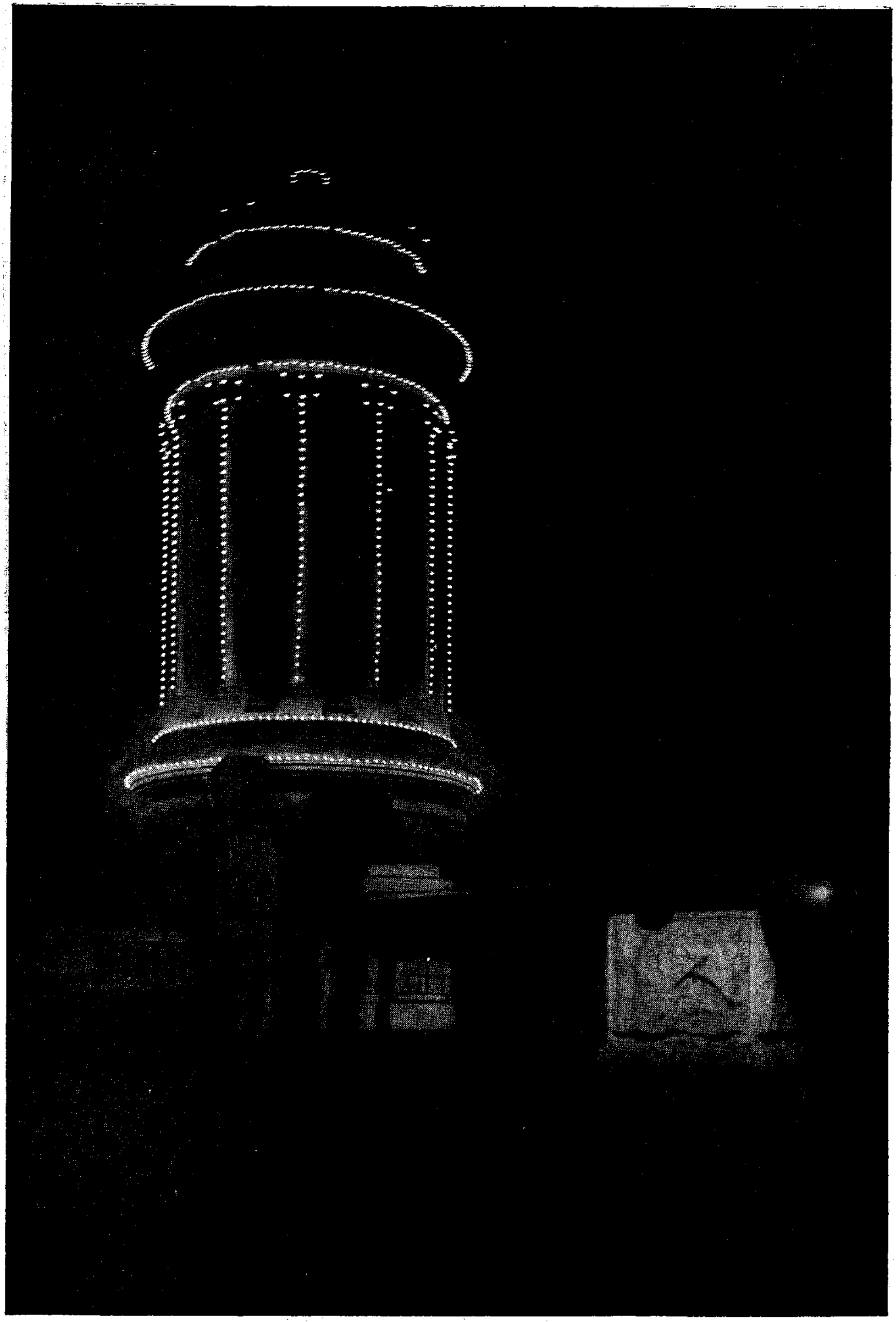
A PICTURE MEMORY

OF THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

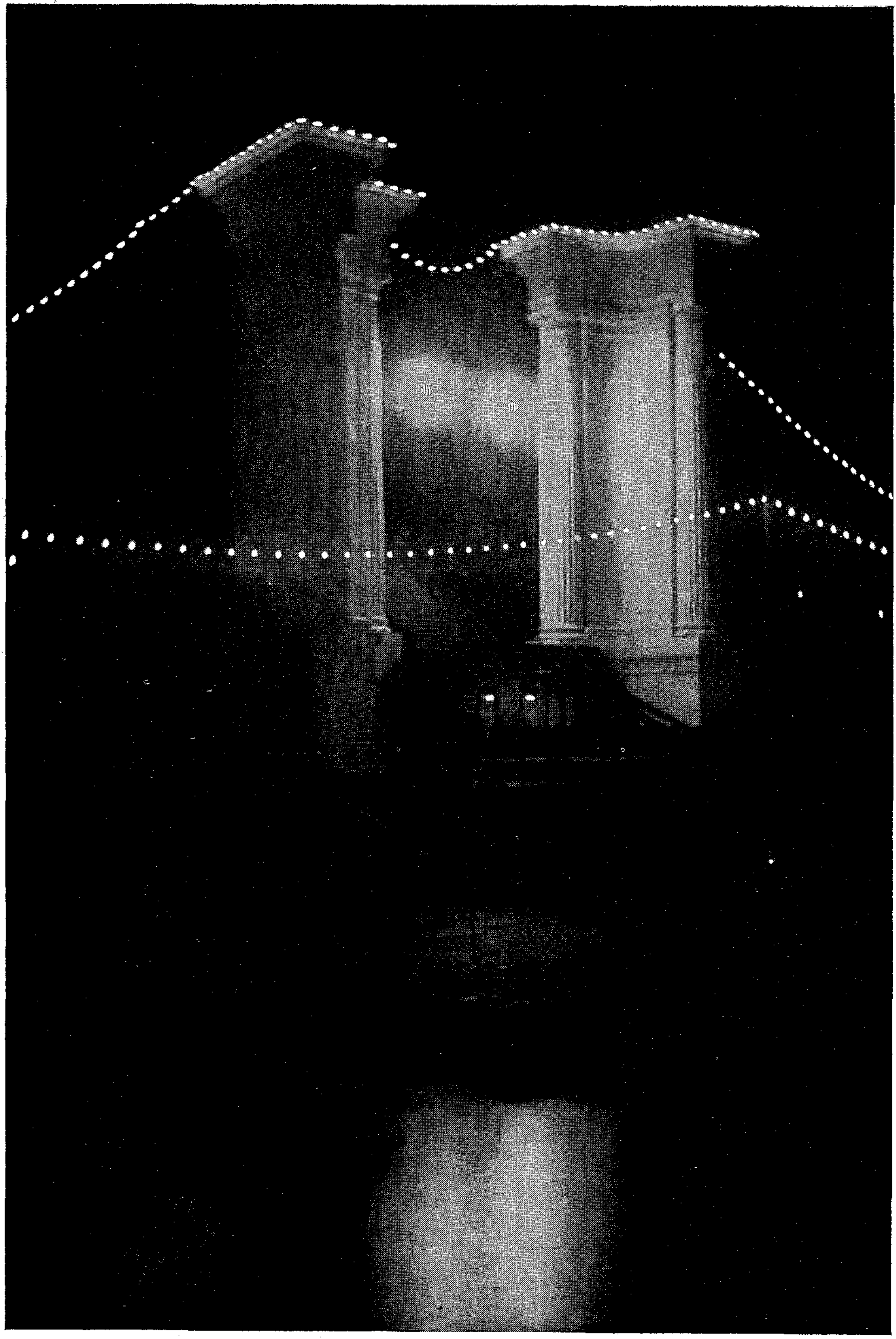
FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
ILLUMINATION IN NEW YORK
MADE FOR THE OUTLOOK BY
VAN DER WEYDE



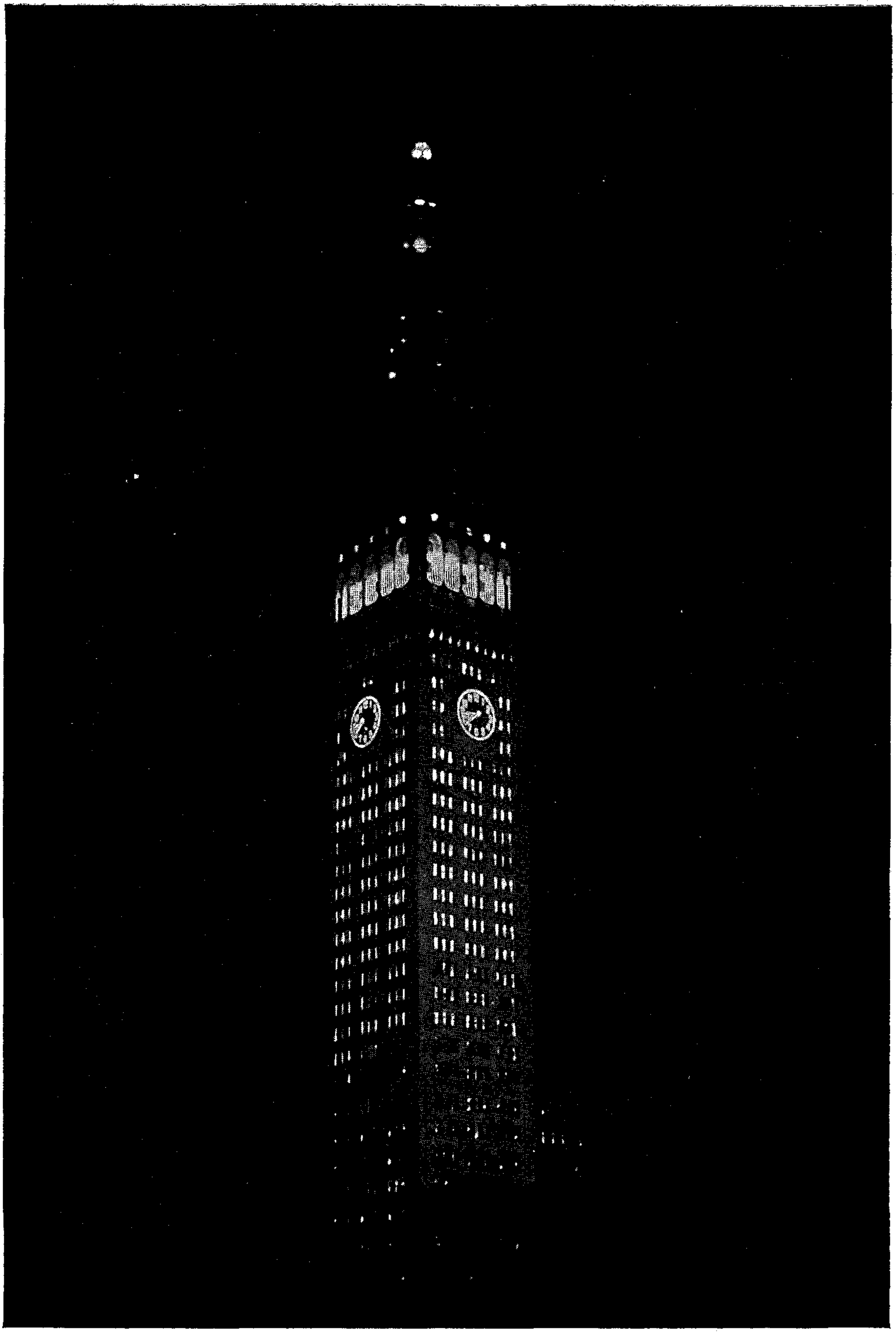
THE COURT OF HONOR



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT



THE WATER GATE



THE METROPOLITAN TOWER

The Hudson-Fulton Celebration

By Frank Marshall White

THE greatest number of human beings that ever got together on this hemisphere—indeed, the greatest number of human beings that ever got together on earth, so far as any records go, with the exception of the multitudes that gathered in London for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 and for King Edward's coronation in 1902—were assembled in New York for the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, which lasted from Saturday, the 25th of September, to and including Saturday, the 9th of October. While it is impossible to make anything like an accurate estimate where such immense numbers are involved, there were undoubtedly within the city's boundaries on the days of the great pageants something more than five and a half millions of people; and though an overwhelming proportion of the visitors were Americans, among them were delegates who had come from the ends of the earth to participate in the ceremonies that commemorated the discovery, three hundred years ago, of the Hudson River, and of the first journey of the first vessel to be navigated by steam—which event, occurring two hundred years later, yet by a fortuitous coincidence is identified with the history of that noble stream. As many as two millions of spectators, in ranks that in places were ten, twenty, and even thirty deep, three times during the first week of the celebration, lined the parade course, stretching nearly six miles from the Cathedral Parkway through Central Park West, Fifty-ninth Street, and Fifth Avenue to Washington Square, without causing any perceptible diminution of local population in other parts of the city.

Not one of all the millions of people in New York saw the entire celebration, for besides the main events that occupied most of the official day and evening, there were minor features of almost as much interest that simultaneonsly demanded attention. The Marine Parade, with which the two weeks' celebration began on the first Saturday, the Historical Pageant on the following Tuesday, the Military Parade on Thursday, the Children's Festival on the second Saturday afternoon and the Carnival Parade at night, with the aeroplane flight of Wilbur Wright the next Monday, and the lighting of the beacon fires on the final Saturday night, were the principal public spectacles in New York City, but in addition to these there were banquets, receptions, balls, dedications of monuments and parks, music festivals and concerts, literary exercises, athletic and aquatic sports, minor parades and pageants in the various boroughs, besides open art galleries and museums, the opportunity of a lifetime in the courteous permission extended by their officers to visit the war-ships of eight nations, and electrical and pyrotechnical displays after dark finer than have ever been seen before anywhere in the world.

New York at night was a spectacle that might forever deprive Paris of her boasted title, "*la ville lumière*"—the city of light. The electrical display flashing from the towering sky-scrapers at the southern extremity of Manhattan and clear across to Spuyten Duyvil and the Harlem, bathing the central thoroughfares of the city in a white flood, the borders of the island fringed with fire, and the outlines of the great bridges over the East River graceful lines of light, with the splendid effect of the individual illuminations of the Metropolitan tower, the Singer Building, and scores of others, far surpassed the French capital's efforts during the Exposition of 1900, even without reference to the hitherto impossible searchlight exhibitions at One Hundred and Fifty-third Street and the glittering battle-ship fleet in the Hudson. Neither during the Diamond Jubilee nor on the occasion of Edward VII's coronation did the electrical display in London measure with that of Paris in 1900, which was exceeded by the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo in 1901 and the St. Louis Exposition in 1905; and these, successively exceeding each other, are thrown into the shade by New York in 1909. The Edison Company experts estimate that 600,000 electric lamps, a total of approximately 5,000,000 candlepower, were used nightly during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, aside from the searchlights aggregating two billion candlepower. Not the least interesting incident of the occasion is that Thomas A. Edison, the inventor of the electric light, was himself present in the flesh to witness the marvels that are results of his genius. " If I hadn't invented the electric light, probably somebody else would have done so by this time," said Edison modestly; and this one of the wizard's inventions employs a billion dollars of capital and the services of 500,000 men to-day in the United States alone.

The entire metropolis was in gala attire during the celebration by day as well as night. Not only were all the fine residences in the fashionable part of town, the big business structures, and the municipal buildings handsomely decorated from top to bottom, but there was scarcely a tenement or a shop in the poorest quarters of the city that was without at least a couple of tiny flags intertwining the colors of the United States and Holland. Visitors here for the celebration did not get much unnecessary sleep. Until long after midnight the principal uptown thoroughfares night after night were crowded to the limit of their capacity, the throngs so dense that the police were compelled always to keep the people moving in the same direction to one side of the roadway. Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the Riverside Drive were the most populous streets of all, but men, women, and children would wander from one brilliant scene to another about the city, loth to go indoors, realizing that the like of what they were witnessing might never be seen again. It was a well-dressed and orderly crowd, composed almost entirely of strangers from out of town, and the presence of hundreds of men in uniform from among the 25,000 sailors of the war-ships in the river gave a picturesque touch to the seething highways. The elevated roads, the surface cars, and the subways broke all previous records for the number of passengers carried during the celebration, the seeing New York motors were crowded sixteen hours per day, and the Fifth Avenue stages, which afforded a fine view of the decorations along that thoroughfare, were in such demand by sightseers that thousands of people stood in line day and night waiting for places at the terminus in Washington Square.

Probably the busiest man of all the busy men in New York during the Hudson-Fulton turmoil was General Stewart L. Woodford, President of the Celebration Commission, upon whom devolved the duty, not only of attending all official ceremonies, but likewise of acting as host for the distinguished guests of the city. General Woodford was assisted by Governor Charles E. Hughes, Mayor George B. McClellan, and Vice-President James S. Sherman much of the time, and some of the quartet were present in the beautiful Court of Honor on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, with a host of notables, to review all pageants, and they acted as cicerones for the guests at the other numerous functions connected with the celebration. The official visitors included Prince Kuni, representative and cousin of the Mikado of Japan; Grand Admiral von Koester, representative of the Kaiser; and Sir Edward Seymour, Great Britain's Admiral of the fleet; and delegates were accredited from France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Italy, Russia, Turkey, Morocco, Cuba, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Peru, Venezuela, Ecuador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Salvador, Uruguay, Hayti, Costa Rica, and Panama.

The first event of the greatest celebration in the history of the New World—the Marine Parade on the opening Saturday in honor of the Half-Moon and the Clermont—was a conspicuous success. Half a hundred war-ships, including the Atlantic fleet of the United States, four men-of-war each from England and Germany, three from France, two each from Holland and Italy, and one each from Mexico and the Argentine Republic, lay like a row of grim dragons, for all the gay flags that bedecked them from stem to stern, in the middle of the Hudson, stretching for ten miles from Forty-second Street to Two Hundred and Twenty-second Street, that morning. Below them in the river and harbor, reaching from shore to shore out to the Narrows, the water was dotted with craft, which at the Battery and across to Jersey City were so close together that one might almost have jumped from boat to boat as the replica of the ship that brought Henry Hudson over the ocean, and that of the first vessel to move by her own steam, started from Staten Island for the reviewing stand at the foot of One Hundred and Tenth Street. Never was a finer theater for a water spectacle, and never a finer day for taking advantage of it. The newspapers estimated that there were a million people gathered along the two banks of the river as the strange-looking craft that were the center of observation moved northward, and there was room for a million more on the Jersey heights about Fort Lee, whence the entire pageant might have been witnessed.

Quaint indeed among the modern steamships and men-of-war appeared the little vessels of three hundred and one hundred years ago, men personating Hudson and Fulton in the respective costumes of the two periods on the decks, with all others on board of either craft in similarly appropriate dress. It is doubtful if any but the most venturesome travelers of to-day would care to risk passage in either the Half-Moon or the Clermont to Coney Island if a fresh wind was blowing, wherefore inspection of the ship in the double of which Hudson crossed the Atlantic increases one's respect for the courage of that sturdy mariner and his companions. The Clermont, in spite of her uncouth paddle-wheels awkwardly churning the water and seemingly bigger than her hull, did not suggest anything like the remoter antiquity of the Half-Moon, with her high bow and poop and great bellying sails.

The parade reached its noisiest and most spectacular point when the Half-Moon, in tow of a tug, and therefore leading the Clermont (which under her own steam was limited to four miles an hour) by several hundred feet, arrived off Forty-second Street, where the naval yacht Mayflower was moored, when the first welcoming gun boomed. The river banks, thronged though they were by enthusiastic spectators, had been silent until now, but here the sirens of the passenger steamers and the voices of the people broke forth, to be drowned by the roar of the cannon of the squadrons. The Half-Moon steadily fired her two guns alternately from starboard and port, while the saluting war-ships thundered their tribute of twenty-one guns each. The Clermont, paddling along the line fifteen minutes later, had no guns to answer the salvos that greeted her but, she easily divided honors with the Half-Moon so far as popular interest was concerned. Making the tour of the line of battle-ships, and returning to the white-pillared Water Gate at One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of the two ships to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission took place, the Half-Moon and the Clermont were moored, and their part in the pageant was over for the day.

On their cruise the little replica ships were followed by such a flotilla as has never been seen on the water before. One of the New York newspapers, least given to exaggeration, asserts that the parade was more than forty miles long, basing this estimate on the circumstance that the distance from the Statue of Liberty to the northernmost end of the battle-ship line was sixteen miles, and that after the flagship that headed the procession had circled this line and got back to the Battery the yacht squadron of the parade was just getting under way, leading miles more of craft up the river. This extraordinary flotilla was made up of every species of vessel that could carry passengers, with the single exception of ocean steamships—excursion, Sound, and coastwise steamers, ferryboats, tugs, lighters, yachts, and motor boats, and it included a Government squadron, with its flagship and fourteen vessels and scouts, the Atlantic torpedo and submarine fleets, and the revenue cutter patrol, while more than six hundred and fifty boats, ranging from transatlantic liners to the tiniest yachts, were anchored on either side of the river from the foot of Eighty-sixth Street to Forts Washington and Lee. The passenger boats provided luncheon for their patrons, who had been compelled to go on board early in the forenoon, and many of the better equipped of them served dinners as well as for those who remained on board to witness the night parade.

Simultaneously, exactly at eight o'clock that night, the ten miles of war-ships sprang into electric flame, naught visible except the glowing outlines of hulls, masts, and rigging traced against the night. Most beautiful of all was the great Inflexible, flagship of the visiting British squadron, between whose masts glittered in colored lights a splendid jeweled crown. The most wonderful part of the electric show, however, was the searchlight demonstration. At One Hundred and Fifty-third Street twenty searchlights, each of fifty million candle-power, flashed at once, producing indescribable and almost unbelievable effects. The massed glare, changing into every color of the rainbow, played for miles on and across the river and the Jersey shore. Four other huge searchlight batteries were turned upon Grant's Tomb, keeping it constantly a white spot on the river's bank. From nine o'clock until midnight a magnificent pyrotechnical display along the river added gorgeousness to the dazzling exhibition, contrasting with the white glare of the searchlights and the motionless glitter of the electric lights on ships and shore. It was a display such as previously had never been even attempted.

The event of the celebration calculated more than anything else to interest personally the New Yorker, indeed the most notable feature of the entire commemoration exercises, was Tuesday's pageant, setting forth the history of Manhattan Island from before the advent of Hudson to the present day, in three miles of allegory—and something like a quarter of a mile of actual demonstration. Masqueraders as Indians, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Colonists, and real Americans, disposed theatrically on ingeniously devised floats that portrayed the discovery, settlement, growth, culture, and wealth of the city in more or less chronological sequence, provided the figurative element, while Tammany Hall celebrated real conditions. The braves, several hundred strong, sleek, portly for the most part, attired to a man in well-fitting frock coats and shining top hats, marched near the head of the procession. Although not every one of these well-fed citizens was on the city pay-roll, if the place-holders among them had fallen out of the ranks, and after them those with municipal office in sight, the most significant incident of the parade would have been eliminated from it.

The hundred thousand dollars or so that the Historical Pageant cost the city may be considered a good investment in that it served to put the leader of Tammany on exhibition, provided that the taxpayers who looked on had sufficient intelligence to read the lesson and have profited by it. Gazing upon Charles Francis Murphy as he led his cohort between the dense rows of spectators, a problem was presented—does the cartoonist take the political Boss from life, or does the Boss develop himself on the lines of the humorist's conception of what a Boss should look like? Big, burly, bull-necked, a square jaw that is almost prognathous, puffed florid cheeks that seem to half close the small, expressionless eyes, a receding forehead disclosed when he lifted his hat from his bristling hair, affluence written in every line of his rotund figure and every item of his apparel, Murphy responded to the ideal of the serio-comic artist in every detail. He must have been recognized by every one along the line of march familiar with the pictorial history of the times, as the ward politician who, within the present decade, left the corner groggery that was the ostensible source of his income to become leader of Tammany Hall, and is now qualified to join the multi-millionaires in the World Almanac—to whose fortune every taxpayer in New York has, willy-nilly, contributed.

At the head of the Historical Pageant cheerfully marched Mayor McClellan beside the big Vice-President of the Celebration Commission, Herman Ridder, who towered head and shoulders above the other. It was noticeable that the big Vice-Chairman who strode beside the active Mayor but paid no attention to the spectators on either side, seemed to keep a malevolent eye upon his companion. The circumstance was explained later, when Mr. McClellan, who justly boasted that he was the first Mayor of New York to walk in a street procession during his term of office, explained that Ridder had challenged him to lead the parade just as it was starting, and that in accepting the challenge he had forced the large man to accompany him. Both of them seemed to like the experience so well, however, that they led the Carnival Parade on Saturday night also.

And here was another object-lesson in local politics. For McClellan, of distinguished name, born and reared under the most advantageous conditions, who was studying government and morals at Princeton University while the Boss of Tammany was washing glasses behind a bar in the "gas house district," owed his office as Mayor of the second largest city in the world to none other than Murphy. These reflections are out of place in carnival time, but none the less they obtrude themselves.

Four hundred members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and almost as many of the Ancient Order of Hibernians followed the Mayor and Mr. Ridder, and then, in gorgeous uniforms, one delegation after another from the other patriotic societies of the city marched between the lines of spectators: Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Norwegians, Danes, and Syrians. The American flag was flying beside each foreign banner, demonstrating on the part of the marchers at once love for native land and loyalty to the Republic, while from the accompanying bands the national airs of many countries alternated with "America" and "Yankee Doodle." The allegorical floats, more than fifty in number, divided the history of New York into four periods—the Indian, the Dutch, the Colonial, and the present—and for three hours they lumbered among the multitudes, each drawn by four horses enveloped in crimson coverings from ears to tails, each steed led by a groom in a crimson domino. The picturesqueness of this effect might have been heightened if the men at the heads of the horses had followed the instructions of the master of ceremonies and worn the hoods of their robes instead of their own personal and impaired modern headgear. Further, a festal vestment of the Middle Ages involving the torso of a scorbutic and morose vagrant of the present day, who is crowned in a battered hat originally of the shape known to the vulgar as a "derby," does not conform to artistic verisimilitude.

The floats were elaborate and impressive, however, if not entirely artistic, and they were received with intelligent enthusiasm all along the line of march, though the student of history who might have depended upon them for instruction would have had his ideas of the early course of events on Manhattan sadly mixed. By reason of some one's carelessness or stupidity, these peripatetic allegories came along with little regard to chronological order, and in many instances their titles, which were carried before them by white-robed bearers, accompanied groups of figures to which they did not belong. However, as most of us knew that Washington did not say farewell to his officers before the capture of Major André, and that the reception to Lafayette occurred after the statue of George III was upset at Bowling Green, perhaps no lasting harm was done. Nevertheless, in view of the time and money that was spent on the celebration, it seems too bad that a blunder that might so easily have been obviated should have been allowed to occur.

The Indians masquerading on foot in the procession presented the spectacle of some two or three hundred aborigines of Irish, Italian, and Russian descent, they having obviously been recruited from the Bowery and its purlieus, and hand-painted and costumed for the occasion, the resultant juxtaposition of gayly feathered leggings with the worn brogans of East Side commerce perhaps affording another opportunity for a carper to criticise. The imitation red men seemed to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves, an emotion their artificial complexions failed to conceal, and they skulked under the shadows of the towering floats very much unlike the Manhattanese warriors we read about in books. On the floats devoted to the Five Nations and the legend of Hiawatha real Indians took part in the tableaux, their stolidity of feature and dignity of deportment in striking contrast to that of the actors who personated the primitive inhabitants of the island. Delegations of students from Columbia and New York Universities and the College of the City of New York enlivened the parade at intervals along the line with their college cries, outdoing the feeble war-whoops of the mock Indians. The greatest applause of the afternoon was excited, however, by two groups of aged men in the ancient uniform of the Volunteer Fire Department, some of them so feeble that they could scarcely keep their places in the ranks, all of them life-savers who had "run with the machine" in the '50s and '60s of the last century.

The Military Parade on Thursday, participated in by 25,000 men, including from the visiting war-ships the crack marine soldiery of Great Britain, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Mexico, and the Argentine Republic, with those of the United States, and the flower of the military organizations of the State, as well as veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Spanish War, two companies of cadets from the Military Academy at West Point, and a detachment of soldiers from the regular army, was a credit to all concerned. Popular interest was manifested chiefly in the naval warriors, who led the line after the grand marshal and his staff and Troop A of the National Guard—for soldiers may be seen on parade at almost any time. The English sailors came first, several hundred strong, dressed in blue and wearing broad-brimmed straw hats pulled well down over their eyes. Behind the tars marched the Royal Marines, big men in dark uniforms, the tan of India still on their cheeks, followed by two companies of marines dressed in scarlet. The Germans, every man of them seemingly fair-haired and many of them wearing beards, were next in line, wearing blue blouses and white caps, and they were followed by the French, in round blue caps topped with red pompons. Italy sent a company of cadets from the Royal Naval Academy, many of them said to be young noblemen of high prospective or actual rank, but who nevertheless earned a cheer for their perfect alignment and soldierly carriage. The Mexican and Argentine sailors, rather smaller and darker-skinned than most of the others, were as well drilled as any in the parade. The American sea-fighters easily held their own in the spectacular competition. Preceded by the Marine Corps, seemingly never-ending phalanxes of men in blue and red, nearly every one under the age of thirty, the rolling battalions of bluejackets of the Atlantic fleet were a tribute to the success of the effort to improve the class of men who are entering this branch of the service. Keen-eyed, bronzed youngsters in blue and khaki, with white caps atop, they won the admiration of two million observers. It was particularly noticeable in the parade that, while the sailors of each foreign nationality were nearly always of the national type, the men of our navy embraced types of all of them, and even went the others several better by reason of a sprinkling of Filipinos in the ranks.

After the sailors the West Point cadets and the regulars of the United States Army got the most general applause along the line of march, but the real enthusiasm of the day, as on the occasion of the Historical Parade, was brought about by a similar circumstance, when, in the very last division, a broken company of a German regiment in the Grand Army of the Republic passed. The National Guard, the Sons of Veterans, the United States Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, the Spanish War Veterans, the Old Guard, the German Veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, the Polish Independence Legion, the Italian Rifle Guard, all received a warm welcome, but these aged, white-haired men, among the last of the rapidly diminishing number who fought in the Civil War nearly half a century ago, meant something that every one could understand. The climax was reached when two old soldiers, both apparently in the seventies or eighties, each with a row of medals across his breast, one blind and holding fast to the other's arm, stepped bravely by, although it was a struggle for them to keep up with their comrades. The medals may have been conferred for valor, or they may have been won at a schuetzenfest, but the picture the fine old fellows presented was at once so heroic and so pathetic that tears came to the eyes of many in the great throng of spectators even as they shouted applause.

One of the most interesting features of the celebration was Children's Day on Saturday, the ceremonies of which were participated in by some 150,000 of the smaller pupils of the public and parochial schools of the five boroughs. In Dutch costume of Hudson's time boys and girls recited, sang, and danced at the Court of Honor before President Egerton Winthrop of the Board of Education, City Superintendent of Schools William H. Maxwell, and a great throng of spectators; while similar exercises, in the presence of school-teachers, parents, and other throngs of spectators, were being held at Battery Park, Tompkins Square, Stuyvesant Park, Central Park, East River Park, and Manhattan Square in Manhattan, as well as in similar centers in the other boroughs.

The Carnival Parade on Saturday night, arranged by the German, Austrian, and Swiss societies of the city, which closed the Hudson-Fulton Celebration so far as New York was concerned, except for the aviation exhibition and the beacon fires, was one of the most attractive events of the week. The fifty floats were artistic and picturesque; the marchers were arrayed with splendor, and practically the same great crowds were gathered along the line of march that had witnessed the Historical and Military Pageants go over the same route earlier in the week.

What every man, woman, and child of years of comprehension among the teeming millions in the city during the celebration seemed more anxious to see than any other feature of it was the flying men—Wilbur Wright and Glenn H. Curtiss. As the exhibitions of the aviators were entirely dependent upon the wind, and as the wind blew as it listed, the would-be spectators of the aeroplane flights were in a continual state of anxiety for the first week. The flying-machines being housed on Governor's Island, and the weather more likely to be propitious early in the morning than at any other period during the twenty-four hours, tens of thousands were crowding the Battery wall and park soon after daylight for six days to witness what only a few years ago would have been considered miraculous—a man propelling himself through the air as he willed. Only once during the first week were the winds at all favorable for a trial, and that was a little after eight o'clock Wednesday morning, when the waiting crowds witnessed the newest wonder of the centuries, as Wright in his great machine appeared from out the mists that overhung the harbor, and, circling the Statue of Liberty with all the smoothness and ease of a sea-gull, flew back to Governor's Island. Some trouble with Curtiss's machine made it impossible for him to take advantage of the light breezes that morning; and, indeed, until the end of the week, when he was compelled to leave the city to keep professional engagements in St. Louis, he went into the air only once, and then for but a few seconds.

It was on the second Monday of the celebration that Wright made his record trip from Governor's Island out to Grant's Tomb and over the war-ships in the river. My view of the actual start was cut off by one of the military buildings, but I heard the machine rise a hundred feet away with a noise like the buzzing of a horsefly through a megaphone. When I caught sight of it, scarcely a second later, Wright was already clear of the Island and making a bee-line for the entrance to the Hudson, flying about fifty feet above the water and moving at a speed of forty miles an hour. He swerved once to avoid the smoke of a tugboat under him, but it seemed scarcely a minute before he had disappeared in the autumn haze. There was no demonstration on the Island as Wright started his flight, for he had risen into the air and sped out of sight almost before we realized it; but a Staten Island ferryboat whistled a signal to the rest of the craft in the river and harbor, and pandemonium reigned on the water. It was half an hour later, the sun having dissipated the mist in the meantime, that we caught sight of Wright returning along the Jersey shore of the river, flying scarcely higher than the roofs of the ferry-houses, and in thirty-three minutes and thirty-three seconds from the time of leaving the ground the aeroplane landed lightly as a bird within a few feet of its starting-point, after having covered a distance of nearly twenty miles. The number who saw the return flight of the aviator at the Battery was estimated to be 100,000 more than had witnessed him go up the river, short as was the time given to reach vantage points, and thousands saw him from the windows and roofs of the sky-scrapers and from buildings along both banks of the river, while for the first time officers and men on war-ships were able ocularly to realize what it would be like to have an enemy sailing above them carrying missiles capable of sending them to the bottom.

Telling his own story of the flight,

Wright said that he had planned to travel at the height of seventy-five feet, but that the gases from steamers, the air disturbance caused by their whistles, and the air currents from the sky-scrapers obliged him to ascend higher at times. "I headed over to the Jersey shore of the river to get as far away from the skyscrapers as possible," he explained. "I suppose I was two hundred feet in the air, for I could see the Metropolitan tower, and I was not as high as that, while I could discern the Jersey meadows over the Palisades. I could feel the vapors from the war-ship funnels while I was among them. The currents of air from the tall Manhattan buildings made the machine tremble. The air just seemed to tumble down from the sky-scrapers. Coming back, I found that by just shaving the wharves and staying low I escaped those currents somewhat. When I caught sight of Grant's Tomb on my right, I decided that I had gone far enough, and, turning in a large circle, I faced about to the south. I think I came back in half the time I took going up the river against the wind. I might have circled the Tomb, but I didn't. I kept to the water and made practically the whole circle to reverse my direction directly above the river. I was well to the north of the Tomb when I made the turn, and I could see war-ships above me in the river, but I could also tell from the cheering and waving of arms aboard them that they could see me and could witness the aeroplane's flight, and so did not try to go around the fleet. To make such a trip regularly one ought either to go well above the sky-scrapers or else keep close to the water, for a lot of wind spills over them in downward gusts upon the river. I haven't quite conquered the air yet," concluded the modest pioneer of the sky.

The official report of Wright's flight made by Lieutenant R. E. Scott, who was stationed at Grant's Tomb for the purpose, is: "Sighted Wright in aeroplane at 10:10:30 o'clock, far down river, flying steadily toward us. Began to turn over the Hudson at 10:13:30, rising slightly, say from 15 to 25 feet. Made the turn opposite Edgewater, New Jersey, about 1,000 feet up river from Grant's Tomb. Passing nearly over the British cruiser Drake, he turned to the left toward the New Jersey shore; short turn, probably 45 seconds. Height estimated at 100 to 150 feet. Speed seemed greater on return. Passed out of sight far down the river at 10:17 o'clock."

While Wright's flight up the Hudson and over the war-ships was worth crossing a continent or an ocean to witness, an even more interesting aeronautic feat was prevented by the blowing out of a cylinder head of the machinery of the aeroplane just after his return. For, although it was known to but few, the aviator had determined to make an attempt to "loop" three bridges of the East River the same afternoon, flying under the Brooklyn Bridge, over the Williamsburg Bridge, and then under the Queensboro Bridge, reversing this course in returning. The accident to the engine put any attempt to "loop" the bridges out of the question, and had it occurred during a flight of the aeroplane the career of the intrepid pioneer of the air would almost certainly have been ended.

Before the first week of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in New York was over, the Half-Moon and the Clermont started up the Hudson for Albany and Troy, escorted by the Dutch cruiser Utrecht, two United States cruisers, a fleet of torpedo-boats and submarines, and six squadrons of passenger vessels, to visit the larger cities and towns along the river, where ceremonies similar to those that took place in New York, though on a smaller scale of course, were held. Newburgh had her celebration on Friday, and Governor Hughes reviewed her street parade. On Saturday the celebration was at Stony Point, where the Governor dedicated a monument to "Mad Anthony" Wayne, of Revolutionary fame, as part of the ceremonies. From the next Monday to Friday Yonkers, Poughkeepsie, Catskill, Hudson, Kingston, Ossining, Croton-on-the-Hudson, and Haverstraw welcomed the Half-Moon and the Clermont. On Friday the replica boats and their escort reached Albany, where Governor Hughes, who had spoken at nearly every one of the other points visited, delivered a formal address in the morning and reviewed the Carnival Parade in the evening. On Saturday the Half-Moon and Clermont reached their journey's end at Troy, where General Woodford pronounced a benediction upon the Hudson-Fulton Celebration. The actual culmination of the ceremonies, however, was in the beacon fires that, from Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton, guarding the Narrows, flashed "Good-night and good-by" promptly at nine o'clock Saturday night one hundred and fifty miles along the Hudson to Albany.

THE WINDOW

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

All night long by a distant bell
  The passing hours were notched
On the dark, while her breathing rose and fell,
  And the spark of life I watched
In her face was growing or fading—who could tell?
But the open window of the room,
  With a flare of yellow light,
Was peering out into the gloom,
  Like an eye that searched the night.
O what do you see in the dark, little window, and why do you peer?
I see that the garden is crowded with creeping forms of fear:
Little white ghosts in the locusts that wave in the night-wind's breath,
And low in the leafy laurels the lurking shadow of death.

Sweet, clear notes of a waking bird
  Tolled for the passing away
Of the dark; and my darling must have heard,
  For she smiled in her sleep, while the ray
Of the rising dawn spoke joy without a word.
Then the rosy glow in the sky outburned
  The yellow lamplight, pale and thin,
And the open window slowly turned
  To the eye of the morning looking in.
O what do you see in the room, little window, that makes you bright?
I see that a child is asleep on her pillow soft and white,
With the roses of life on her lips, and the breath of life in her breast,
And the arms of God around her as she quietly lies at rest.

The Dutch Masters

Illustrated by reproductions of paintings by Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Vermeer, Metsu, and Nicolaes Maes, now in the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum

IT may be adventurous, but it certainly is not unintelligent, to say that the most satisfactory single feature of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration is found in the special exhibition of paintings by the famous Dutch masters at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This exhibition, probably the finest of its kind ever made in a single gallery, will be open until the middle of November, and it forms a historical, a human, and an æsthetic contribution to the celebration of profound interest. The paintings exhibited are all owned in this country—a fact of no mean importance—either by the Metropolitan Museum or other museums or by private collectors who have, with generous co-operation, loaned their canvases for the occasion. The public are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the President of the Museum; Mr. Robert W. De Forest, the Chairman of the Committee on Art Exhibits; Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the Director of the Museum; and other officers of the Museum and of the Hudson-Fulton Committee, for so fine a representation of one of the richest epochs of creative art in the whole history of civilization. Americans may read with justifiable satisfaction these words written by the editor of the catalogue of the exhibition:

> So representative a collection of Holland's achievement in the art of painting during the seventeenth century as the present exhibition affords is proof of the fortunate acquisition made in the direction of American collections in recent years. Some little astonishment will no doubt be felt in European art circles that it was possible to assemble in New York one hundred and forty-five paintings of first importance, among them thirty-four Rembrandts, twenty Frans Hals, and five Vermeers.

The eight reproductions which will be found elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, together with the Rembrandt portrait of himself appearing on the cover, form a fair representation of the beauty and value of the exhibition as a whole.

Rembrandt is the most popular of all the great masters of painting, and one of the most prolific. Six hundred and forty-three canvases have been identified as coming from his brush, which would be an average of ten for every year of his life; and in addition to his oils are his wonderful etchings in great numbers. He was great as a realist, an idealist, a craftsman, and a colorist, and his popularity is like that of Shakespeare and the New Testament, for he is as full of human qualities as the one and of mystery as the other. Before his day the compositions of the Dutch painters had been formal and without atmosphere. Rembrandt brought life and light into the rigid and air-famished art of his period. His treatment of light was, it is true, somewhat of a convention, but nevertheless personal to his own genius. Young and self-sufficient Parisian students have been known to say that the art of Rembrandt was all an easy trick; yet neither they nor any others have been able to perform it, nor indeed to solve the problem by which he suffuses with light the shadows so that there is no opaque blackness even in his darkest canvases. Unlike Frans Hals, his deeper and more spiritual nature brought him in sympathy more with those who suffer than with those who laugh. The scope of his art was tremendous, and its development took a natural course from the analytical manner of the famous "Lesson in Anatomy" to the free handling and amber glow of the "Lucretia Stabbing Herself." Like Shakespeare, Rembrandt did not always attempt to give local surroundings to his historical characters, and his Lucretia, instead of being in the costume of a Roman matron, is clad in that of a seventeenth-century lady of Holland—wearing a voluminous and gorgeous dress of greenish gold, with pearls about her neck and ears. With sympathetic power he has rendered her face, in which one reads the tragic pathos of her story. That her hands are strangely plebeian for a lady of noble birth is only an additional indication of Rembrandt's saturation with the common life of his own time as it surged about him. The quality of this picture is of the artist's best. The beautiful glow of color, the breadth of treatment, the impressionistic softening of the outlines in a blurred light, and the dramatic characterization display the mighty genius of the artist. In the "Portrait of a Girl," owned by the Art Institute of Chicago, the face has a tenderness of expression not often found in women's portraits by Rembrandt. This is perhaps explained by the fact that it is possibly a study of Hendrickje Stoffels, who was at first a member of his household as nursemaid to his son Titus, and later became Rembrandt's second wife. The girl stands with a peasant's awkwardness, her hands resting heavily upon the ledge of the Dutch half-door, a listening look upon her face, half lost in reverie. Who knows but that she may have been then dreaming of her newer and tenderer and more intimate relationship with her master, the artist? There is a beautiful harmony of color in the picture; the brown bodice, the green apron, the red coral beads, all resolve themselves into the gray of the background, the shadows holding the light in Rembrandt's characteristic manner. Rembrandt's portrait of himself, of which a reproduction appears upon the cover of this issue of The Outlook, and which is one of the best of his many examples of self-portraiture, recalls the fact that some observers have questioned his taste in painting his own features as often as he did. The fact is that many years of his life were passed in great poverty, when he was unable to pay for the employment of models. He was thus forced to have recourse to his own figure and those of members of his family in place of the professional models usually employed by artists. His self-portraits are indications, therefore, not of vanity but of patient persistence in the face of great difficulties.

Frans Hals, born in 1585, twenty-two years before Rembrandt, was the first in point of time of the great Dutchmen represented in the exhibition. The gay, improvident painter of Haarlem has given the world a gallery of portraits unrivaled for vigorous life and daring action. A painter's painter (because of his masterly brushwork), dashing yet sure, direct of method, he stamped each work with his own strong individuality. The world was always at its best, apparently, when his sitters sat for him, and, rich or poor, they were in their bravest, most confident mood, and that sometimes a boisterous one. Our illustrations reproduce the portraits of Herr and Vrouw Bodolphe. An inscription on the back of each canvas tells us that the sitters were respectively seventy and seventy-two years of age, and that the portraits were painted in 1643. The manner is more sober, the style has obviously less of *bravura* than some of the other works of Hals shown in the exhibition—a notable contrast to "The Merry Company" owned by Mr. Altman, where gay color runs riot and the strokes of the brush may almost be counted, so pronounced an example is it of painting accomplished "*au premier coup*"—*i. e.*, done once and finally without retouching. In the Bodolphe portraits the painter's preoccupation was to express with dignity and reserve the sturdy uprightness of character he found in the faces and bearing of the fine old couple. The old man has the able look of one who has had important contact with the busy world of his day. It is, however, the shrewd, kindly face of Vrouw Bodolphe that makes the stronger impression.

The *genre* painters who followed Rembrandt, while not affected by his large manner, profited by his experiments with light concentrated on certain parts of the composition, and have given us a series of wonderful little pictures of undying charm. Jan Vermeer, of Delft, is perhaps the best of these painters. Vermeer passed into oblivion fifty years after his death, and was brought to light again by a French critic sixty years ago. Thirty-seven pictures are known, eight in America, six in this exhibition. Vermeer alone of his contemporaries departed from the use of brown shadows and warm light, and approached more nearly to the modern theory of the luminous quality of blue. It is an interesting speculation as to whether this idea was suggested to him by an apprenticeship in the famous factory of Delft ware, then in its glory. The two pictures by Vermeer selected to illustrate this article are amply characteristic of him. One finds in them finish carried to its farthest point without sacrificing breadth and crisp touch; an ivory surface, diffused sunlight, cool and soft, casting blue shadows, and subtlety and richness of tones and color. His model is usually of the same type—a young woman of adequate bulk, tranquil and inexpressive, a comfortable little *bourgeoise* occupied in writing, reading, or playing the guitar. The "Lady Writing" has a slight vivacity of expression. Her rounded head with its polished surfaces gives one the thought of a grayish pearl rather than of flesh and blood. The charm lies in the hands and arms, the vibrating yellow of her fur-trimmed jacket and its justness in shadow. The bit of blue velvet table-cloth in sunlight has amazing reality. The "Girl with Water-Jug" is a faultless picture of its kind, to which one can return again and again with unquenched interest. It has all of Vermeer's best qualities, a rich scheme of color running through the red table-cover, yellow bodice, and brass water-jug and basin to the blues of her dark skirt and the shadows, all brought into harmony by means of the gray wall and soft sunshine.

The scale of his pictures is in general small—the pictures described less than twenty inches in height. Simplicity of composition is one of Vermeer's merits—admirable in each of his works. The esteem in which Vermeer is held by modern collectors is well expressed by the playfully extravagant sentiment of Mr. E. V. Lucas, the English connoisseur, whose entertaining article on "The Christie Habit," which appeared recently in The Outlook, our readers will remember. In his just-published volume, "A Wanderer in Paris," Mr. Lucas says:

> The Louvre is to-day the most wonderful museum in the world; but what would one not give to be able to visit it as it was in 1814, when it was in some respects more wonderful still? For then it was filled with the spoils of Napoleon's armies, who had instructions always to bring back from the conquered cities what they could seize that was likely to beautify and enrich France. It is a reason for war in itself. I would support any war with Austria, for example, that would bring to London Count Czernin's Vermeer and the Parmigianino in the Vienna National Gallery; any war with Germany that would put the Berlin National Gallery at our disposal. Napoleon had other things to fight for, but that comprehensive brain forgot nothing, and as he deposed a king he remembered a blank space in the Louvre that lacked a Raphael, an empty niche waiting for its Phidias.

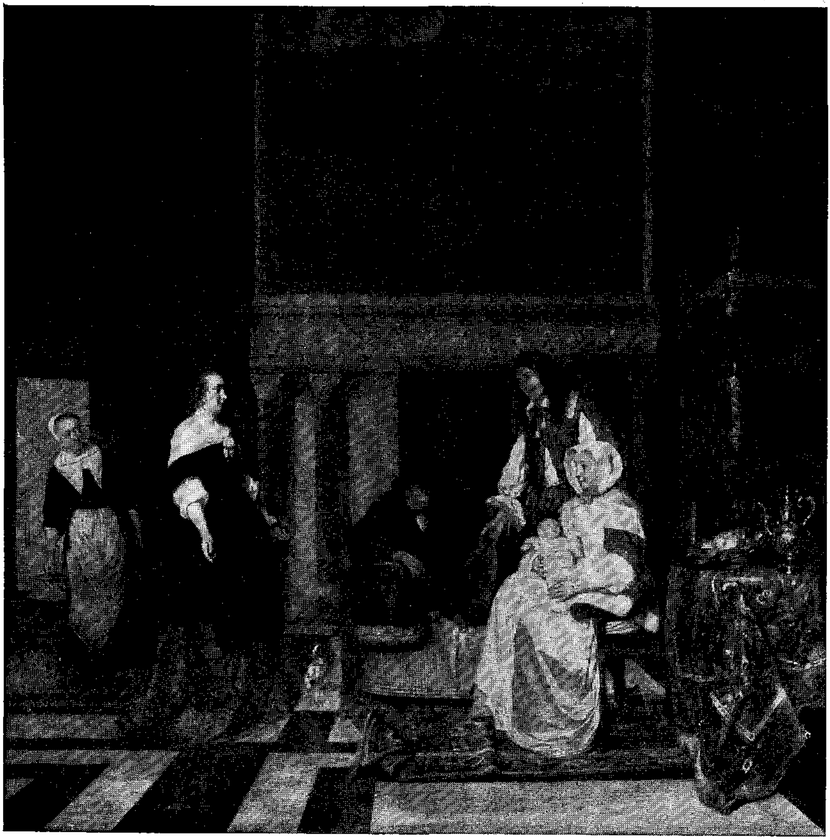
Metsu, born 1630, is another *genre* painter of this period. The graceful figures which people his interiors belong to the polite ranks of society, and they play their parts with expressive animation. The "Visit to the Nursery" (reproduced in the accompanying group of illustrations) is a masterpiece; besides its story-telling interest. it shows delicate characterization and excellent painting of accessories, notably of the wicker cradle and its green velvet covering. The color is fine and brilliant—too much so, it would seem, in the case of the red table-cover. His painting is inclined to thinness, and there is no deep quality.

Nicolaes Maes, born in the same year as Vermeer, was a pupil of Rembrandt and acquired his method, but with a mind and individuality of his own. Leaving Rembrandt's studio equipped as a painter of portraits, he soon gave up portraits for work in *genre*, much more to his liking. The "Portrait of a Man," which we reproduce, painted about 1670, is an excellent piece of work, and one of his finest portraits. It is, however, marred by too much softness and a porcelain-like finish, which pleased the popular taste of the time, when Rembrandt's vigorous work was so poorly prized as to bring but a few groats. Maes is said to have painted portraits for money, his other subjects for love. He became a favorite portrait painter, but his portraits are not his best work. His early works resembled those of Rembrandt, but have less depth, less imagination, and more sentiment. An old woman reading or praying is his usual *genre* subject. His color scheme is red and black with a whitish light—usually rendered with detail and finish.

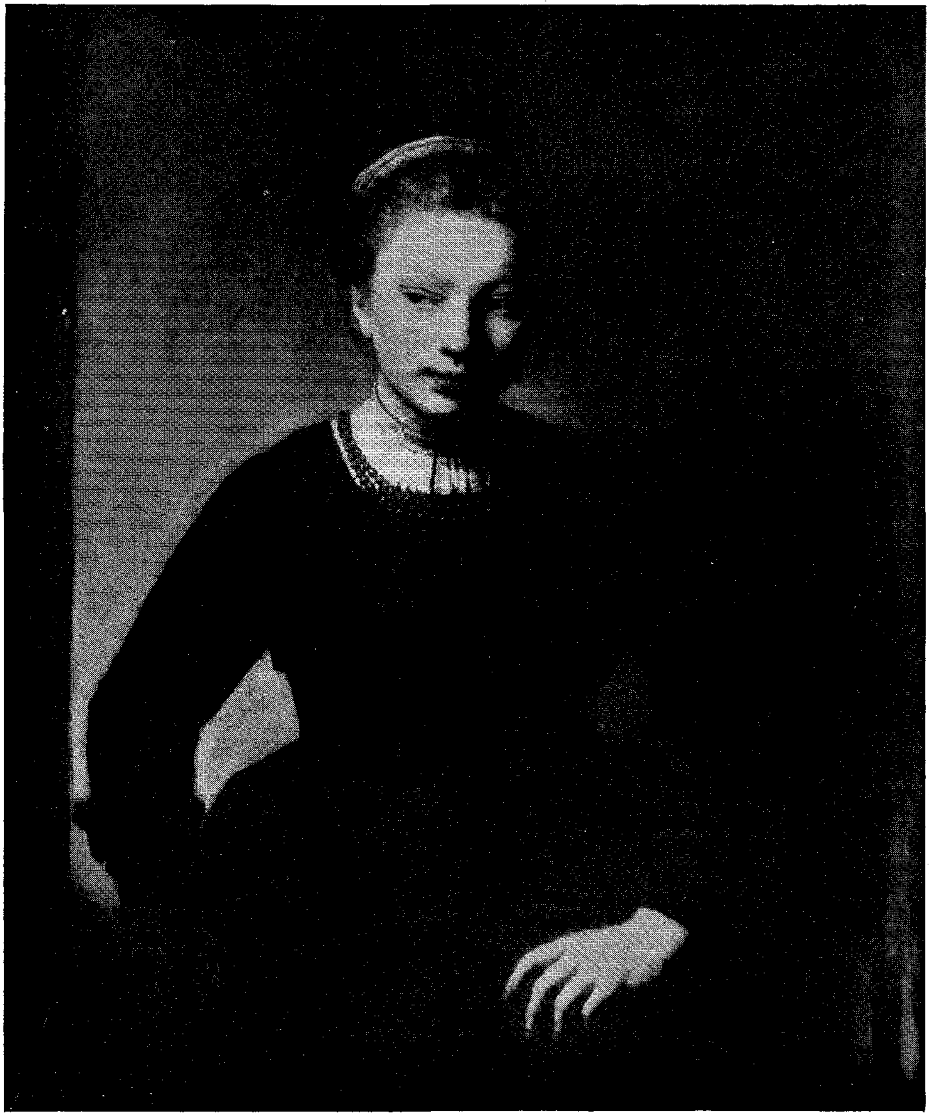
The Dutch people did much in the early days of the American colonies to promote their development and prosperity. No one who believes that beauty is an essential element of the highest human development can fail to appreciate, in seeing the wonderful canvases in this exhibition, that in no particular did they do more for us than in producing and fostering the genius from which these pictures sprang.

The Dutch Masters

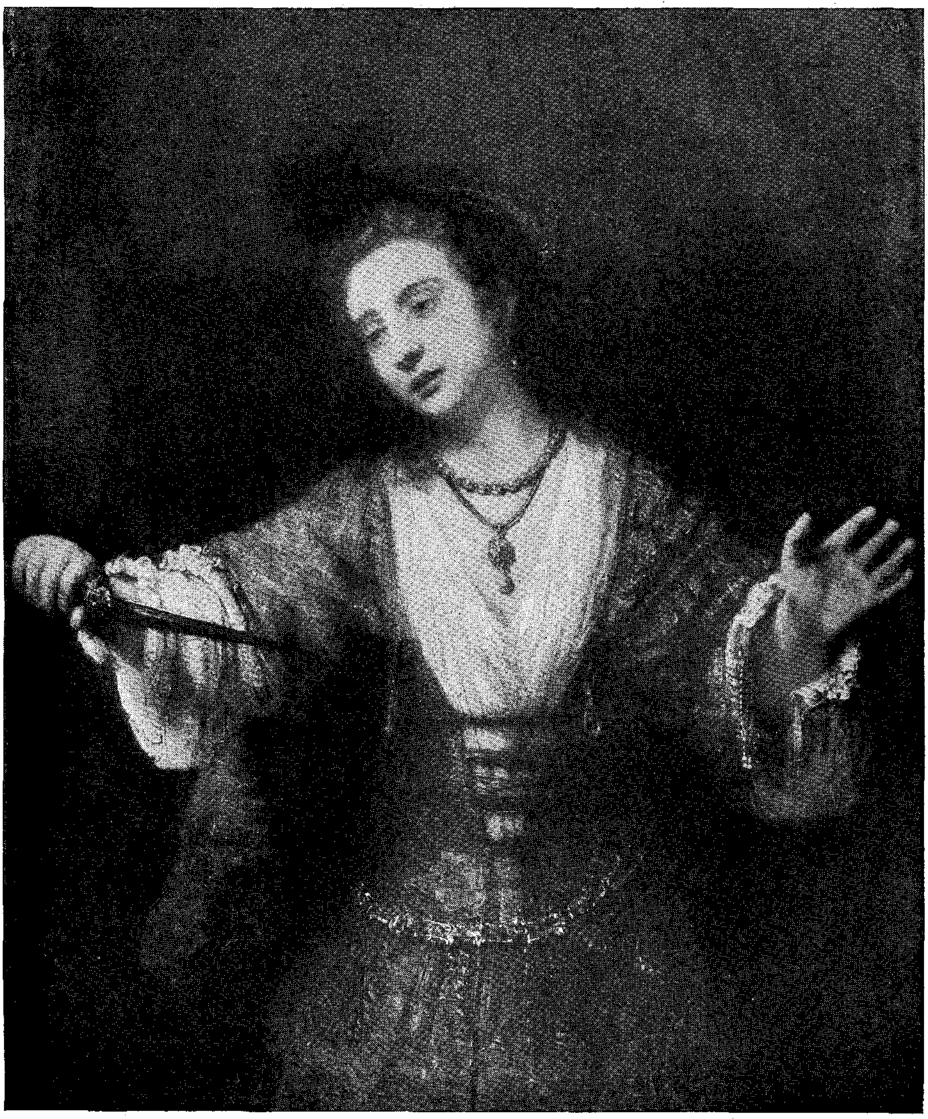
Eight Paintings from the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City



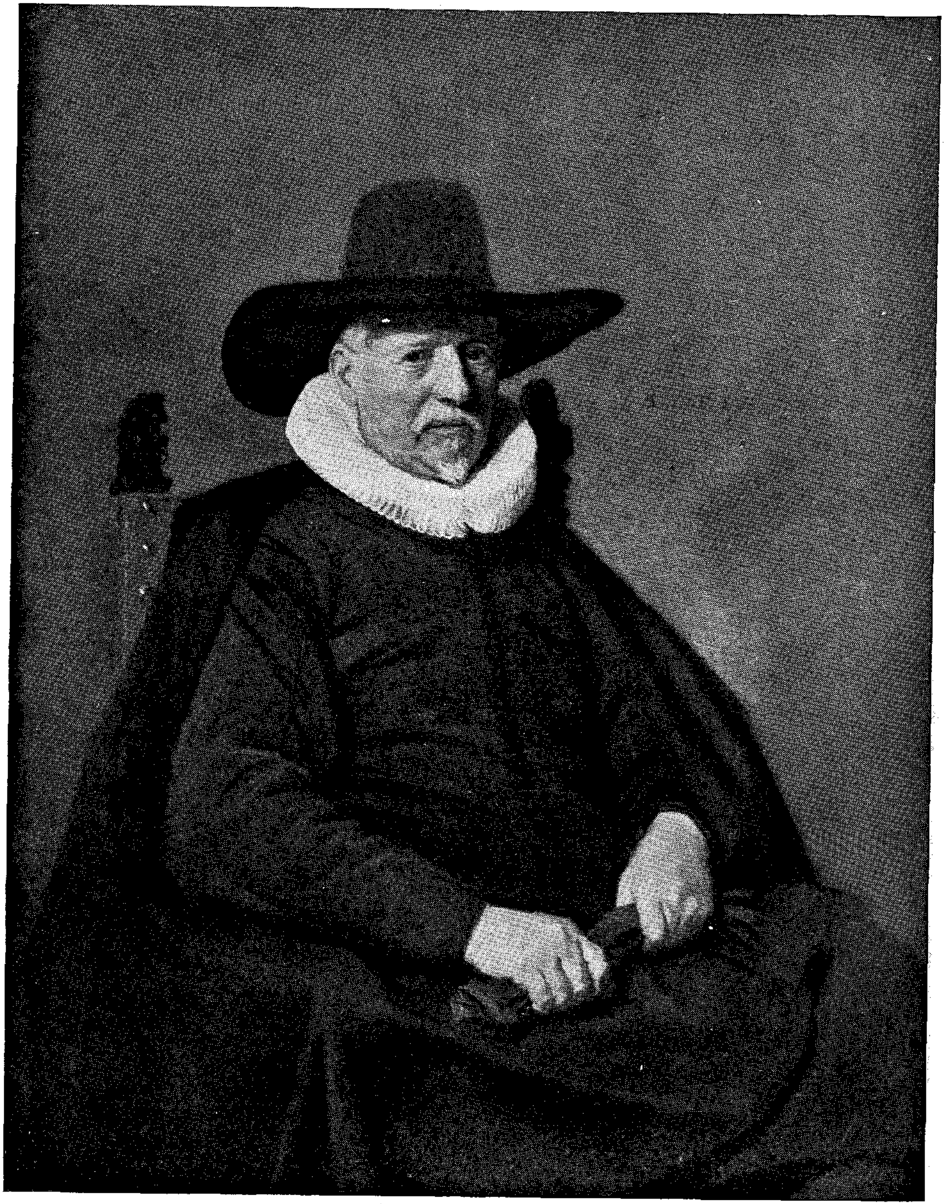
A VISIT TO THE NURSERY
BY GABRIEL METSU
OWNED BY MR. J. P. MORGAN



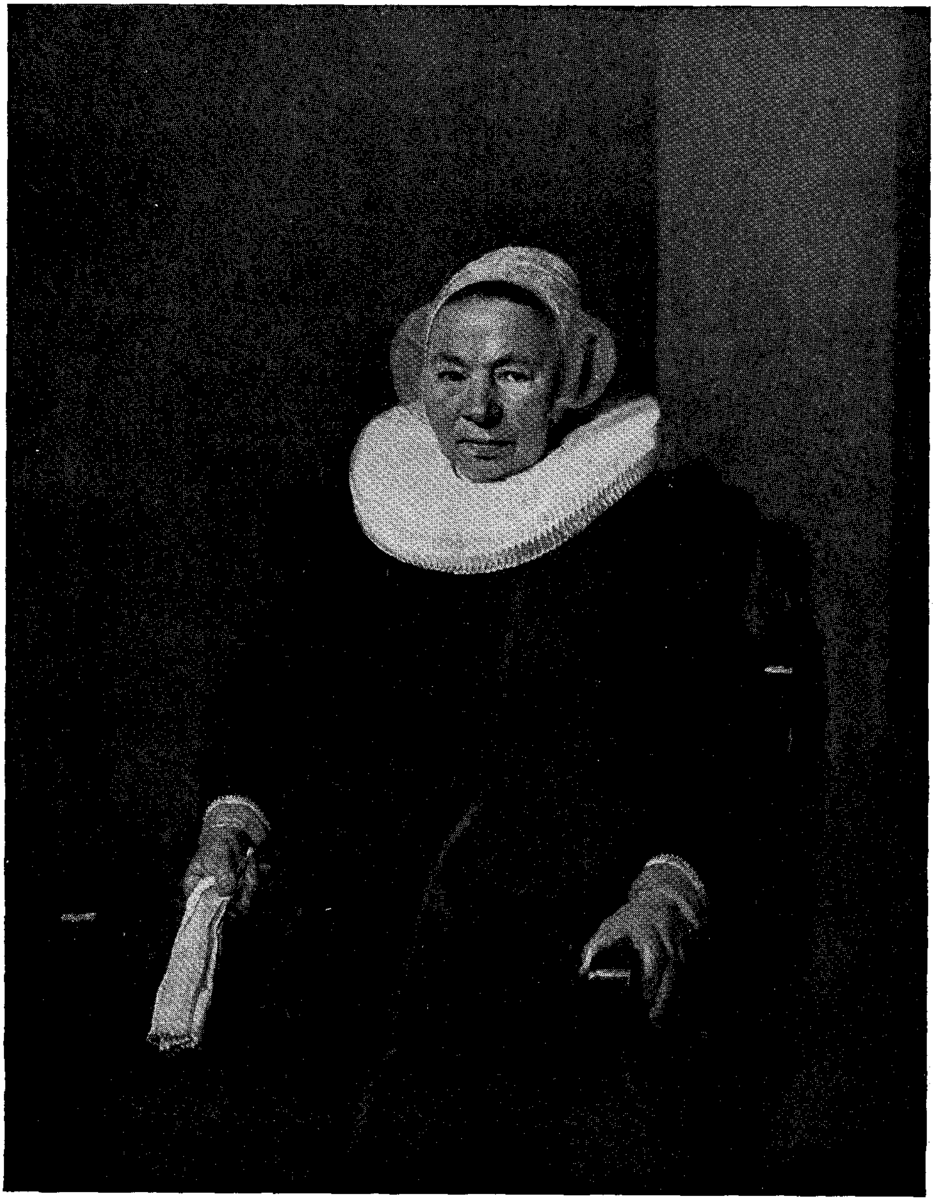
REMBRANDT
PORTRAIT OF A GIRL
OWNED BY THE ART INSTITUTE
CHICAGO



REMBRANDT
LUCRETIA STABBING HERSELF
OWNED BY MR. M. C. D. BORDEN



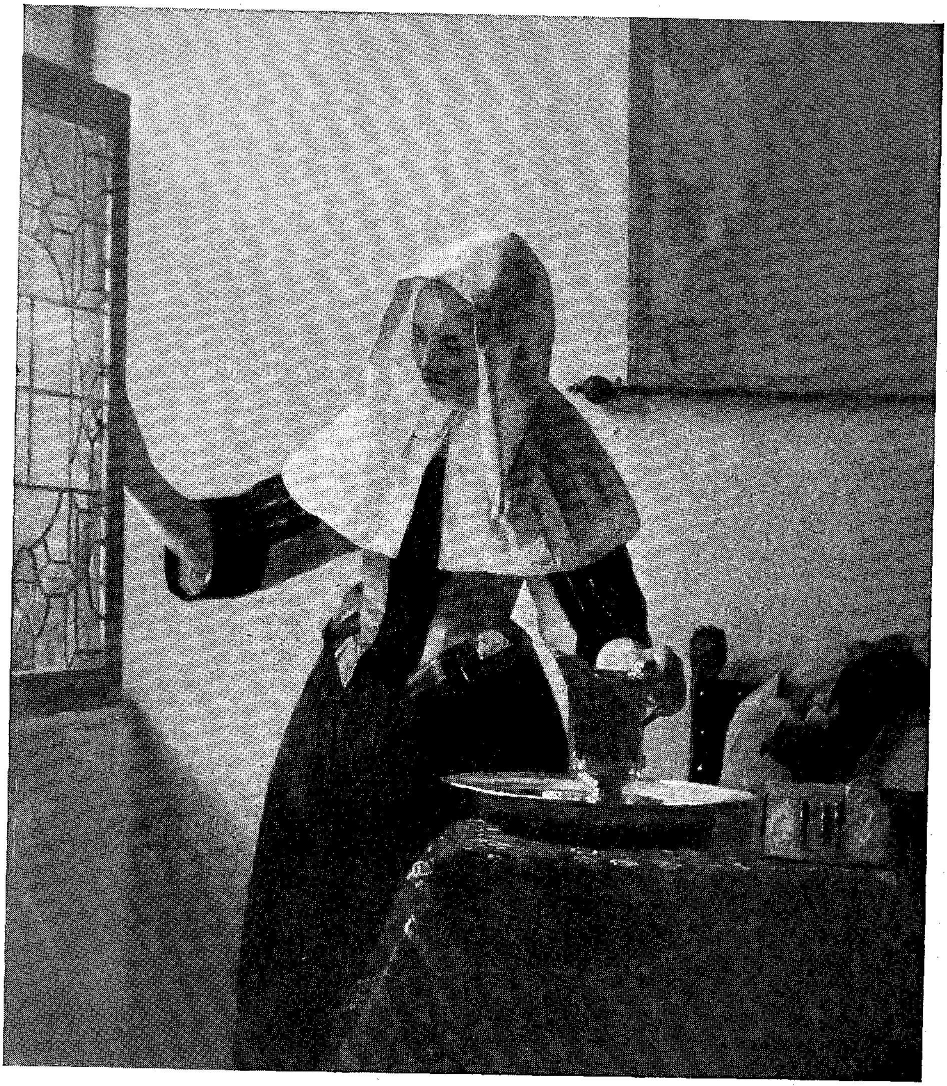
FRANS HALS
HEER BODOLPHE
OWNED BY MR. J. P. MORGAN



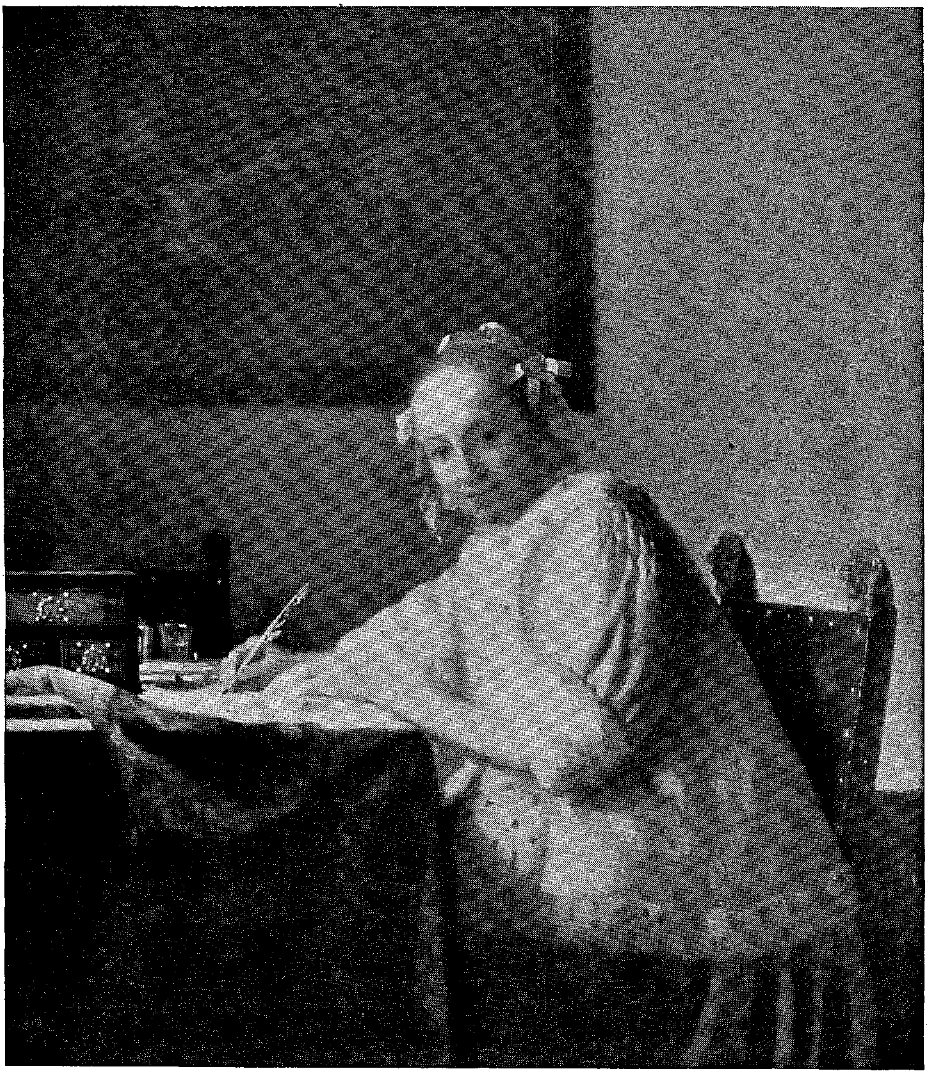
FRANS HALS

VROUW BODOLPHE

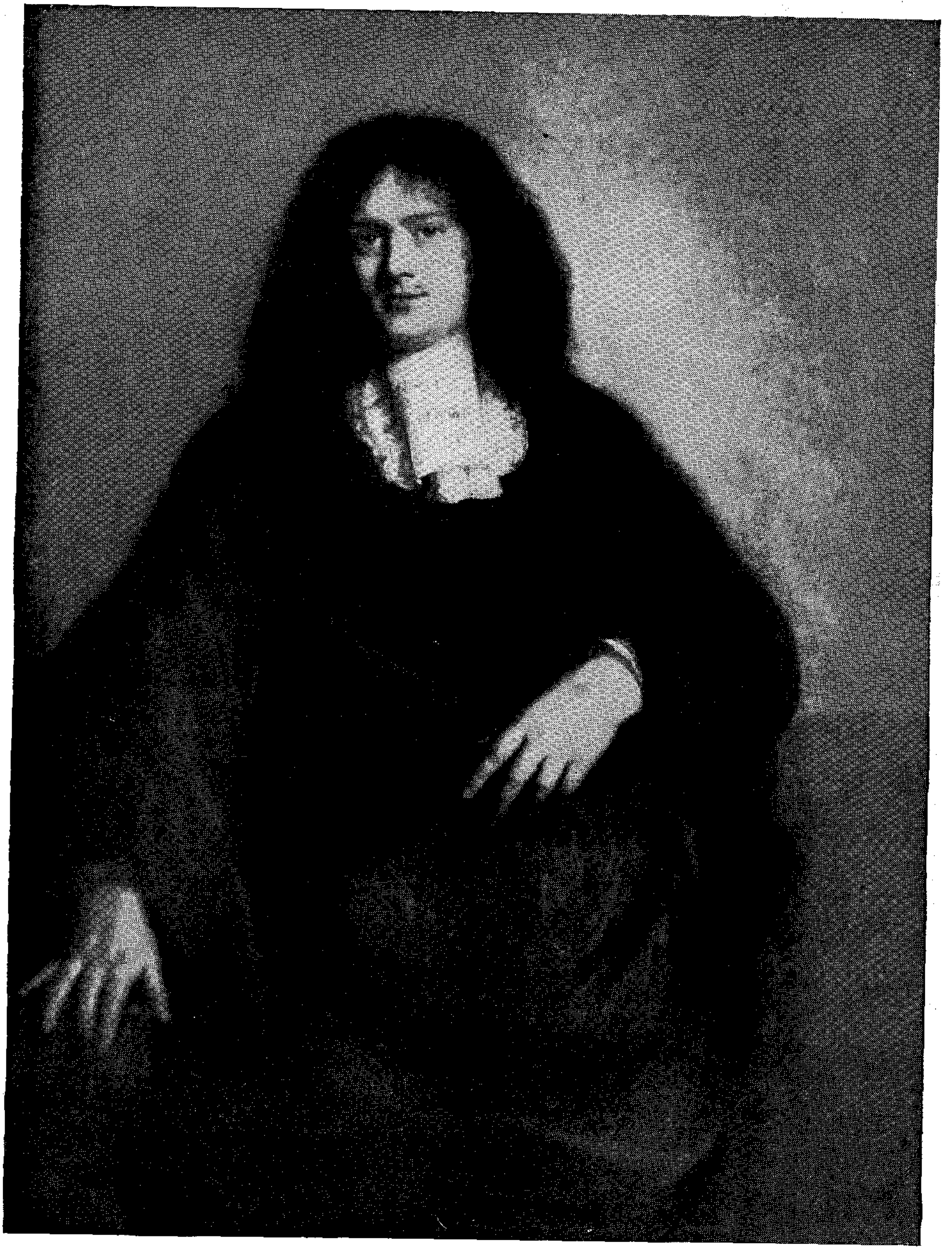
OWNED BY MR. J. P. MORGAN



VERMEER
GIRL WITH WATER JUG
OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



VERMEER
LADY WRITING
OWNED BY MR. J. P. MORGAN



NICOLAES MAES
PORTRAIT OF A MAN
OWNED BY MR. THATCHER M. ADAMS

A DECORATIVE DETAIL

The New Theater

By John Corbin

With Drawings by Thomas R. Manley

NOT quite a generation ago the company of the Théâtre Français visited London and surprised the countrymen of Shakespeare with an object-lesson in what can be done by a stock organization trained to a repertory of masterpieces. Matthew Arnold voiced the intelligent judgment as to the event, and his words apply with even greater force to America to-day. "We have in England," he wrote, "everything to make us dissatisfied with the chaotic and ineffective condition into which our theater has fallen. We have the remembrance of better things in the past, and the elements for better things in the future. We have a splendid national drama of the Elizabethan age, and a later drama which has no lack of pieces conspicuous by their stage qualities, their vivacity and their talent, and interesting by their pictures of manners. We have had great actors. We have good actors not a few at the present moment. But we have been unlucky, as we so often are, in the work of organization. . . . The pleasure we have had in the visit of the French company is barren, unless it leaves us with an impulse to [organize the theater], and with the lesson how alone it can be rationally done. 'Forget'—can we not hear those fine artists saying in an undertone to us, amid their graceful compliments of adieu—'forget your claptrap, and believe that the State, the Nation in its collective and corporate character, does well to concern itself about an influence so important to national life and manners as the theater. . . . The people *will* have the theater; then make it a good one. . . . The theater is irresistible; then organize the theater!"

These words may be taken as dating the origin of a movement, felt throughout the English-speaking world, toward a revival of our national repertory. But, as always, we have been "unlucky in the work of organization." In England the movement toward a National Theater, ably headed by Mr. William Archer, has as yet had no result, though a Shakespeare memorial theater is somewhat indefinitely promised. In America successive efforts have been made to induce Congress to grant an appropriation for the purpose. All have been without result. As a people we instinctively despise the theater, misled by the lingering leaven of Puritanism. As a nation, moreover, we underestimate the value of permanently organized institutions, preferring to rely on a spontaneous public spirit, led by private enterprise. Universities, schools of art and music, museums, orchestras, and opera-houses have all been created by individual effort and private endowment. The drama alone has been neglected. It is, as the excellent John Hare once styled it, the Cinderella of the arts.

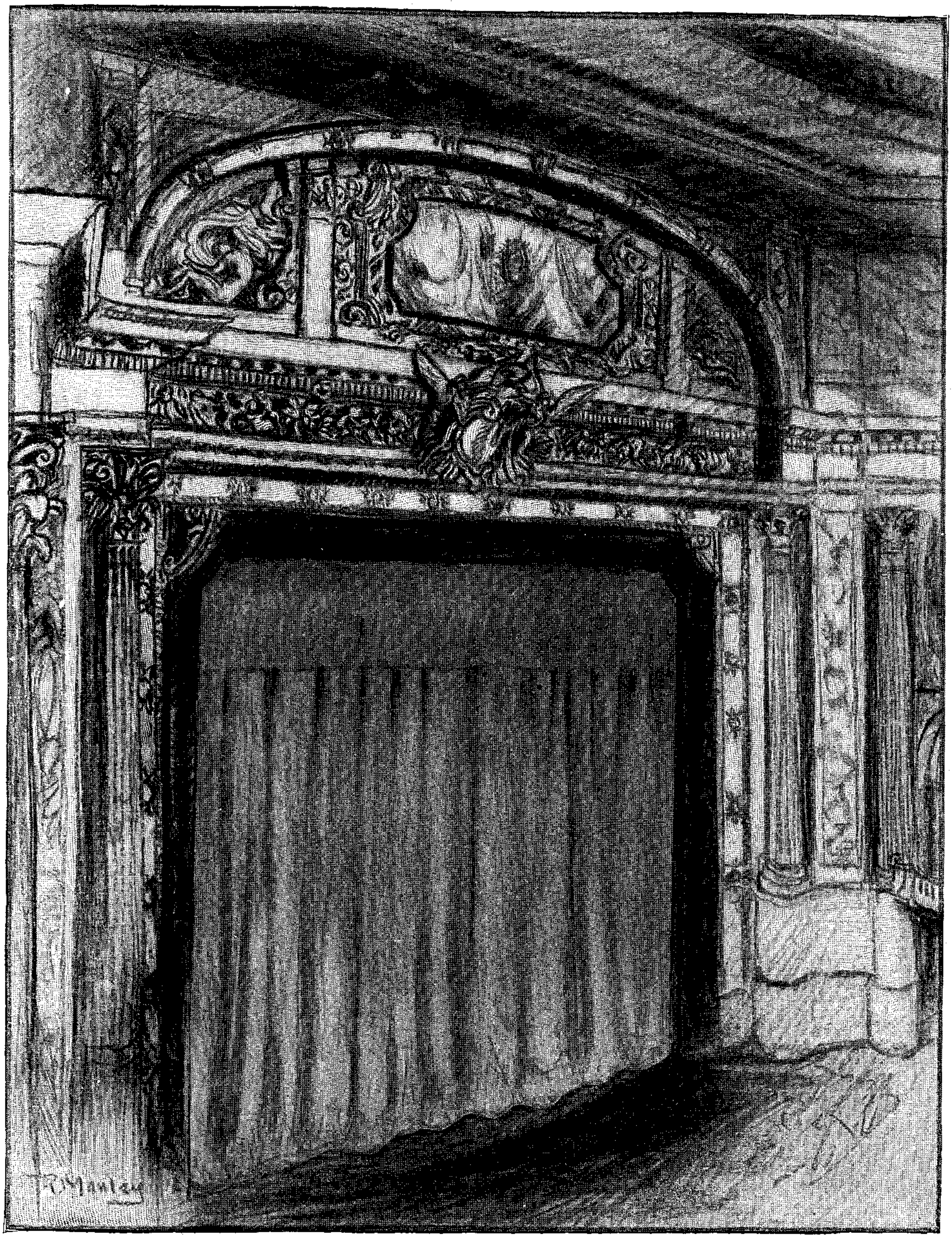
There have been, it is true, many individual efforts in its behalf; and their progress in recent years, though slow and groping, has been evident to all careful observers. We have been living in a transition period, with many obscure currents and counter-currents; but there has been an ever-present movement toward an artistic theater, a repertory theater.

The final decade of the nineteenth century witnessed the dissolution of the old stock company system. It died a very natural death. In our anger at its loss we have laid the blame to this, that, or the other malign influence, from the alleged greed of the theatrical syndicate to the supposed decadence of popular taste. The simple truth, unpicturesque as it is unpalatable to a consciously virtuous indignation, is that no one has been at fault. The thing that ended the old stock company was nothing more nor less than the railway, in its marvelous modern development. When transportation was slow, difficult, and expensive, it would have spelled ruin to send an entire company, with the scenery, costumes, and properties of its many productions, "on the road." The elder "stars" traveled alone, relying on the local stock companies in the cities they visited for the necessary actors, scenery, and properties in all their varied performances. The cheapening and quickening of transportation revolutionized all this. The best artistic results, at least superficially, and by far the greatest commercial gains, are now obtained by creating an entire production in New York, and, after its initial run, which establishes its reputation, sending it on the road. Thus the actor, instead of playing in three to five ragged and ill-rehearsed productions weekly in the leading cities, plays in a single well-staged and well-rehearsed production for from one to three years throughout all the cities of the land.

With the decadence of the company of Augustin Daly, the stock system ended. Loyal efforts were made to continue it, notably by Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company and Charles Frohman's Empire Company. But the change in economic conditions was too powerful. The thing itself has long been dead; and now the very name is no more.

With the faults of the modern star system we are all unhappily familiar. The long run followed by the road tour has made artistic versatility almost impossible. The actor's stock in trade is his personality, not his virtuosity; and an actor who assumes another personality than his own does so at the risk of his popularity. "I love John Drew," a matinée girl remarked with an air of connoisseurship; "he is always so witty." And when this admirable comedian lately appeared as a waiter, and with a beard, a large proportion of his adherents took umbrage at what they regarded as the debasement of their idol. On the other hand, the long run has tended to make even the single performance mechanical and dead. And the fact that the actor appears, not to a chosen public in a few large cities, but to all grades of play-goers in all sorts of places, has made it more difficult to gain a hearing for plays of novelty and originality—to appreciate which requires special cultivation and susceptibility. It is as if, in literature, the cloth-bound novel and the high-class magazine had been abolished in favor of the paper novel and the ten-cent illustrated. Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, is reported to have said that he laid the foundation of his journalistic fortunes by having "East Lynne" rewritten one hundred different times, changing the names of the characters and the *locale*. The modern method in the theater is much the same. In what form have we not had the historical swashbuckler and "The Prisoner of Zenda"?

If it is necessary to place the blame for our plight anywhere, it must be on the shoulders of the public which permits itself to be fed on such pabulum—the public which has hitherto refused to organize the theater, either as a national institution or by means of private enterprise. From time to time, it is true, individuals have done heroic service, and they have seldom failed of loyal support. At the period when our submission to the new economic conditions was most absolute, Mrs. Fiske, ably backed by her husband and manager, unfalteringly held the banner of independent artistic effort high. The farcically intellectual plays of Bernard Shaw, long neglected by the commercial managers, were given to the public by Mr. Arnold Daly, who risked on "Candida" the only five hundred dollars he had in the world; and they were welcomed with a popular enthusiasm greater than they have evoked in any other country. Richard Mansfield used the popularity which his great gifts were so long



PROSCENIUM ARCH OF THE NEW THEATER

in achieving to keep alive several of the great Shakespearean plays and to produce one poetic masterpiece each by Ibsen, Molière, and Schiller. Mme. Nazimova has exerted the force of an extraordinary personality, and some little art, in the task of recommending the prose plays of Ibsen to our public. Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe have devoted themselves to the Shakespearean repertory, and to the poetic drama generally, achieving the artistic leadership of the American stage, and winning the most generous critical recognition in England for the unrivaled sincerity of their acting and the consummate beauty of their poetic speech. But such efforts until now have been sporadic, and mainly valuable as showing that there does exist a public which welcomes the best.

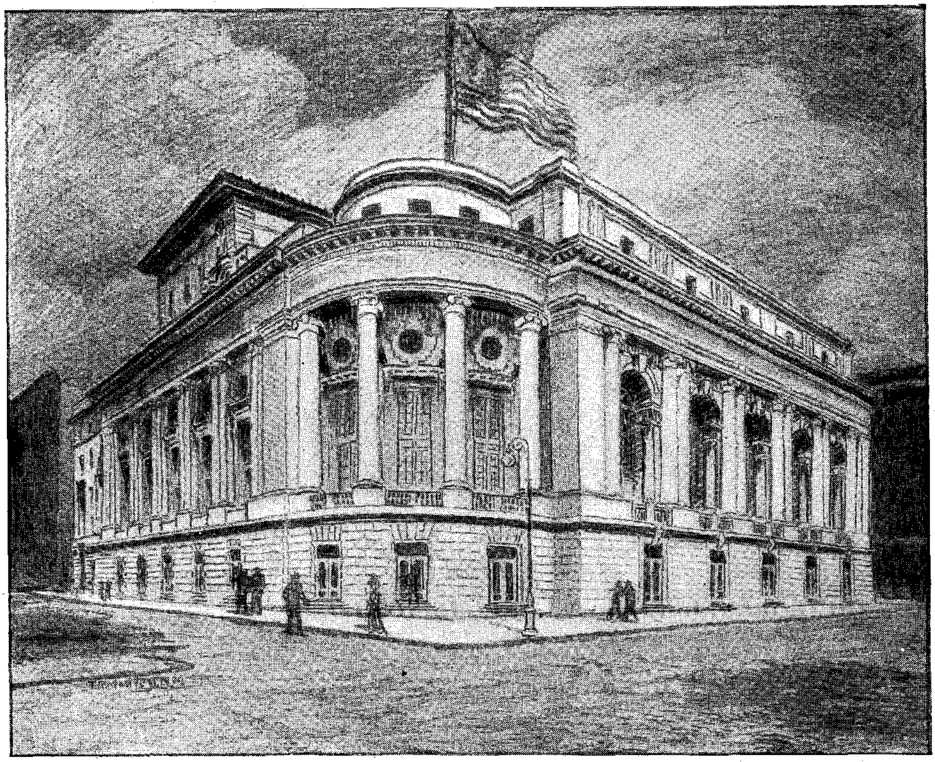
The demand that the theater be organized, meanwhile, was becoming louder and more frequent. It was also widespread. Chicago actually organized a New Theater, taking the name from the movement in New York, which had already begun. But the promoters underestimated the obstacles to be overcome, and the venture failed, promptly and disastrously. This failure was a severe blow to the cause. The commercial managers, who well knew the difficulties of the project, had always ridiculed it; and now they were made to appear in the right. In Boston, meantime, two men, Lorin Deland and Winthrop Ames, began a more guarded and thorough campaign. Before attempting an artistic theater they tried the experiment of conducting a stock company of the more recent and humble order, playing old plays with weekly changes of bill. They gained much valuable experience and lost no money. Then Mr. Ames accepted the post of Director of the New Theater in New York.

The first movement toward the New Theater in New York was the work of the late Heinrich Conried. He had become generally known as manager of the German Theater in Irving Place. This he conducted in the manner of the innumerable repertory theaters of the Continent. Many of his productions, notably of Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, were mediocre, but his modern productions, from Ibsen and Tolstoy to Blumenthal and Kadelburg, were highly artistic and entertaining. His real and vital service was in illustrating in New York the possibilities of the repertory stock company—which had never reached so broad a development among us before, and which, in any form, was unknown to the rising generation of play-goers. His success brought him the post of Director of the Metropolitan Opera-House, where he displayed commercial abilities by no means inferior to his abilities as an artistic producer. Always he had hoped to manage a repertory theater in English, and he had the acumen to recognize that, failing a permanent endowment from the Nation or the city, the only possibility of such an institution lay in the financial backing of the leading citizens of the metropolis. In the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera-House he found these already organized in the furtherance of an artistic project, and he induced them to undertake for the drama what they had done for music. It has not been possible to make "the Nation in its collective and corporate character concern itself about the theater," but the drama has been "organized," as have been learning, music, art. The drama has ceased to be "the Cinderella of the arts," or rather Cinderella has, for the time at least, come into the possession of her crystal coach.

The New Theater has met strong and determined opposition. Contrary to the wishes of its founders and director, it has been very generally regarded as a rebuke to the commercial managers. Nothing could be more illogical, more absurd. We do not expect the publishers to endow our libraries, the art dealers to endow our museums. Why should we expect the business men of Broadway to give us a theater the prime aim of which is artistic, not commercial? Far from being inimical to the commercial stage, the New Theater should prove a most valuable ally. It is a well-known fact that the theaters of Broadway are maintained with little or no profit, and often at a very considerable loss, merely as the means of creating reputations for productions the profits on which are reaped on the road. The New Theater, if successful, will create many such properties, and the road profits will accrue to the managers who secure the right to exploit them. Moreover, the New Theater should develop new dramatists, a part of whose work must necessarily go to the commercial stage. Yet the leading syndicate managers have left no stone unturned in the work of discrediting the New Theater.

At first they denounced it as visionary and impractical—which it certainly is, considered as a means of financial gain. Later one of them attributed to the founders the basest of motives. Quite generally it has been made to appear that for an actor or a playwright to become associated with the theater is to incur the enmity of the syndicate. Throughout the institution has been ridiculed as the plaything of millionaire amateurs. Yet no sooner was the New Theater an accomplished fact than imitators sprang up on all sides. On the same block a small, artistic theater is building, and in London Mr. Herbert Trench has taken the Haymarket Theater as the home of a repertory company. Mr. Charles Frohman has announced that he will open a repertory theater in London, to be followed by a similar theater in New York. The present danger would seem to be that Cinderella will become a pampered parvenu.

A glance at the building, which is nearing completion on Central Park West, just north of Columbus Circle, will show that the New Theater is something less than a millionaire's plaything, and something more, perhaps, than other artistic theaters. As originally planned, the auditorium was to contain two tiers of boxes, corresponding to the so-called Diamond Horseshoe and Golden Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera-House, each of the boxes to be owned in perpetuity by one of the forty-six founders. But this seemed to suggest social exclusiveness. One of the tiers was made over into a balcony of the ordinary type, containing five rows of stalls. The remaining tier of boxes is raised only a few inches above the orchestra seats in front of it, and thus becomes in effect an integral part of the orchestra. Further to increase the representative character of the patronage, people generally were



THE NEW THEATER

invited to subscribe for the stalls that had supplanted the second tier of boxes. The response proved so generous that it was impossible to provide for all intending subscribers.

There remained the seats on the floor and those in the balcony and gallery. It was abundantly evident that the well-to-do public was eager to support the enterprise generously; but, true to its democratic ideal, the management decided to offer these seats at prices current in the commercial theaters—ranging from two dollars for the orchestra stalls to seventy-five cents for those in the gallery. In effect, this is a considerable reduction on prevailing prices; for by subscribing the public is able to escape the commissions of the theater ticket agencies, which the convenience of play-goers requires. Again the response of play-goers proved most liberal. To accommodate the transient public and those who do not wish to subscribe for a series of performances, there are to be four performances weekly, the seats for which, including boxes, foyer stalls, orchestra, and balcony, are to be on sale to the general public in the usual manner.

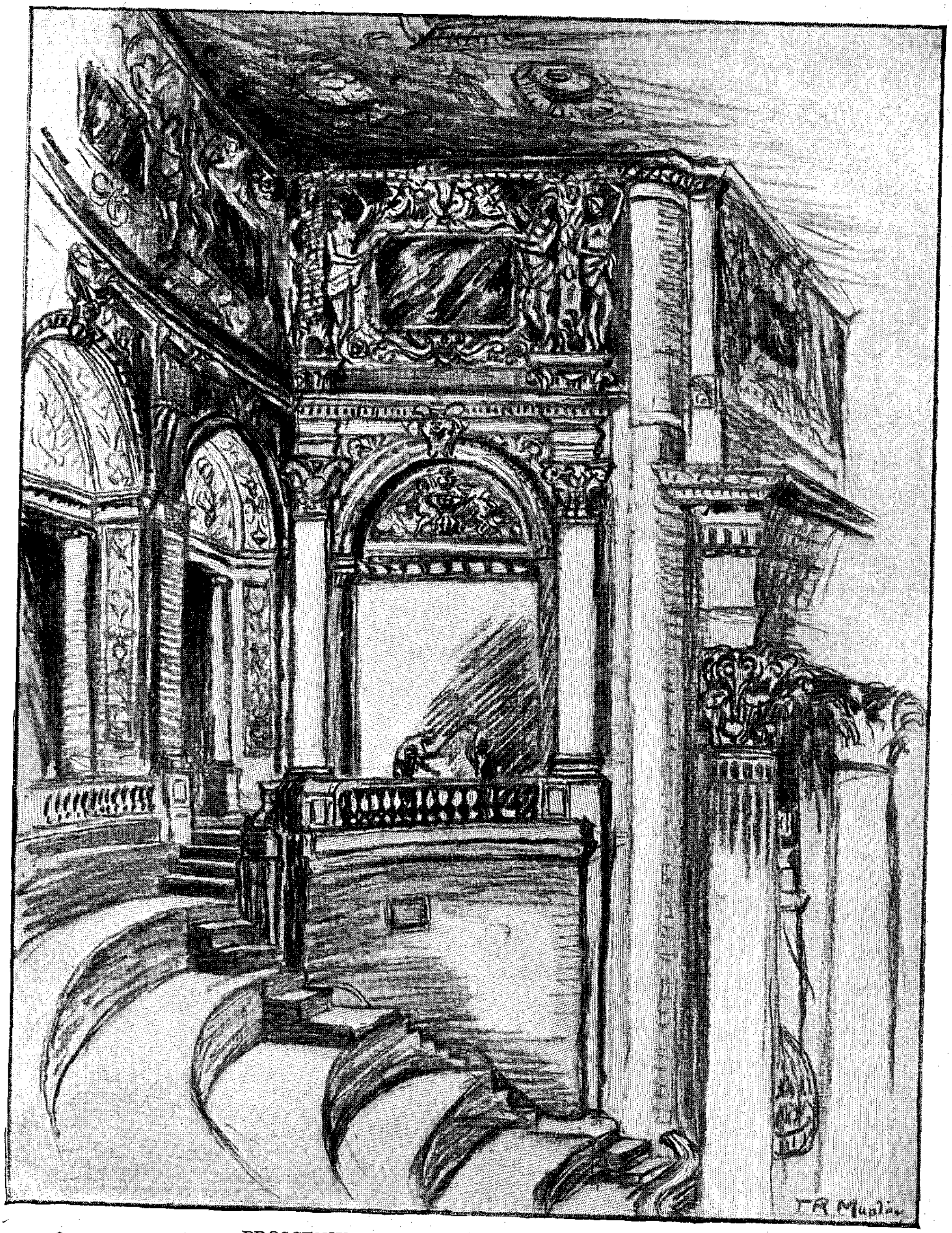
Two-thirds of the productions at the New Theater, and a far greater proportion of the performances, are to be of modern drama, the general tone of which is to be sanely popular. Light comedy, even farce of the better order, will be welcomed, as will be popular drama of action. Yet one-third of the productions are to be classical, and it is hoped eventually to build up the repertory until it will be possible for every one to witness each of the supreme masterpieces of the drama in the course of a few years. The New Theater is the only institution in any English-speaking country which has even attempted this lofty ideal.

There are to be two performances of light opera each week, the entire productions being furnished by the Metropolitan Opera-House, and under the direction of Andreas Dippel.

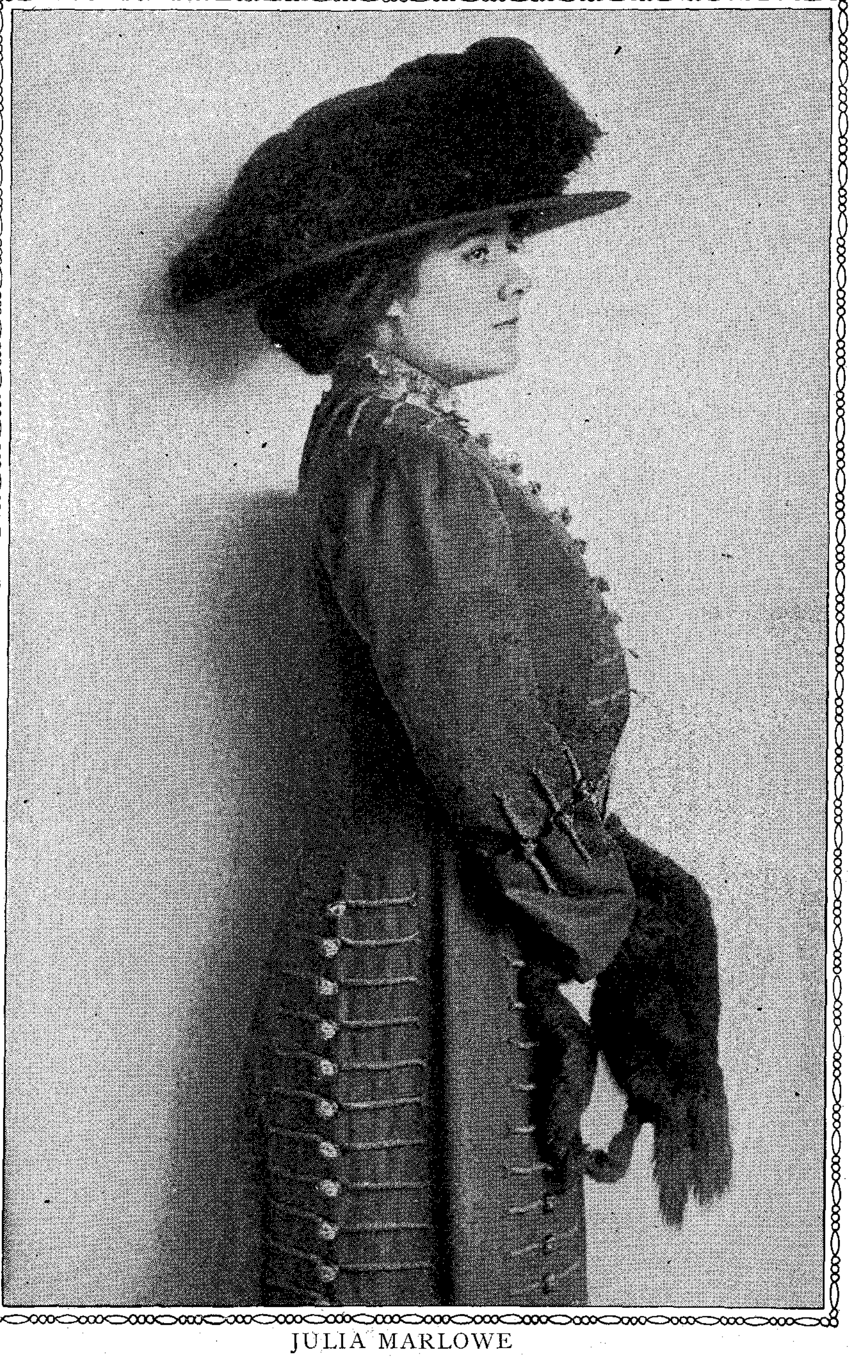
The size of the auditorium was determined by its classical no less than by its popular ideal. The Greek drama was written for a theater seating about seventeen thousand, the Latin drama for theaters which probably seated ten thousand. The only Elizabethan theater as to the size of which data has reached us seated in the neighborhood of two thousand, and it is probable that the theaters of Molière and of the Spanish masters were almost as large. The classical drama is, so to speak, a cathedral drama; and to produce anything like the intended effect not only the stage but the auditorium must be of ample proportions. The stage of the New Theater is six inches narrower than that of the Fortune, built in London in 1599, and the auditorium is of about the same capacity.

The size of the house has one disadvantage. A certain very interesting type of modern plays, it is feared, will fail to make its full effect in it, precisely as certain small-scale operas are lost in the Metropolitan. The value of the classics consists somewhat in their power to educate and cultivate the public at large, but in such an institution, it is held, their most important function lies in their power to stimulate a purely modern drama. They must teach us to express ourselves, and to find ourselves expressed, or we cannot truly be said to have kept them alive. For most modern plays, among them the best, such a theater is none too large. In recent decades, however, there has been a tendency toward a more intimate drama—plays the effect of which depends upon the finer shades of expression in voice, facial play, and gesture—*le théâtre intime.* To achieve the inclusive ideals of the foundation, it is necessary to represent not only the cathedral but, so to speak, the conventicle drama. There must be a place for Shaw as well as a place for Shakespeare.

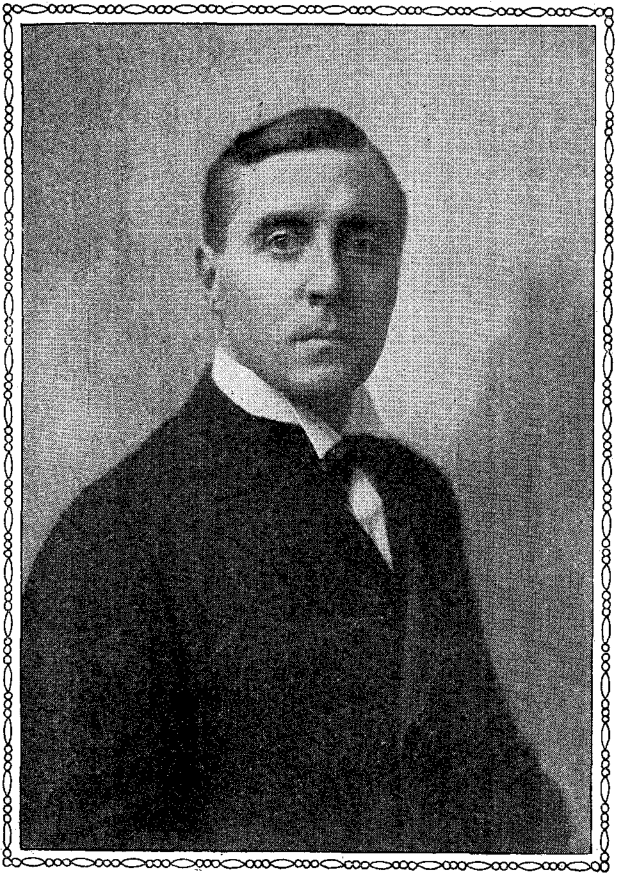
This need has been largely met by a novel conformation of the auditorium. Instead of making this narrow and deep, as in the State and court theaters of the Continent, the architects, Messrs. Carrere and Hastings, followed the precedent of the Wagner Theater at Bayreuth, making it narrow and broad like an outspread fan. The New Theater is, however, to be much smaller than the Bayreuth Opera-House, the depth of the orchestra being no greater than the depth of the ordinary Broadway theater, as, for example, the Empire Theater. Yet the founders propose to provide in the near future a small auditorium on the main roof which will seat only



PROSCENIUM ANGLE OF THE NEW THEATER

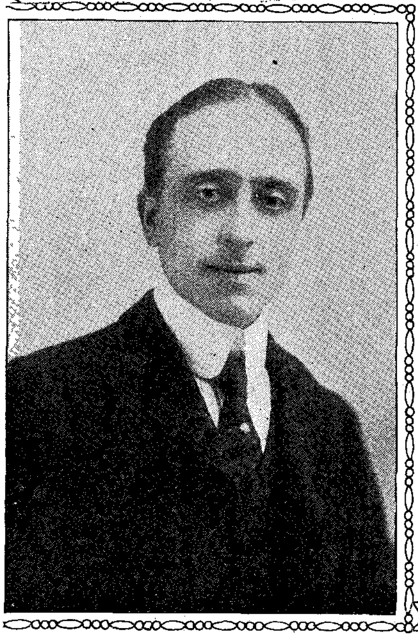


JULIA MARLOWE
A MEMBER OF THE NEW THEATER COMPANY

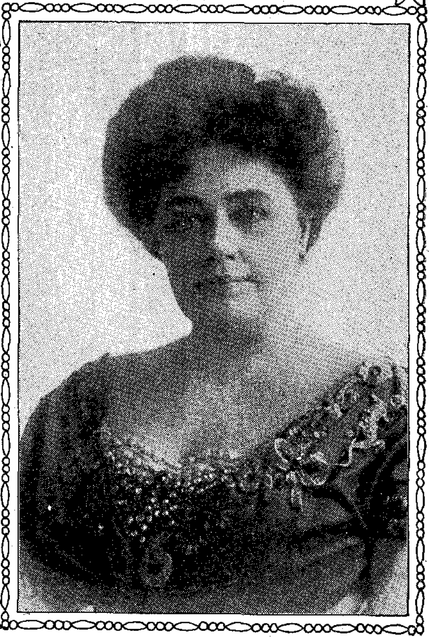


E. H. SOTHERN

FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK



ROSE COGHLAN



MEMBERS OF THE NEW THEATER COMPANY

four or five hundred. Performances can be held here at the same time as in the main auditorium. And in summer, by opening the glass walls of this smaller auditorium, the "intimate" theater can be converted into a very attractive roof garden overlooking Central Park.

The situation of the theater is one of its most characteristic features. Separated by the width of the Park from upper Fifth Avenue, it adjoins Columbus Circle, which is already one of the chief traffic centers and is destined to become at no distant time the chief theatric center of the metropolis.

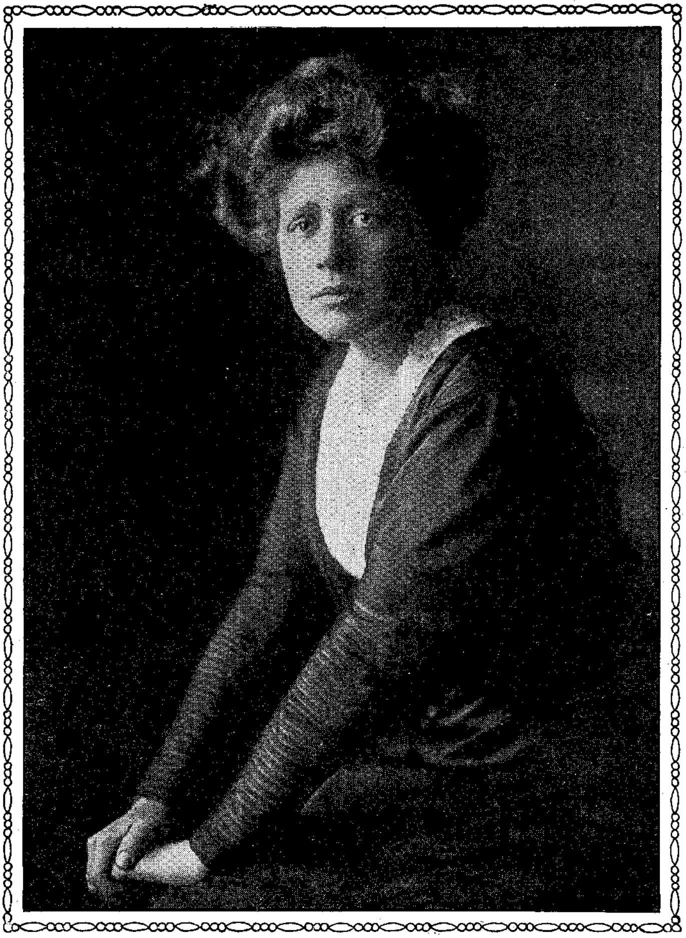
Architecturally the theater expresses admirably its ideal as a civic, even a national, institution. Built of a beautiful gray limestone, and occupying an entire block, it is, as an edifice, precisely what it is as an institution—the only foundation in either England or America which compares with the great artistic theaters of the Continent. As such it will be conceded, I think, that it fairly deserves the title of "new."

The company is to be a stock company; more than that, it is to be a repertory company, capable of playing more "sorts" than were dreamed of even in the category of Polonius. And it is of course to be an *ensemble*, in which the work of every actor, famous or obscure, is to be subordinated to the one exclusive end of interpreting the play in hand. Yet it is clearly recognized that a true *ensemble* demands that the great rôles shall be no less admirably presented than the small. The whole must be always greater than the part; but there can be no whole unless the great parts are taken greatly. And here we come upon a vast practical difficulty. The commercial stage, as I have said, offers little inducement to artists who, however versatile, have no signal personal appeal for the great public; but it offers fabulous rewards to an actor whose personal charm and artistic power are obvious. Such actors have received one hundred thousand dollars yearly, even more; and are thus as expensive as an operatic star.

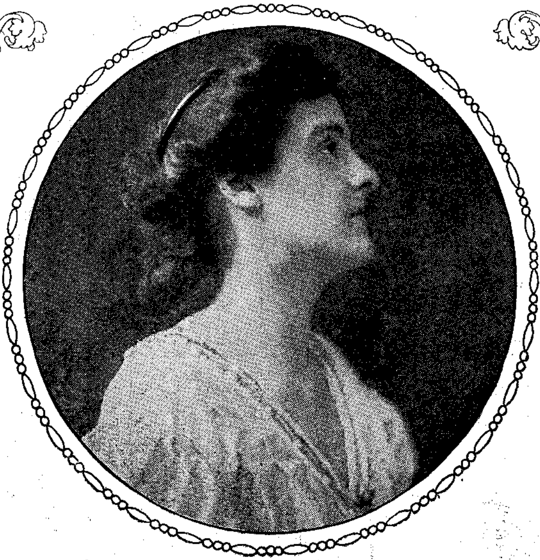
The New Theater company will number about forty actors. Under the director there are to be two stage managers—Mr. Louis Calvert, who, in addition to being one of the foremost English character actors, is recognized as the leading producer of Shakespeare; and Mr. George Foster Platt, an American of much experience, whose productions of "The Three of Us" and "The Man on the Box" were recognized as the most subtly artistic and effective in recent years. Prominent among the members of the company are Edward Sothern, Charles Cartwright, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Albert Bruning, Ben Johnson, Rowland Buckstone, Julia Marlowe, Rose Coghlan, Beverly Sitgreaves, Beatrice Forbes Robertson, Jessie Busley, Mrs. Sol Smith, Olive Wyndham, and Leah Bateman Hunter.

In its productions of Shakespeare the Theater promises certain very interesting novelties. Not that it has any fixed ideas on this much-mooted subject. It favors neither the elaborate scenic production nor the so-called Elizabethan production on a bare and ugly stage. It stands neither for presenting the full text nor for such wholesale cutting and rearrangement as many producers have permitted themselves. Each play is to be considered as a separate artistic problem; and the only aim will be to produce as much as possible of the effect Shakespeare intended.

The opening production is to be one of the greatest and by all odds the most neglected of the tragedies, "Antony and Cleopatra." It is a play in which the note of reality is strong, and it will be given an impressively beautiful scenic mounting. Yet the purpose is always to subordinate the scenery to the poetry and the acting. Those who saw Irving's productions at the Lyceum in London will remember many of them as elaborately detailed, not only in the painting, but in the matter of stage properties. The effects of lighting were minutely realistic, and varied from moment to moment as the day was supposed to advance or decline. Often one became deaf to the lines, dumb and blind to the actors, while watching what was essentially only the background, however beautiful. And to make time for the setting and shifting of such elaborate scenery the text had to be cut and whole scenes transposed, removing much of poetic worth and ruining Shakespeare's carefully composed narrative. Later producers have carried this method to absurdity. A recent production of the "Tempest" cut the opening scene of the



OLIVE WYNDHAM



THAIS LAWTON

MEMBERS OF THE NEW THEATER COMPANY

shipwreck, the most vigorous and striking thing of its kind in the drama, and supplanted it with the spectacle of a tempest-tossed bark manned by infant actors who spoke no word. Obviously inartistic as this was, and irreverent to Shakespeare, it had one great advantage—that of implicit honesty.

In "Antony and Cleopatra" the scenes will not be treated realistically, but in a manner essentially decorative. They are from the brush of Mr. Jules Guerin, who is master of the simplest and largest effects in line and color. He served his apprenticeship on the paint-bridge of one of the old stock companies, graduated to architectural rendering, and has lately made exhaustive studies in color of the water and the temples of Egypt, its rocks, and its deserts. In his scenes for "Antony and Cleopatra" his aim has been in each case to strike a single decorative note, supremely simple though none the less accurate, the total effect which shall be of the utmost richness and harmony, but always an undertone.

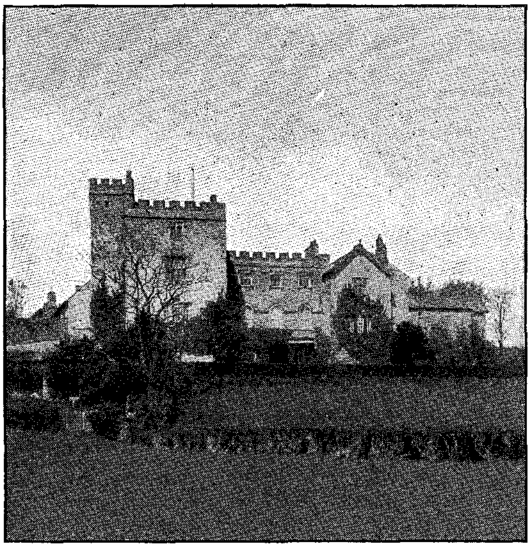
The second Shakespearean production will be one of the airier comedies, and this has been intrusted to a no less celebrated American artist, who is likewise a master of decorative line and color. If successful, these productions will create a new precedent, and, it is hoped, a precedent of distinguished value.

The remaining Shakespearean production is a frank piece of popular romance, intentionally unreal, yet full of picturesque action, broad humor, and the most exquisite poetry. To set it with scenery in any modern manner would be only to emphasize the unreality of the story and so impair its interest and charm. Moreover, the scenes are so many and so varied that to illustrate them even with the simplest and most decorative pictures would involve the most cruel cutting of the text and the most disturbing transposition of scenes to suit the different sets. This play is to be produced in the Elizabethan manner, without perspective scenery. Even at that it has had to be slightly cut to bring it within the space of three hours.

The New Theater production will, however, be a very different thing from the bare and bald "Elizabethan" productions of Mr. William Poel in London, which Mr. Ben Greet has made familiar here. These have, it is true, the great virtue of presenting an approximately complete text and the narrative ordered as Shakespeare ordered it. But, unfortunately, they were based on the traditional belief, repeated by all but the most recent historians of the stage, that Shakespeare had "no scenery," and only the simplest and crudest properties. Reynolds, Wegener, and others have now made it abundantly evident that, while they had probably no scenes painted in perspective, the Elizabethans made use of all such properties as were required by the action, even practicable trees, and in addition could show house fronts, interiors, and city walls. And, far from being bare and crude, their productions were as rich and harmonious in the matter of hangings and properties as they were in costume.

The artistic purpose was not at all realistic, however, and not even so much decorative as symbolic. It was conceived, in short, as one would expect, in the manner of the paintings and sculptured reliefs of the Middle Ages, in which there is no proportion, no perspective, yet perfectly recognizable symbols of what is intended, most harmoniously composed. With a fuller text than has ever before been presented to a modern audience and a narrative undistorted, it is hoped that our audiences will be not unwilling to accept the Elizabethan stage convention and to enjoy its richness of tone and essential harmony. The study of Shakespeare's actual stagecraft, in addition, has revealed certain vivid dramatic values in the play not hitherto suspected by editors and stage managers.

The fourth classical production will be "The School for Scandal," and this also will have new features, for an account of which space fails. The eight productions of modern plays are, in part, representative of the most recent dramatic movements in America and abroad, and are all pieces which it is hoped will prove interesting to the general public. Two of the earliest productions will be by youthful Americans—"The Cottage in the Air," a light comedy by Edward Knoblauch, and "The Nigger," a nobly powerful drama of the South by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell."



Mrs. Humphry Ward's Real People

By Charles S. Olcott

Third Article

SIZERGH CASTLE. THE EXTERIOR WAS THE MODEL FOR BANNISDALE HALL

"THE History of David Grieve," Mrs. Ward's third novel, is by many considered, next to "Robert Elsmere," her greatest achievement. David and his sister Louie are the orphan children of a sturdy and high-minded English farmer whose wife was a French woman of somewhat doubtful character. Their development from early childhood to full maturity is traced with a power of psychological analysis seldom equaled. Both are intensely human and fall easy prey to the temptations of their environment, but in the end David overcomes the evil influences, while poor Louie, inheriting more of her mother's temperament, goes to her death in poverty and disgrace.

The most attractive part of the book is the opening, where the two children are seen roaming the hills of the wild moorland country of their birth. This is the Kinderscout region, in Derbyshire, something over twenty miles southeast of Manchester.

The visitor must take the train to Hayfield, called Clough End in the novel, and then, if he is fortunate enough to have permission from the owner, may drive a distance of four or five miles to what is now called Upper House, the country home of a wealthy merchant of Manchester. This was originally known as Marriott's Farm, and for several hundred years was owned by a family of that name. Here Mrs. Ward spent two days, when the entire house consisted of what is now the right wing. She walked over the moors and along the top of the Kinderscout with Mr. Marriott as her guide, and thus obtained the knowledge for the most perfect description of pastoral life to be found in any of her novels.

Needham's Farm, the home of David and Louie, is the only other farm in the neighborhood. It is now known as the Lower House, and is owned by the same Manchester gentleman, but is leased to a family named Needham, who have occupied it for many years. It looks now just as it did when Mrs. Ward described it.

The "Owd Smithy," where the prayer-meeting was held and Louie wickedly played the ghost of Jenny Crum, may still be seen, a heap of rocks bearing little resemblance to a building of any kind, and the huge millstones partly embedded in the earth are scattered about here and there. The Downfall, which, when the water is coming over, is visible for miles around, is ordinarily a bare, bleak pile of rocks, for it is usually nearly if not quite dry. But after a heavy rain the water comes over in large volume, and, if the wind is strong, is blown back, presenting a most curious spectacle of a cascade seeming to disappear in the air when half-way to the bottom. Not far away is the Mermaid's Pool, haunted by the ghost of Jenny Crum. There is a real ghost story connected with this pool, which doubtless formed the basis of Mrs. Ward's legend. An old farmer named Tom Heys was much troubled by a ghost, of which he could not rid himself. He once shot at it, but without effect except that the bullet-mark is in the old house even now. An old woman once saw the ghost while shearing sheep. She threw the tongs at it. Instantly the room was filled with flying fleece, while the woman's clothes were cut to pieces and fell off her body. These were some of the troublesome pranks played by the ghost. At length the farmer discovered, somewhere on his place, an old skull, which doubtless belonged to His Ghostship, and carried it to the Mermaid's Pool, where he deposited it

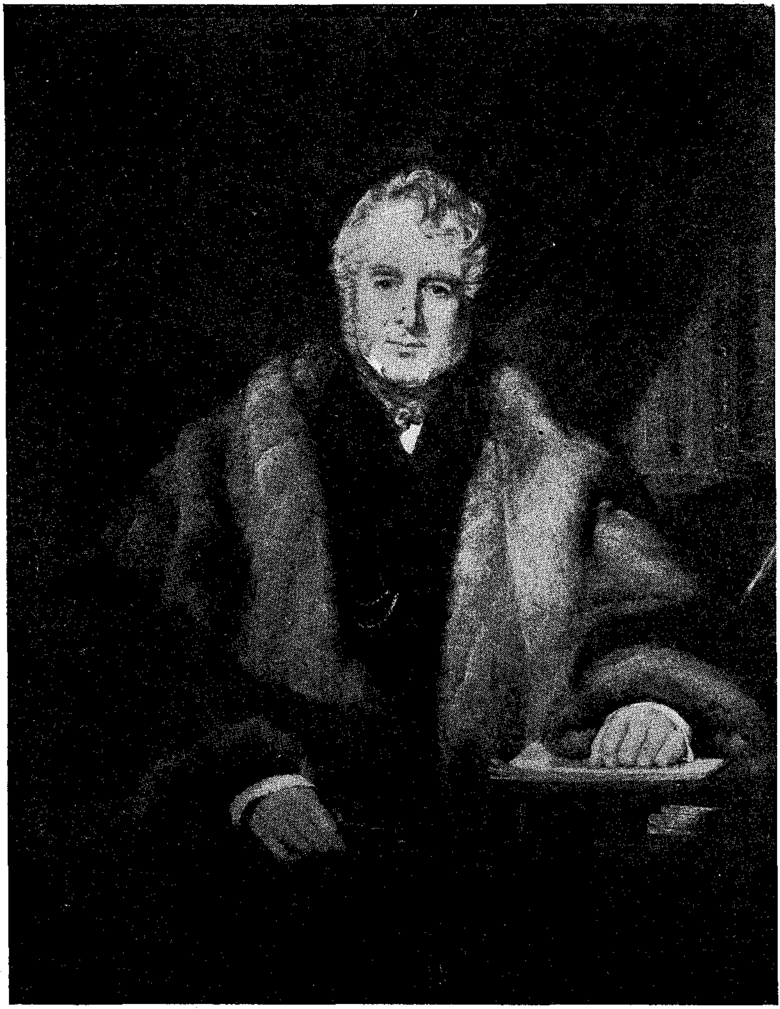
"To stay as long as holly's green,
And rocks on Kinderscout are seen."

This effectually disposed of the ghost so far as he was concerned, but the spirit still hovers over the Mermaid's Pool.

Market Place, Manchester, where we find David after his flight from the old farm, looks to-day very much the same. Half Street, however, on the east of the cathedral, has disappeared. Purcell's shop in this street was described from a quaint little book-shop which actually existed at the time.

The Parisian scenes of "David Grieve," the Louvre, the Boulevards, the Latin Quarter, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Barbizon, are all too well known to need mention here. The final scenes of the novel, where David's wife is brought after the beginning of her fatal illness, are in one of the most beautiful localities in the English Lake District. Lucy's house is supposed to be located on the right bank of the river. The house is imaginary (the one on the left bank having no connection with the story), but the location is exactly described. This is just above Pelter Bridge, a mile north of Ambleside, where the river Rotha combines with the adjacent hills to make one of those fascinating scenes for which Westmoreland is famous. Nab Scar looms up before us, and off to the left is Loughrigg. A stroll along the river brings one to the little bridge at the outlet of Rydal Water, where David walked for quiet meditation during his wife's illness; and still farther northward the larch plantations on the side of Silver How add their touch of beauty to the landscape. This entire region has always been dear to Mrs. Ward's heart from the associations of her girlhood, and, if Lucy must die, she could think of no more lovely spot for the last sad scenes.

One character in "David Grieve" is drawn from real life—Élise Delaunay, the French girl with whom David falls in love on his first visit to Paris. This is a fairly accurate portrait of Marie Bashkirtseff, a young native of Russia, whose brief career as an artist attracted much notice. Marie was born of wealthy parents in 1860. When only ten years old her mother quarreled with her husband and left him, taking the children with her. After her mother's death Marie returned to her father, with whom she traveled extensively. A born artist, the journey through Italy created in her a new and thrilling interest. She resolved to devote her life to art, and in 1877 entered the school of Julian in Paris. She soon showed astonishing capacity, and Julian assured her that her draughtsmanship was remarkable. One of her paintings, "Le Meeting," was exhibited in the Salon of 1884, and attracted much notice. Reproductions were made



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LORD MELBOURNE
The original of William Ashe

in all the leading papers, and it was finally bought by the cousin of the Czar, the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinowitch, a distinguished connoisseur and himself a painter. This picture represents half a dozen street gamins of the ordinary Parisian type holding a conference in the street. Their faces exhibit all the seriousness of a group of financiers consulting upon some project of vast importance.

The peculiarity of Marie's character is set forth by her biographer in words which enable the reader of "David Grieve" instantly to recognize Élise Delaunay: "She never wholly yields herself up to any fixed rule of conduct, or even passion, being swayed this way or that by the intense impressionability of her nature. She herself recognized this anomaly in the remark, 'My life can't endure; I have a deal too much of some things and a deal too little of others, and a character not made to last.' The very intensity of her desire to see life at all points seems to defeat itself, and she cannot help stealing side glances at ambition during the most romantic tête-à-tête with a lover, or being tortured by visions of unsatisfied love when art should have engrossed all her faculties." In the last year of her life Marie achieved an admiration for Bastien-Lepage which, her biographer says, "has a suspicious flavor of love about it. It is the strongest, sweetest, most impassioned feeling of her existence." She died in 1884, at the early age of twenty-four, assured by Bastien-Lepage that no other woman had ever accomplished so much at her age.

"Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady" are novels of English social and political life—a field in which Mrs. Ward is peculiarly at home, and in which she has no superior. Marcella, who in her final development became the most beautiful woman of all Mrs. Ward's characters, was suggested by the personality of an intimate friend, whose name need not be mentioned. Mellor Park, the home of Marcella, is drawn from Hampden House in Buckinghamshire. It is a famous old house, some centuries old, now the country seat of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and, with its well-kept gardens and spacious park, is unusually attractive. Twenty years ago, however, it was in a state of neglect. The road leading to it was full of underbrush, the garden was wholly uncared for, and the house itself much in need of repair. This is the state in which Mrs. Ward describes it—and she knew it well, for she had leased it for a season and made it her summer home. The murder of the gamekeeper, described as taking place near Mellor Park, really happened at Stocks, Mrs. Ward's present home near Tring.

The village of Ferth, where Sir George Tressady had his home and owned the collieries, is a mining village ten miles from Crewe, known as "Talk o' the Hill." The ugly black house to which Tressady brought home his young wife was described from an actual house which the author visited.

"Helbeck of Bannisdale" was written while the author was living at Levens Hall, the handsome country home of Captain Bagot, M.P., which Mrs. Ward leased for a summer. It is a few miles south of Kendal, in Westmoreland, and just on the border of the "Peat Moss" country. The old hall dates back to 1170, the original deed now in possession of Captain Bagot bearing that date. The dining-room has an inlaid design over the mantel with the date 1586. The entrance hall, dining-room, and drawing-room contain many antique relics. But the most remarkable feature of Levens is the garden, containing about two hundred yews trained and trimmed into every conceivable shape. There is an "umbrella" which has required two hundred years of constant care to reach its present size and shape; a British lion, with perfect coronet; a peacock with perfectly formed neck and tail feathers; a barrister's wig, a Kaffir's hut, and so on through a long list of curious shapes. In front of the house the river Kent, with a bridge of two arches, makes a picturesque scene. This is the "bridge over the Bannisdale River" which marked the end of Laura's drive with Mason, where at sight of Helbeck the young man made his sudden and unceremonious departure. A spacious park skirts the river, through which runs a grassy road bounded by splendid oaks intertwining their branches high above. Following this path we reach a foot-bridge barely wide enough for one person to cross, on the park end of which is a rough platform apparently built for fishermen. Here Laura kept her clandestine appointment with Mason, and on her way home was mistaken for the Ghost of the "Bannisdale Lady," much to the terror of a poor old man who chanced to be passing, and not a little to her own subsequent embarrassment. A little beyond is the deep pool where Laura was drowned.

The exterior of Bannisdale Hall is not Levens, but Sizergh Castle, some two or three miles nearer Kendal. At the time of the story a Catholic family of Stricklands owned the place, but, like Helbeck, were gradually selling parts of their property, and dealers from London and elsewhere were constantly coming to carry off furniture or paintings. The family finally lost the property, and it was acquired by a distant relative, Sir Gerald Strickland, recently appointed Governor of New South Wales, who now owns but does not occupy it.

The little chapel, high up on a hill, where Laura was buried, is at Cartmel Fell, in northern Lancashire. A quaint little chapel five or six hundred years old, it is well worth a visit.

The scenes of "Eleanor" are in Italy, and here Mrs. Ward fairly revels in descriptions of "Italy, the beloved and beautiful." The opening chapters have their setting in the Villa Barberini, on the ridge of the

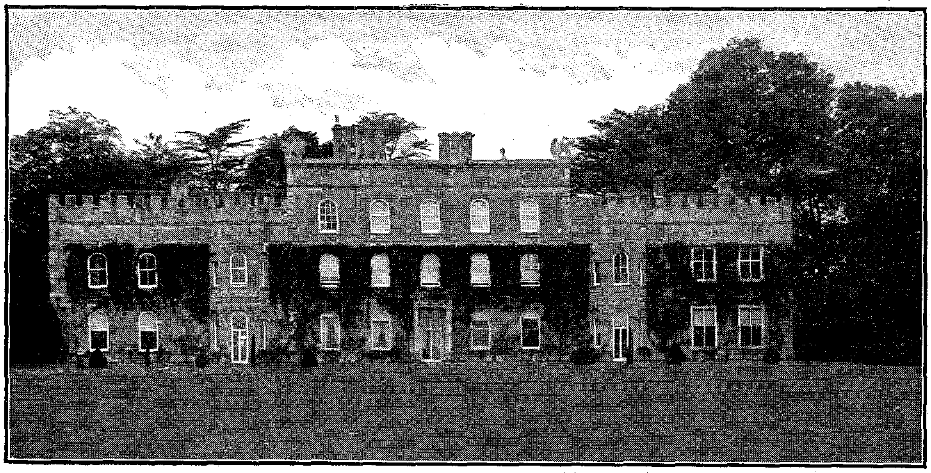
Alban Hills, south of Rome, from the balcony of which the dome of St. Peter's can be seen in the distance, dominating the landscape by day and seeming at night to be the one thing which has definite form and identity. There is a visit to Nemi and Egeria's Spring, after which the scene changes to the valley of the Paglia, beyond the hill town of Orvieto, "a valley with wooded hills on either side, of a bluish-green color, checkered with hill towns and slim campaniles and winding roads; and, binding it all in one, the loops and reaches of a full brown river."

Torre Amiata—the real name of which is Torre Alfina—is a magnificent castle, "a place of remote and enchanting beauty." Through some Italian friends, Mrs. Ward met the agent of this great estate, who put his house at her disposal for a season. This happy opportunity gave her the intimate acquaintance with the surrounding country which she used with such excellent skill in "Eleanor," and enabled her, among other things, to discover the ruined convent and chapel which formed the dismal retreat of Lucy and Eleanor in their strange flight from Mr. Manisty.

"Lady Rose's Daughter," which followed "Eleanor," likewise reflects the author's love of Italy. It was written, in part at least, in the beautiful villa at Cadenabbia, on Lake Como, from which a view of surpassing loveliness meets the eye in every direction. Mrs. Ward never tires of it, and in her leisure moments while there found great delight in reproducing in her sketch-book the charming colors of a landscape which could scarcely be equaled in any other part of the world.

The setting of the novel in its earlier chapters is London. But when Julie Le Breton, worn out by mental anguish, the result of experiences which had nearly ruined her life, could be rescued and brought back to life only by a quiet rest amid pleasant surroundings, Lake Como was the place selected by her kind-hearted little friend the Duchess. As her strength gradually returned she daily walked over the hill to the path that led to the woods overhanging the Villa Carlotta. "Such a path! To the left hand, and, as it seemed, steeply beneath her feet, all earth and heaven—the wide lake, the purple mountains, the glories of a flaming sky. On the calm spaces of water lay a shimmer of crimson and gold, repeating the noble splendor of the clouds. . . . To her right a green hillside—each blade of grass, each flower, each tuft of heath, enskied, transfigured by the broad light that poured across it from the hidden west. And on the very hilltop a few scattered olives, peaches, and wild cherries scrawled upon the blue, their bare, leaning stems, their pearly whites, their golden pinks and feathery grays, all in a glory of sunset that made of them things enchanted, aerial, fantastical, like a dance of Botticelli angels on the height."

The story opens with a graphic de-



HAMPDEN HOUSE

Home of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. Original of Mellor Park in "Marcella." Mrs. Ward leased the house one summer and a part of "David Grieve" was written here scription of Lady Henry's salon—frequented by the most prominent people in London—where the chief attraction was not the great lady herself, but her paid companion, Julie Le Breton. Everywhere Julie was met with smiles and evidence of eager interest. She knew every one, and "her rule appeared to be at once absolute and welcome." But one evening Lady Henry was ill and gave orders that the guests be turned away with her apologies. As the carriages drove up, one by one, the footman rehearsed Lady Henry's excuses. But a group of men soon assembled in the inner vestibule, and Julie felt impelled to invite them into the library, where they were implored not to make any noise. The distinguished frequenters of Lady Henry's salon were all there. Coffee was served, and, stimulated by the blazing fire and a sense of excitement due to the novelty of the situation, an animated conversation sprang up, which continued till midnight and was at last suddenly interrupted by the unexpected appearance of Lady Henry herself.

GARDEN OF LEVENS HALL

This garden contains two hundred yews trimmed in various fantastic shapes. The umbrella tree is two hundred years old. The interior and the surrounding country were the scenes of "Helbeck of Bannisdale"

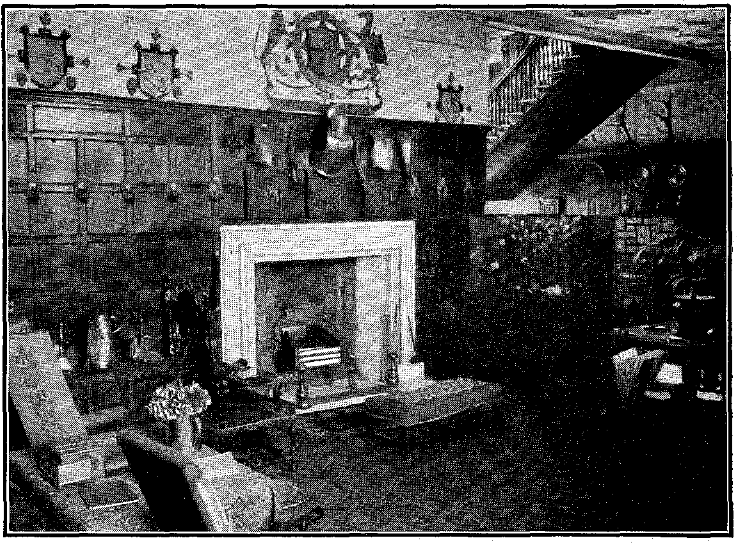
Lady Henry's awakening led to Julie's dismissal. But her friends did not desert her. A little cottage was found, where Julie was soon comfortably installed.

This much of the story—and little if any more—was suggested by the life of Julie de Lespinasse, a French woman who figured brilliantly in the Paris society of the middle of the eighteenth century.

In 1754 the Marquise du Deffand was one of the famous women of Paris. Her quick intelligence and a great reputation for wit had brought to her drawing-room the famous authors, philosophers, and learned men of the day. But the great lady, now nearly sixty, was entirely blind and subject to a "chronic weariness that devoured her." She sought a remedy in the society of an extraordinarily attractive young woman, of somewhat doubtful parentage, named Julie de Lespinasse, whom she took into her home as a companion. Julie became a great social success. For ten years she remained with Madame du Deffand, when a bitter quar-

CARTMEL FELL CHAPEL

The place where Laura was buried ("Helbeck of Bannisdale")



INTERIOR OF LEVENS HALL ("HELBECK OF BANNISDALE")

rel separated them. Julie's friends combined to assure her an income and a home, and she was soon established almost opposite the house of her former patron. The Maréchale de Luxembourg presented her with a complete suite of furniture. Turgot, the famous Minister of Louis XVI, and President Hénault were among those who provided funds. D'Alembert, distinguished as a philosopher, author, and geometrician, who was the cause of the quarrel with the Marquise, became Julie's most intimate friend. When she founded her own salon, his official patronage and constant presence assured its success. Her success was, in fact, astonishingly rapid. "In the space of a few months," says her biographer, the Marquis de Ségur, "the modest room with the crimson blinds was nightly filled, between the hours of six and ten, by a crowd of chosen visitors, courtiers and men of letters, soldiers and churchmen, ambassadors and great ladies, . . . each and all gayly jostling elbows as they struggled up the narrow wooden stairs, unregretting, and forgetting in the ardor of their talk, the richest houses in Paris, their suppers and balls, the opera, and the futile lures of the grand world."

The remarkable career and unique personality of this famous woman furnished the suggestion for Julie Le Breton. But beyond this the resemblance is slight. The subsequent history of the Frenchwoman has no relation to the story of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and the personality of the two women differs in many respects.

"The Marriage of William Ashe" is like "Lady Rose's Daughter" in two important respects: it is a story in which the author reveals an extraordinary knowledge of English politics and familiarity with the social life of the upper classes, and it is one in which a story of real life plays an important part. Indeed, there is far more of real life in this novel than in any other the author has written. William Ashe and his frivolous and erratic wife Kitty are portraits, considerably modified it is true, but nevertheless real, of William and Caroline Lamb. William Lamb—known to posterity as Lord Melbourne—did not become a distinguished statesman until after he had entered the House of Lords. For twenty-five years he had been a member of the House of Commons, of little influence and almost unknown to the country at large. But soon after the death of George IV he entered the Cabinet of Earl Grey as Home Secretary. This was in 1830. Less than four years later he rose suddenly to the highest position in the state. As Premier it was his unique privilege to instruct the young Queen, Victoria, in the duties of her high office—a task which he executed with commendable tact and skill. It is the inconsequential William Lamb of the House of Commons, and not the exalted Lord Melbourne, whom Mrs. Ward had in mind in portraying William Ashe; and it was more particularly his young wife, Caroline Lamb, who furnished the real motive of the novel.

"Lady Caroline," we are told by Lord Melbourne's biographer, Dr. Dunckley, "became the mistress of many accomplishments. She acquired French and Latin, and had the further courage, Mr. Torrens tells us, to undertake the recital of an ode of Sappho. She could draw and paint, and had the instinct of caricature. Her mind was brimming with romance, and, regardless of conventionality, she followed her own tastes in everything. In conversation she was both vivacious and witty." Such was Lady Caroline Ponsonby when she married William Lamb. The marriage proved an extremely unhappy one. Lady Caroline's whole life was a series of flirtations—deliberately planned, as a matter of fact, and yet entered upon with such mad rushes of passion as to seem merely the result of some irresistible impulse. A son was born to the couple, but he brought no joy, for as he grew up he developed an infirmity of intellect amounting almost to imbecility. The life of the young people was "an incessant round of frivolous dissipation." The after-supper revels often lasted till daybreak. But this brought no happiness, and both husband and wife came to realize that marriage had been, for them, a troublesome affair. About this time Lord Byron appeared on the scene. "Childe Harold" had brought him sudden fame. He had traveled in the East, was the hero of many escapades, had been sufficiently wicked to win the admiration of certain ladies of romantic tendencies, and altogether created quite a *furor* through the peculiar charms of his handsome face and dashing ways. He sought and obtained an introduction to Lady Caroline. He came to call the next day when she was alone, and for the next nine months almost lived at Melbourne House. They called each other by endearing names, and exchanged passionate verses. They were constantly together, and the intimacy caused much scandalous comment. It lasted until Byron became tired of it all, and announced his intention of marrying. The marriage to a cousin of Lady Caroline aroused the fierce jealousy of the latter, who proceeded to perform a little melodrama of her own, first trying to jump out of a window and then stabbing herself—not so deep that it would hurt—with a knife.

Such escapades could have but one result. There came a separation, of course; but some traces of the early love remained in both, and when Lady Caroline was dying, William Lamb was summoned from Ireland. The final parting was not without tender affection on both sides, and William felt his loss deeply.

In this brief sketch the reader of Mrs. Ward's novel will recognize Kitty Ashe in every line. The portraiture is very close. Cliffe takes the place of Lord Byron without being made to resemble him. But he serves to reveal the weakness of Kitty's character. Even Kitty's mischievous work in writing a book, which came near ruining her husband's career, was an episode in the life of Caroline Lamb. She wrote a novel in which Byron and herself were the principal characters, and their escapades were paraded before the world in a thin disguise which deceived nobody.

Of Mrs. Ward's later books there is little to say, so far as scenes and "originals" are concerned. In "Fenwick's Career" the little cottage where the artist and his wife lived was in reality the summer home of Mrs. Ward's daughter Dorothy. It stands on the slope of a hill near the Langdale Pikes in Westmoreland, commanding a view of surpassing loveliness.

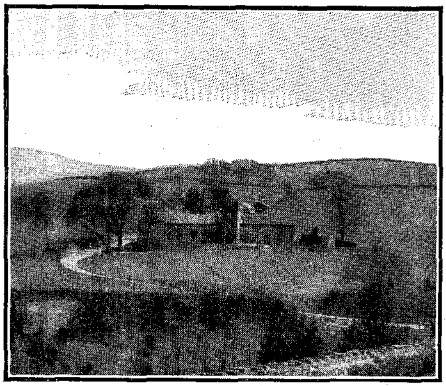
In the "Testing of Diana Mallory" the scenery is all taken from the country near Stocks, the summer home of the novelist.

In her latest book, "Daphne," or "Marriage à la Mode," Mount Vernon, Washington, Niagara Falls, and an imaginary English estate supply the necessary scenery, and these are not described with real interest, for the author, contrary to her usual custom, is here writing with a fixed didactic purpose. But a chapter incidentally thrown in reflects the novelist's impressions of a visit to the White House as the guest of President Roosevelt—an experience which interested her greatly. In "the tall, black-haired man with the meditative eye, the equal, social or intellectual, of any Foreign Minister that Europe might pit against him, or any diplomat that might be sent to handle him," it is easy to recognize Mr. Root. Secretary Garfield is "this younger man, sparely built, with the sane handsome face—son of a famous father, modest, amiable, efficient." Secretary Taft, with whom, apparently, the distinguished author did not really become acquainted, is lightly referred to as "this other of huge bulk and height, the hope of a party, smiling already a Presidential smile as he passed."

It has been said of this book that it does an injustice to America. But such was assuredly far from the author's intent. Mrs. Ward, who is one of the keenest observers of English and European public men, pays a high compliment in the remark that "America need make no excuses whatever for her best men. . . . She has evolved the leaders she wants, and Europe has nothing to teach them." She is attacking the laxity of the divorce laws in certain American States, and in doing so is actuated by motives which every high-minded American must applaud. The English general who berates American institutions is held up to ridicule, and the most agreeable woman in the book—perhaps the only agreeable one—is an American. Daphne, through whom the author condemns the evil, is not a typical American girl, but, with evident intent to avoid offense, is made the daughter of a foreigner.

ROBIN GHYLL

Summer cottage of Miss Dorothy Ward near Langdale Pikes. Original of Fenwick's cottage



UPPER HOUSE KINDERSCOUT

The old house at the right of the tower was the old Marriott's Farm, where Mrs. Ward stayed while getting the material for "David Grieve"

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Ward's feelings toward America are of the kindliest nature, and, whatever may be said of the merits of "Marriage à la Mode" as a work of fiction, in condemning an abuse which nobody can defend she has performed a real service.

NEEDHAM'S FARM

The home of David and Louie ("The History of David Grieve")

Double Trouble

By Martha Young

Hit's good to be twins, so some folks say,
But, la! some folks dunno;
Hit would be good ef ever'thing
Growed double des lak twins grow!

Ef two apples growed whar one hangs now,
And ever' peach was twins;
Ef ever' cake dat Mammy bake
Was cooked in double tins;

Ef watermelons grew twins on de vine,
And Christmas come twict a yeah,
You'd hear des two little darkies say,
"Hit's good to be twins and heah!"

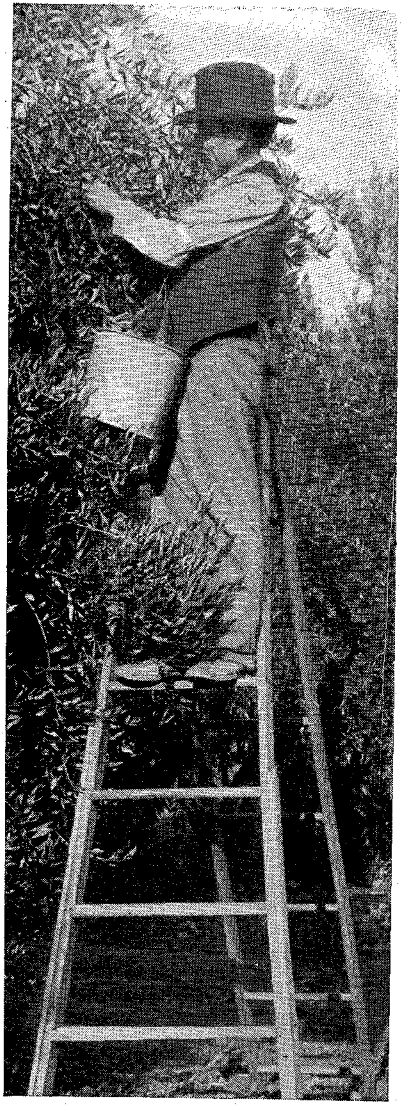
Our Mammy and Daddy say dey are twins
Fer lovin' us bof enough,
And dey say us two is better by half
Fer hatter dividin' our stuff.

Fer hit's—"Peter, you take de bigges' half!"
And—"No, Repeater, dat's yo'n!"
Our Mammy say us must keep dat up
Clean twel atter we're grown.

Den often one young 'un gits licked in a scrap,
But us two al'a's wins!
And so ever' day us thanks de Lord
Dat us is bof un us twins!

In the Service of Quality

By Walter V. Woehlke

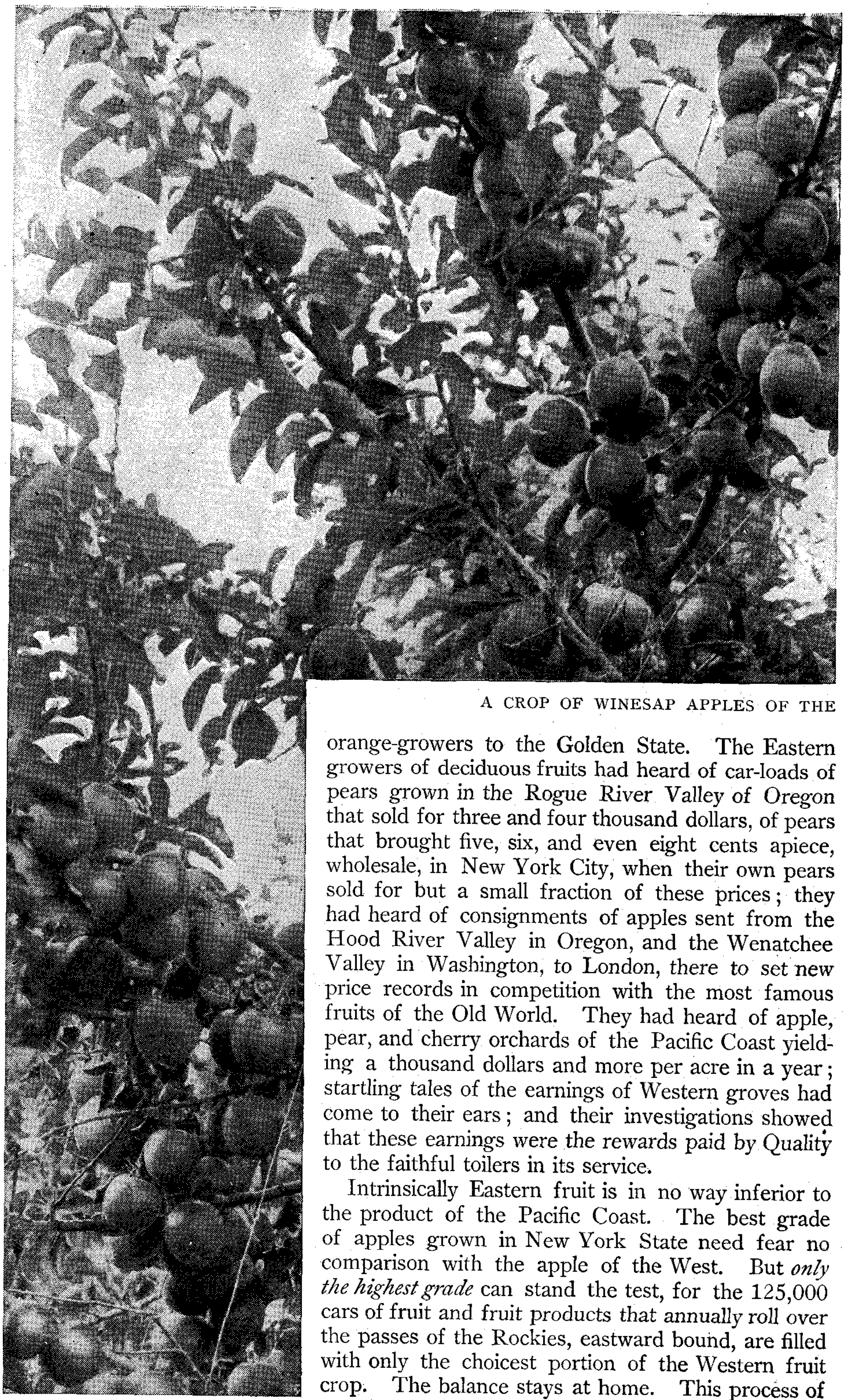


THE OLIVE PICKER

The fruit must be carefully placed in the tin pail, and never dropped in

FOR more than half a century New York State has been famous for the apples it produces; the fate of the Delaware peach crop has become a matter of National concern every spring; the reputation of Florida's oranges is older even than that of New York State apples. Along the Atlantic seaboard in the South, in portions of the Middle West, orchards were in blossom and bore fruit before gold was found in California, at a time when Puget Sound was remoter from New York than Cape Town or China. And yet, with the accumulated experience of a hundred years and more at their disposal, the Eastern fruit-growers are going West to learn their business. Twenty years ago Florida laughed at the puny attempt of the Californians to enter the Eastern markets with their oranges. This spring fifty of Florida's representative orange-growers crossed the continent to study the California methods of growing, packing, and marketing the citrus crop. Fifteen years ago Oregon and Washington imported apples from the East for home consumption. Last year scores of Eastern apple-growers traveled through the gray sage-brush valleys and fir-clad mountains of the Pacific Northwest, inspecting the young orchards growing on the bare hillsides, in an endeavor to discover the cause of the high prices Western apples were bringing in the East. What they saw caused many of them to hurry home, put the ax to their venerable trees, and make a new start along lines developed on the Pacific Coast.

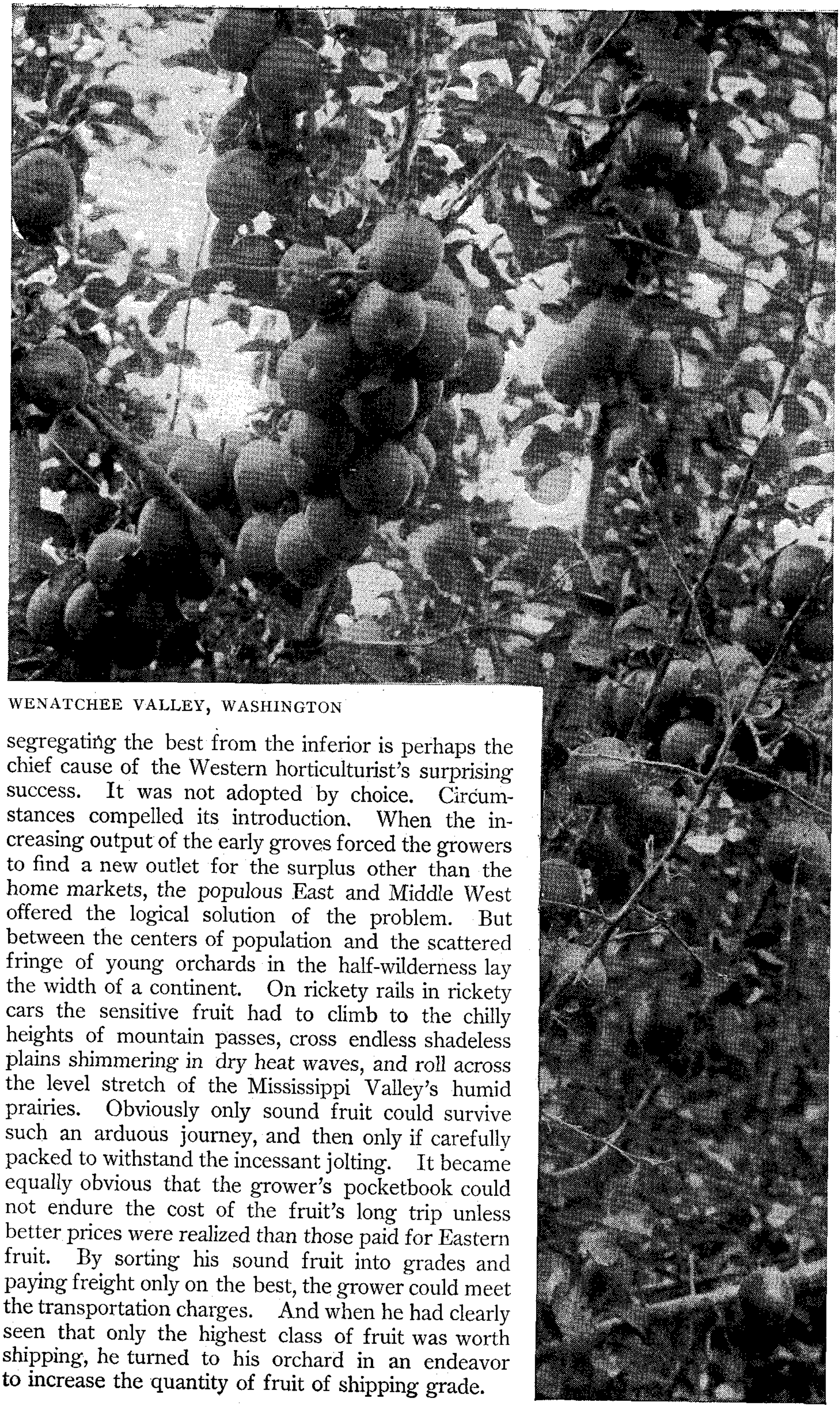
The lesson imparted to the Eastern fruit-growers in the Far West was short and concise. Its main theme, recurring in every phase of the business, from the planting of the tree to the marketing of the crop, was Quality. And to the average unit of a democracy the lesson of Quality is hard to master because the tendency of the mass, as opposed to the class, expresses itself in mediocrity. The service of Quality is hard; it requires sustained effort, thorough training, the continued application of foresight and judgment, as against the nearly automatic performance in the treadmill of mediocrity; but its rewards are proportionately greater. The Californian's average net income of two hundred dollars per acre was the magnet that drew the Florida



A CROP OF WINESAP APPLES OF THE

orange-growers to the Golden State. The Eastern growers of deciduous fruits had heard of car-loads of pears grown in the Rogue River Valley of Oregon that sold for three and four thousand dollars, of pears that brought five, six, and even eight cents apiece, wholesale, in New York City, when their own pears sold for but a small fraction of these prices; they had heard of consignments of apples sent from the Hood River Valley in Oregon, and the Wenatchee Valley in Washington, to London, there to set new price records in competition with the most famous fruits of the Old World. They had heard of apple, pear, and cherry orchards of the Pacific Coast yielding a thousand dollars and more per acre in a year; startling tales of the earnings of Western groves had come to their ears; and their investigations showed that these earnings were the rewards paid by Quality to the faithful toilers in its service.

Intrinsically Eastern fruit is in no way inferior to the product of the Pacific Coast. The best grade of apples grown in New York State need fear no comparison with the apple of the West. But *only the highest grade* can stand the test, for the 125,000 cars of fruit and fruit products that annually roll over the passes of the Rockies, eastward bound, are filled with only the choicest portion of the Western fruit crop. The balance stays at home. This process of



WENATCHEE VALLEY, WASHINGTON

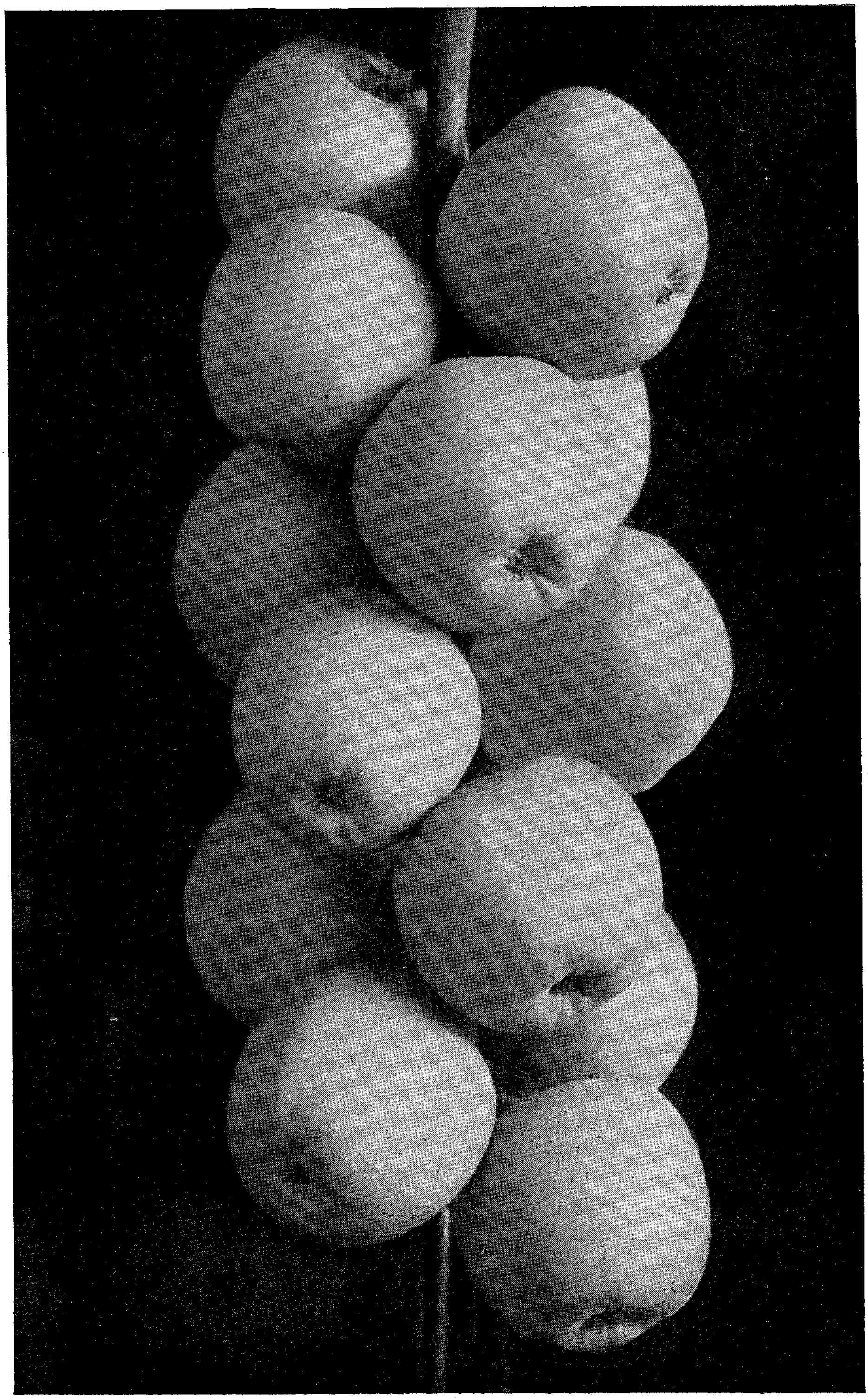
segregating the best from the inferior is perhaps the chief cause of the Western horticulturist's surprising success. It was not adopted by choice. Circumstances compelled its introduction. When the increasing output of the early groves forced the growers to find a new outlet for the surplus other than the home markets, the populous East and Middle West offered the logical solution of the problem. But between the centers of population and the scattered fringe of young orchards in the half-wilderness lay the width of a continent. On rickety rails in rickety cars the sensitive fruit had to climb to the chilly heights of mountain passes, cross endless shadeless plains shimmering in dry heat waves, and roll across the level stretch of the Mississippi Valley's humid prairies. Obviously only sound fruit could survive such an arduous journey, and then only if carefully packed to withstand the incessant jolting. It became equally obvious that the grower's pocketbook could not endure the cost of the fruit's long trip unless better prices were realized than those paid for Eastern fruit. By sorting his sound fruit into grades and paying freight only on the best, the grower could meet the transportation charges. And when he had clearly seen that only the highest class of fruit was worth shipping, he turned to his orchard in an endeavor to increase the quantity of fruit of shipping grade.

Strange, unfamiliar, distorted, the Western orchards appeared to the curious Eastern growers. The Western orchard is no place to linger "in the shade of the old apple tree." The sentiment that attaches itself to the wide-spreading, high-crowned trees of the Eastern groves in their setting of green fields and meadows, of towering maples, sturdy oaks, of soft wooded hills in the hazy distance, of ancient rambling homes peering around the corner of the wood lot across the lazy brook, is absent in the Western fruit regions. The orchard beyond the Rockies is all business, a hard, prosaic fruit-producing factory in which reluctant nature is forced into the harness by the grower. The hills that form the background are naked, treeless. Their harsh contours stand unveiled against the hard sky. No shade trees but ragged rows of eucalyptus break the sweep of the landscape. No green meadows moderate the glare of gray plain and purple hills. Dry, brown dust covers the ground beneath the trees two and three inches deep. Not a vestige of green, not a patch of grass, mitigates the forbidding aspect of the floor out of which the orderly rows of trunks rise. Nothing but a blanket of fine dust, laboriously maintained by the grower to break up capillary attraction, prevents the baking of the surface in the rainless summer and enables the soil to retain its moisture with a minimum of irrigation. The trees are lacking in individuality. They are all of one monotonous size and shape, low, bush-like, the crowns starting but a few feet from the ground that their every portion may be easily and conveniently reached.

Harvest time in the Western apple, pear, peach, and cherry orchards is no playtime. There is no shaking of high branches, no screaming of children running to and fro with loads of fruit. When the gangs of pickers go up the step-ladders standing alongside of, not leaning against, the trees, the foreman instructs them to take hold of the fruit with the full hand, in order to distribute the pressure evenly over the entire surface, to turn it gently, and, with a rapid lateral twist, detach the stem from the twig, for an apple or a pear without its stem loses caste. In many orchards the fruit is picked into tin buckets in preference to baskets, for tin makes a loud noise if a picker, contrary to instructions, drops the fruit into it instead of laying it down carefully. This slow, painstaking work reduces the daily output of the pickers, but it also reduces the amount of fruit that decays before it arrives in the market. Healthy fruit with an unbroken skin will survive the long journey and remain sound, while the slightest puncture or bruise, even if it be invisible to the eye, offers a foothold to the fungi that cause deterioration.

The large storage-bins of the East into which apples and other fruit are dumped as they come from the tree have been discarded in the West. The pickers place their buckets before the sorter, who divides the fruit into three classes, first and second grade and culls. Only perfect fruit above a certain size, of symmetrical shape and good color, goes into the storage-boxes containing first grade; fruit having lost the stem, deficient in color, or with a slight blemish on the skin makes up the second grade. All undersized, worm-eaten, malformed, diseased, bruised, and overripe specimens travel to the cull pile.

The average Eastern apple-grower ships his crop in large barrels containing indiscriminately apples of all sizes and shapes. The cost of buying the barrel and filling it is his only expense. In the West, with its scarcity of labor, the apple must be handled five times before it is ready for shipment, and a special building must be provided and equipped for the operations. After the pickers and graders have finished their work, the apples—or pears, peaches, plums, cherries, or apricots—are turned over to the sizer, who passes them through a board with circular holes of different diameters, sizing each grade separately. With the heaps of apples of uniform size and grade before them, the wrappers and packers begin their work. Each apple is wrapped in a sheet of tissue paper, the ends are twisted tightly about the stem to keep it from injuring its neighbors, and the wrapped fruit is placed in orderly rows and tiers into a box containing about a bushel, for the smaller the package, the better the fruit will stand shipping. A machine presses the cover down on the



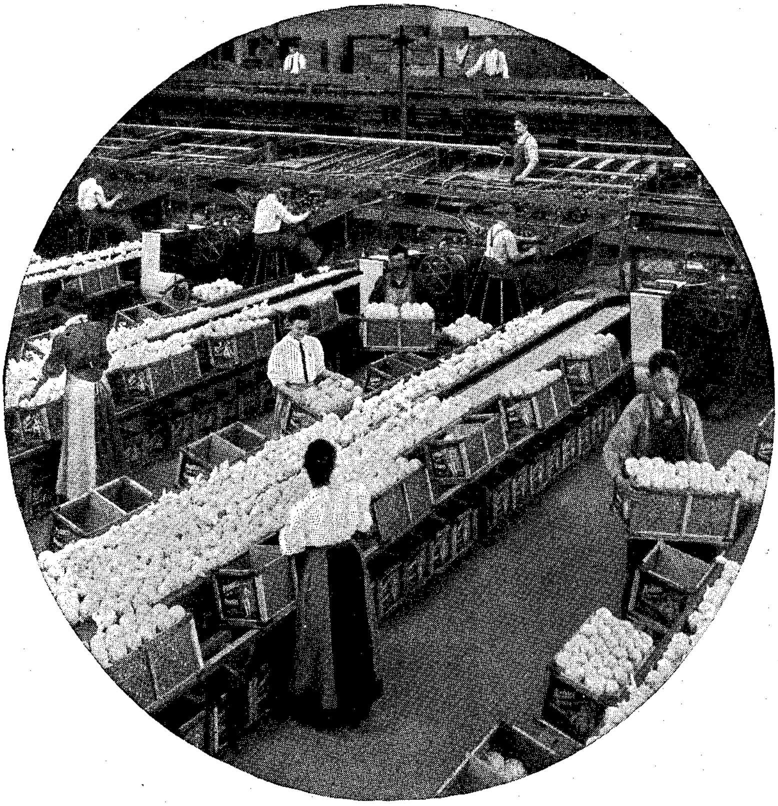
TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS OF CALIFORNIA WINTER APPLES
Grown on a twig thirteen and a half inches long. An eloquent example of intelligent thinning

THE OLD WAY

An orange-packing house in California ten years ago. The oranges were handled like baseballs, rolled along chutes, forced to take long drops, bruised and crushed in every step of the packing process

packed boxes until it has been fastened with nails. A lithograph with the brand of the fruit, the name and address of the grower or packer, is pasted on one end of the box, a rubber stamp indicates the size and number of the contents, and at last the package is ready for the journey.

When a merchant receives a consignment of suits from the factory, he is satisfied when the garments at the top of the box correspond in quality, size, and color to his order. He does not empty the box to inspect the garments lying at the bottom. He knows they will conform in every respect to the standard of those coming into view first. It is not always thus with fruit. Many a basket of peaches, many a box of cherries, of strawberries, or apples, hides a mass of undersized, green, decayed, bruised, and wormy fruit beneath a smiling surface of sound, attractive fruit. Nor is this deception practiced only east of the Rockies. Before the growers of the Hood River Valley, in Oregon, unreservedly made quality their object, buyers of Hood River fruit probed beneath the surface before making an offer for the consignment. Frail human nature caused the growers to look with disfavor upon a large pile of worthless culls and endeavor to keep down its size. Desiring to lessen expenses, many growers urged the pickers and packers to work faster and hurried the fruit through the packing-houses. In 1904, when the Hood River growers graded and packed their crops individually, each one according to his light, the average price received for apples was but 84 cents per box, scarcely enough to cover the cost of production and transportation. That year the growers united, engaged a man who had been preaching better fruit to them for years, turned the handling of their crops over to him, and devoted their attention solely to their trees. Individual packing ceased. The preacher of Quality was left to carry his theories into practice. Under his régime



THE NEW WAY

A California orange-packing house with vacuum-cleaning system and hardwood floors. The oranges travel single file on endless belts and moving tables, are assorted automatically and wrapped in tissue paper by machinery, for careful packing

the cull pile thrived and grew until it was twice and thrice its former size. More and better help was engaged, the time and the cost of packing fruit increased, but the growers did not complain, for each cent added to the cost of preparing a box of fruit added eight and ten cents to the market price. In four years the price of their apples rose from an average of 84 cents per box to $1.81, with fancy grades bringing three dollars and more, and the reputation of the fruit expanded until buyers made their purchases without inspection, without opening the box to look even at the top layer. They knew that the label on the outside told the whole truth concerning variety, size, and grade of the contents. Placing the average yield per acre at 175 boxes, an increase in net profit of almost a hundred dollars per acre by virtue of careful and efficient grading and packing methods was too good to resist. Growers of fruit other than apples fell in line. The owners of prune orchards discovered that prunes, selling in bulk for $22.50 per ton, brought $42 for an equal quantity when graded and packed in boxes. Graded and attractively put up, cherries sold for three and four cents per pound more than the bulk price; and a lining of lace paper, costing less than a cent, added fifteen cents to the selling price of a half-box of choice table pears.

The oranges and lemons grown in California furnish still stronger proof of the rewards Quality pays her followers. Having originated, under the lash of necessity, the modern methods for preparing fruit for distant markets, the Californians have brought these methods to perfection. Nowhere in the wide world is a fruit crop of equal or even half the size handled with greater, more circumspect care than the citrus harvest of the Golden State. As a result of this care, California citrus groves in full bearing have netted their owners two hundred dollars per acre and more, on the average, during the last four or five years. Above the mass of the growers satisfied with the average returns tower the incomes, often scarcely credible, of the leaders in the industry, of the men who demand that the fruit of their groves be handled from the tree to the car as though it were encased in egg-shells. Regularly, year after year, day after day, the fruit packed under the brands of these leaders sells in the New York auction-rooms at prices exceeding those of the general run by half a dollar and more per box. With a minimum yield of 150 boxes of oranges per acre—the groves of the leaders furnish a much larger crop—the premium paid for Quality exceeds $75 per acre. But it requires incessant intelligent effort to earn this premium. No detail is too small to be overlooked by the man anxious for the highest market price. Even the manner of carrying the bag into which the picker places the oranges after cutting them off the trees attracts his attention. In the average orchard the picker simply suspends the bag from the neck by a single band, throwing it over on the left hip every now and then to ease the strain. This shifting of the bag is prohibited in the premium groves. A double band in the form of a yoke fitting across the shoulders holds the bag securely on the picker's chest, making it impossible for him to throw the bag over to the hip and thereby crush and rub the oranges against each other while the stem is still on them without its paper padding. In the best lemon groves the fruit is literally handled with gloves to prevent injuries to the rind through the finger-nails. Canvas instead of wooden bins, hoppers lined with strips of rubber hose, receive the fruit in the packing-houses. The brushes which clean the fruit are adjusted with such nicety that an egg could pass between them unharmed. On their way to the graders, to the weighing-machine, to the sizers, the wrappers and packers, the oranges are no longer rolled down inclined chutes. They travel to their destination in single file over endless belts, and the filled boxes are carried by automatic conveyers, miniature railway lines, to the storage-rooms or the loading platform without the least jar.

It is a long way from the rough barrels, the crude storage-shelves of the Eastern apple orchards, to the visitors' gallery of the Redlands Orange Producers' Association. Thousands of miles of physical distance lie between them, and on the scale of industrial evolution they are as far apart as the barn in which the country butcher kills a pig and the packing-houses of the Chicago stock-yards. The slaughtering-houses of the Windy City, so far as cleanliness and ingenuity in replacing hand labor by machinery are concerned, would do well to try to reach the standard of the California orange establishment. There is not a dark corner in this bloodless packing-house. A vacuum cleaning system sucks up all dust and dirt, and pleasant rest-rooms have been provided for the employees. Except for the grading and the actual filling of the boxes, all other operations are performed by machines. Without human assistance the brushed, graded, and weighed oranges segregate themselves according to size into different bins. An endless belt carries them in single file under a row of springs arranged in varying heights. The orange with the largest diameter touches the first and highest spring and automatically closes the electric circuit, which operates a kicker that gently shoves the orange off the belt into a padded compartment. The kicker retires before the next orange passes on its way to the spring corresponding to its diameter. Still more ingenious is the wrapping-machine, a steel hand with rubber-lined fingers that pick up the orange from a rubber disk and place it upon a second plate of the same material, across which the tissue paper runs from a roll. Automatically the paper is cut to the proper size, placed around the orange, the four ends are twisted tightly about the stem, and the fruit is ready for the women who place it into the shipping boxes. Before the tissue paper reaches the orange it passes through a miniature printing-press, which stamps the name of the brand upon the sheet. Should a tourist order a special box sent to friends, the form is changed and the sender's name takes the place of the brand.

That Redlands packing-house, with all its intricate machinery, and the box factory operated in conjunction with it, and some fourscore other packing-houses, representing an investment of over two millions, belong to the citrus-growers, to the men who produce the fruit, and they are operated solely for the producers' benefit. Two hundred miles north of the citrus belt in the San Joaquin Valley lies a compact district which supplies more than half the raisins consumed in the United States. Here, also, large buildings filled with costly machinery are in operation, buildings in which complicated apparatus automatically removes the stems from the dried grapes, takes out the seeds, cleans the raisins, and presses them into packing-boxes. But these buildings and their contents do *not* belong to the growers; they are the property of individuals and corporations, and they are operated solely for the pockets of these individuals and companies, with no regard for the welfare of the producer. The California orange-growers, owning the appliances for preparing their fruit for the market, are prosperous and smile. The California raisin-growers, paying annual tribute to the firms operating the packing-houses for profit, are unable to make the product of their fertile acres cover expenses. Yet the advantage in age of the industry, in established markets, in lower freight rates, in their ability to hold their product for months and years without deterioration, was all on the side of the raisin-growers. But the orange-producers early learned the value of united action, of welding an unorganized multitude of small, aimless interests into one powerful, homogeneous purpose, and of directing this purpose for the benefit of the entire industry. Co-operation saved the citrus men from the fate of the raisin-growers. The pooling of their pennies made possible the acquisition of the packing-houses and their equipment and placed the man owning five acres on an equal footing with the man having the crop of a hundred and fifty acres to prepare. United action procured for them a reduction in freight rates, and united action helped them to increase the duties on imported citrus fruits. Wherever their example has been followed in the West, the fruit-growers are in comfortable circumstances, their orchards in prime condition, and their settlements thriving, for co-operation presupposes a high degree of intelligence. In the West co-operation has passed the experimental stage and has become an established fact. From San Diego to Vancouver new organizations of fruit-growers are being formed constantly, and with the spread of the movement the quality of the product is improving.

Before the young Western fruit industry is on a sound, permanent basis the field of co-operation must be extended. A pool of small growers for the single purpose of packing the fruit at cost is insufficient. A drastic lesson of this insufficiency was taught the cantaloup-growers of the hot Imperial Valley, formerly a portion of the Colorado desert, in the spring of 1908. The cantaloup crop of the district that spring was large. It had the field all to itself. No other melons would appear on the markets for months, and the entire country, tired of canned fruits, was impatiently jingling its spoon for the cantaloups. The first crates brought phenomenal prices; in the scramble for the melons to be eaten while the snow was still on the ground, twenty and thirty cents apiece wholesale was paid by the buyers. The growers were jubilant. For six weeks in March and April forty car-loads of cantaloups every day were shipped out of the valley, two thousand car-loads within a month and a half. But when the returns came in, the accounts showed that the prices realized for the melons barely covered the transportation and selling expenses. For a whole season's work the growers had practically nothing to show. Of course the producers blamed the railways and the commission houses for their failure. They did not realize that their neglect to consider the effects of supply and demand lay at the bottom of the low prices. With the entire country bare of melons, the growers had consigned nearly all of the two thousand car-loads to but three markets: New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. Under this avalanche of melons at a time when only the wealthy consumer considered himself able to buy the fruit, prices broke and dwindled as fast as the melon congestion increased.

The Western horticulturist has learned that the commercial packer works only for his private pocket, and he has almost eliminated private enterprise from this field. He still has to learn that he must take the marketing, the selling end of the business, into his own hands if his success shall be lasting, if chance and speculation shall be removed as factors in the business. The commission houses to whom the melon shipments of the Imperial Valley were consigned were little concerned in the price slump. Their interest ceased with their commissions. The commission men in the three congested markets could not be expected to be altruistic enough to decline shipments on account of low prices, to send them to competitors in other cities that the grower might obtain a reasonable return for his work.

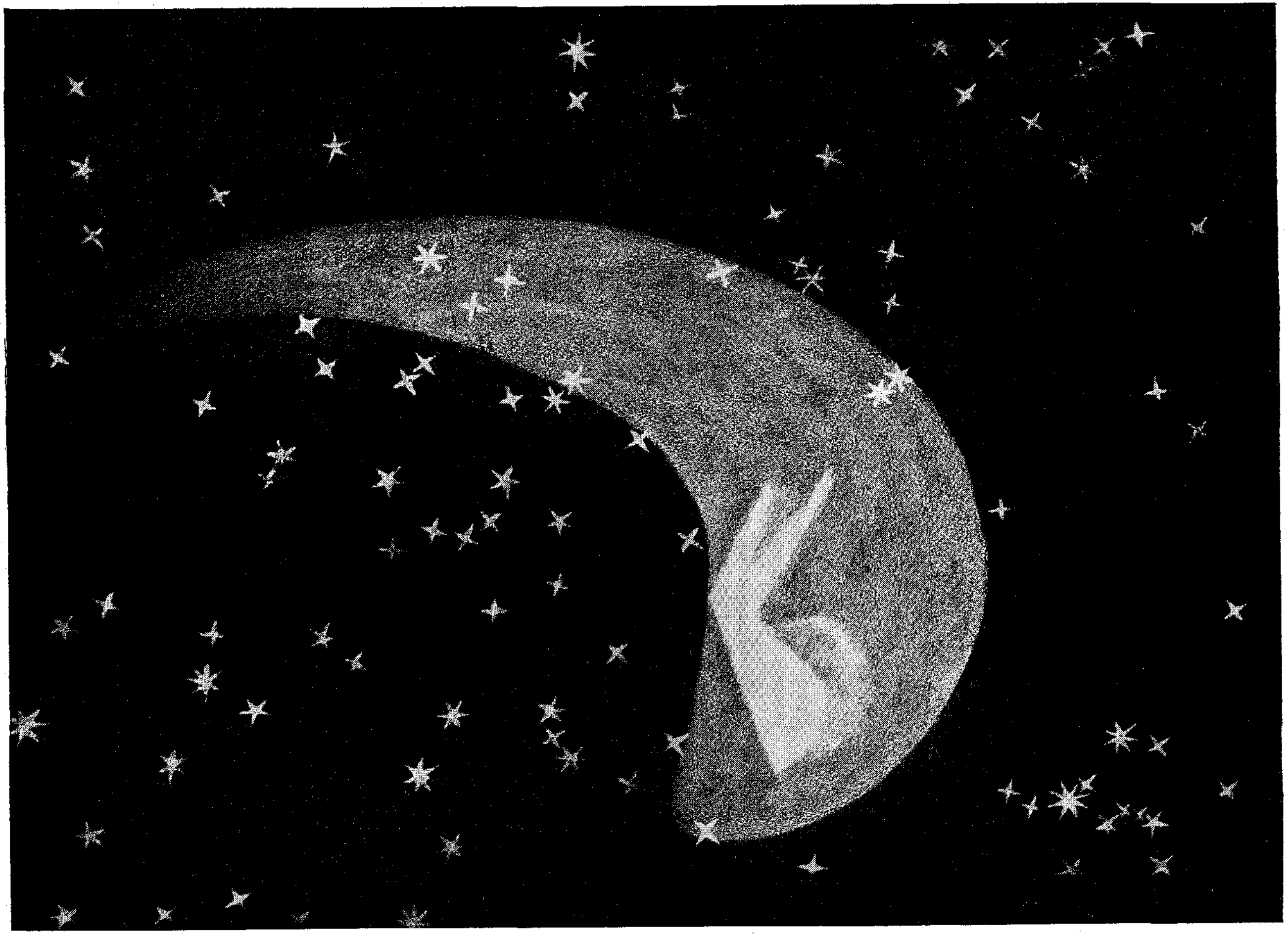
Thanks to the extension of co-operation to the selling part of the business, no other Western fruit is marketed with fewer price fluctuations or with greater regularity than the California orange crop. Thirty thousand car-loads of citrus fruit are disposed of annually in Eastern markets without congestion, without oversupply at one point and scarcity at another. This result is achieved because four thousand of the six thousand growers act as a unit in the marketing process. Through a central organization, the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, these growers distribute their crop evenly throughout the country. The central body acts as an orange clearing-house. It receives the fruit from the individual members, apportions it among the markets, sells it, and transmits the returns to the growers. It does not work for profit. All services are performed at actual cost raised by a small uniform levy upon each box of fruit sold. The Exchange does not, like a number of farmers' unions organized of late, attempt to fix prices, to manipulate the market by creating artificial scarcity. It simply attempts to systematize the distribution of the crop, to prevent congestion, and to stimulate the demand. Neither does it curtail individual enterprise. The better the fruit of the individual grower, the higher will be the price it brings and the larger the returns transmitted to him through the Exchange. If a grower's fruit be of inferior quality or poorly packed, that grower must content himself with the price his fruit realizes through the Exchange; but whether his fruit be low grade or high, the Exchange enables him to dispose of it at prevailing prices for the grade without paying tribute to speculators or commission houses, for the Exchange maintains a thoroughly organized sales force of its own in every market of the country. Through this organization the growers are able to ship two hundred car-loads of oranges a day for months without causing the price to slump below the limit of profit, to preserve system and order where chaos reigned before. Sixteen years ago the unorganized growers slept restlessly under the nightmare of overproduction, because a crop of four thousand car-loads sold for less than the cost of transportation and selling. To-day, with an output seven times larger, overproduction has ceased to be a menace.

Co-operation in the packing and marketing processes leaves the grower free to devote all his attention to his trees. They need it. Left to their own devices, fruit trees in most portions of the Western fruit districts will either die immediately or the long, rainless summer, the parched, baked ground, will stunt them. Orchards in the East will produce a fair-sized crop without a particle of care, but in the West the grower must work for every apple, pear, peach, cherry, or orange his trees develop and mature. This unceasing effort needed in the production of crops circumscribes, both through the amount of money and labor involved, the size of individual holdings. Nature forces the Western grower to confine himself to a small plot of ground, rewarding him in proportion to the amount of care he bestows upon his few acres. Prodigious crop figures, miraculous yields, have been reported from these small farms of the West, without, however, a statement of the effort, experience, and cash the grower put into the ground before it yielded the harvest. At one of the recent Fruit-Growers' Conventions of California C. C. Teague, a grower who had become wealthy from a forty-acre lemon grove, presented an itemized statement showing that each one of his forty acres required an annual expenditure of $233 before a box of lemons was shipped. With the freight charges included, this grower had to make each acre produce $600 worth of lemons before a cent of profit accrued to himself. Yet he succeeded when a neighboring grove slipped out of its owner's hands through neglect.

There are no periods of rest for the Western fruit-grower. From January to December he must fight for his crop. He must irrigate; he must cultivate the soil continuously; he must sow and plow under cover crops to maintain the humus supply; he must spread tons of fertilizer; he must prune and trim his rank-growing trees; he must defend them against insect, fungous, and bacterial enemies; and he must even fight the prodigality of appeased nature that his fruit may be of the desired quality. For if he is loyal to his orchard, the trees in the mild climate will proceed to cover themselves with such an enormous load of fruit that many of the branches would break and the vitality of the tree become exhausted. In the East nature takes care that the tree's load shall not be excessive. Wind, torrential rains, frost, hail—they all take their share of the blossoms and immature fruit, often until nothing is left to ripen in the fall. In the West the grower must assist nature and lighten the load his trees are bearing. It is a cruel, tedious task, this thinning out of the growing crop. It hurts the grower's heart to see bushels upon bushels of small apples, peaches, or pears stripped off the branches and thrown on the ground, but the progressive grower will not let his greed overcome his reason. He knows that the balance left on the trees will more than recompense him for the loss. By a systematic thinning of the immature fruit the grower can determine with almost mathematical accuracy what size the remainder shall attain. The more fruit he removes, the larger the spaces between the specimens left on the branches, the larger the diameter of the fruit will be when it ripens. By decreasing the space, he can raise a larger quantity of smaller-sized fruit. The thinning process intelligently performed gives the grower a chance to remove all malformed, injured, worm-eaten, or diseased fruit, enabling the tree to devote all its energies to the production of a sound, healthy crop of uniform size.

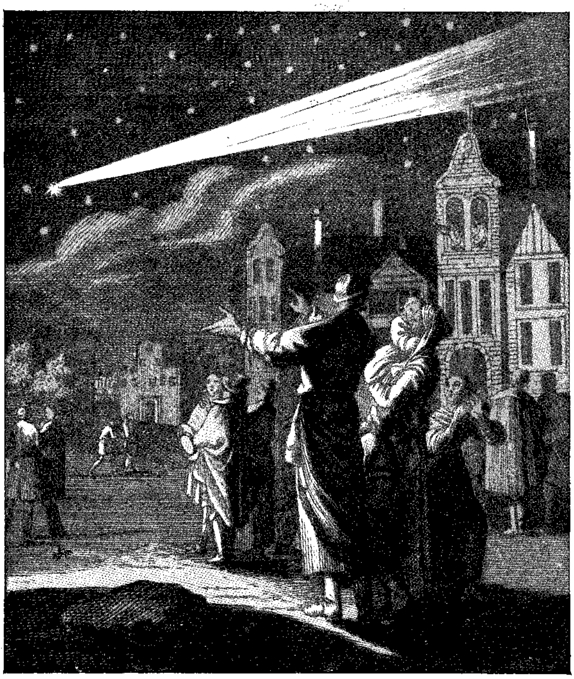
Though the fruits, fresh, dried, canned, and preserved, of the Pacific Coast are marketed in almost every country of the world, the industry is as yet in its swaddling-clothes. Within five years the States of the Pacific Northwest will have increased their fruit production fivefold, and California will not lag behind. Already the cry of overproduction is heard again, faintly. The Pacific Coast need fear no increase in production, if modern marketing methods are adopted. The danger lies rather in a falling off of the product's quality. Attracted by the glittering profits per acre earned by men who gave years of study and toil not only to their orchards but to each individual tree, newcomers are rushing in and setting out numberless trees after cursory investigations, in the hope of becoming rich without effort. Even the long-distance method of fruit-raising is finding favor with men having land to sell to non-residents. The business of growing Quality fruit requires wide and varied experience, the knowledge of an expert.

A RAILWAY THROUGH THE FIG TREES
An example of clean cultivation and uniform pruning



HALLEY'S COMET IN 1835

From a drawing by N Rosenthal from a telescopic view



A COMET IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Halley and His Comet

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Photographs by E. E. Barnard, Professor of Astronomy at Yerkes Observatory

WAITING for the return of Halley's Comet after a lapse of over seventy-five years is very much like waiting for a train. We know the track on which the train will speed toward us; but whether the train will be on time or not, we cannot know. We know the orbit of the comet, but not the exact minute when it will swing around the sun. A photographic plate at the end of a telescope will perform the functions of a celestial telegram for us, inasmuch as it will tell us how late the comet may be and when it will glide into full view. Every night during the present year telescopic cameras have searched the heavens for a hazy disk of light, so dim that the unaided eye cannot see it. To Professor Max Wolff, of Heidelberg, belongs the honor of having first detected the comet on September 11, 1909. As a tribute to modern mathematical astronomy it may be stated that he found it very nearly in the exact position indicated by the calculations.

The return of Halley's Comet in the spring of 1910 will be an astronomical event of much pith and moment, because it was the very first body of its kind for which a time-table was computed, because an opportunity will be presented of revising that time-table, and because it will enable the astronomer for the first time to obtain photographs of its striking features for comparison with photographs to be taken by unborn astronomers in 1986 or 1987.

Of such mathematical importance is the return of Halley's Comet that at various times scientists have spent months in calculating the exact period of its revolution. Even now, when comets are discovered at the rate of two or three a year, we know only that it may be expected to become a striking object some time in the middle of April, 1910. Such are the accelerations and retardations suffered by every comet as it sweeps past the planets of our solar system that absoluteness of prediction is well-nigh impossible. Often a comet is twisted out of its normal orbit by planetary attraction, with the result that we may lose sight of it forever. Jupiter is responsible for many such deflections. Thus, in 1886, he wrenched a comet out of its course, derailed it, as it were, and reduced its period of revolution from twenty-seven to seven years. In 1779 a comet known as Lexell's glided so near him that it was never seen again. All told, Jupiter has captured a family of thirty comets, and holds them by virtue of his enormous attraction. Saturn has similarly acquired two comets, Uranus three, and Neptune six. Obviously a comet's course may be both devious and uncertain.

Of all the comets that have ever been discovered, Halley's is the most important, because it is the most historical. It flashed upon the world when Egypt was young and when Greece was a wilderness inhabited by savages. Perhaps it will continue to return when mankind is old and decrepit, and the earth is entering that last tragic stage of its existence when it will be reduced to a cold, dead, desolate world. Yet, ancient as the comet is, its scientific history begins with the man whose name it bears and with Sir Isaac Newton.

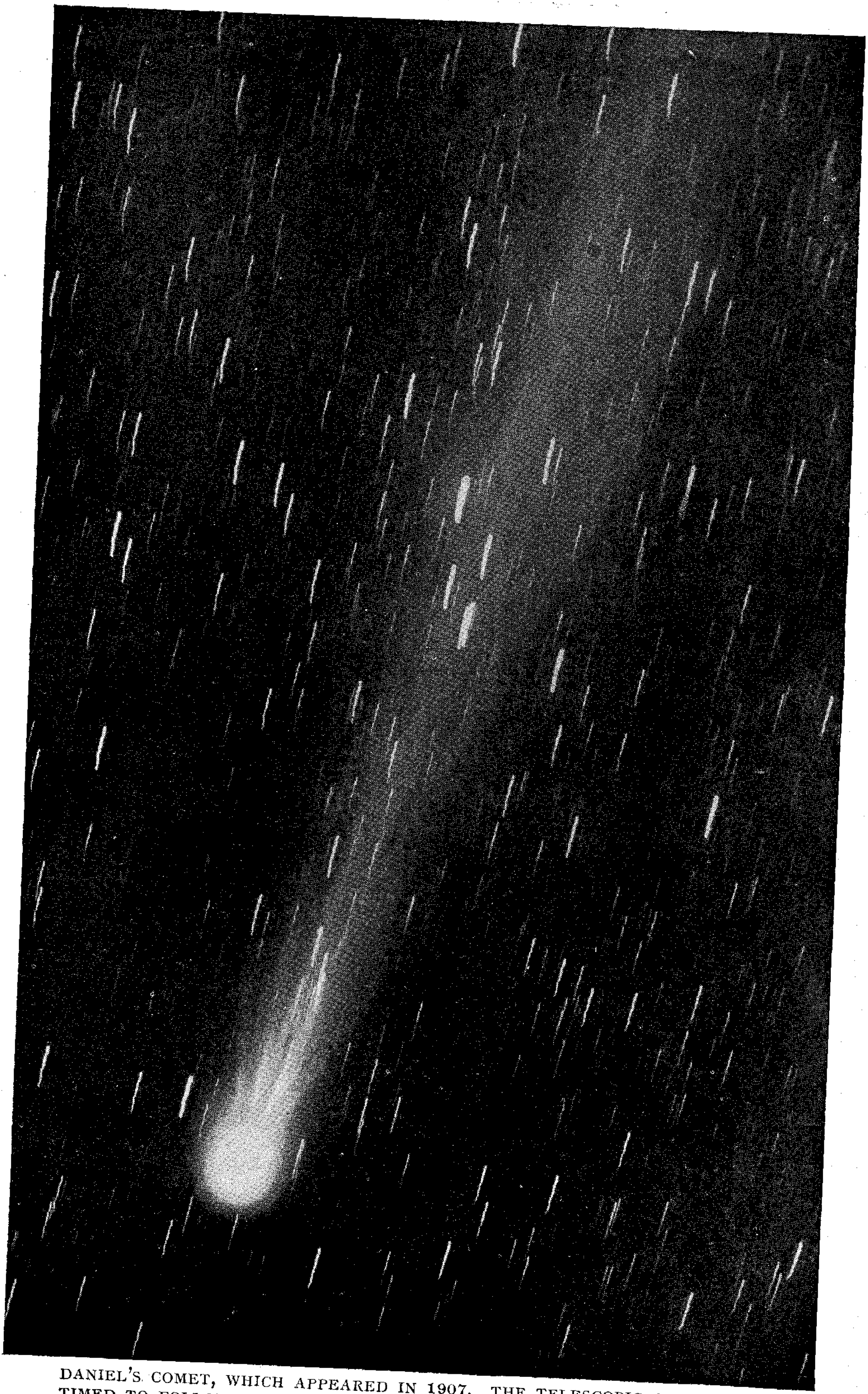
It was Edmund Halley who urged upon Newton the necessity of publishing that famous manuscript in which the laws of gravitation are laid down; it was Halley who paid for the printing out of his own pocket, although he was sorely reduced in circumstances; and it was Halley who dramatically drove home the truth of Newton's immutable laws and became the prophet of gravitation, by plotting the orbit of a comet that had alarmed the world in 1531, 1607, and 1682, and foretelling its return in 1758. He was indeed the "Ulysses who had produced Achilles," to use the words that he himself employed in describing his relation to Newton. A man of forty-nine when he boldly proclaimed the comet's reappearance, he knew that he would die before his prediction could be verified; and so he left behind him a touching plea that reads:

"Wherefore, if, according to what we have already said, it should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman."

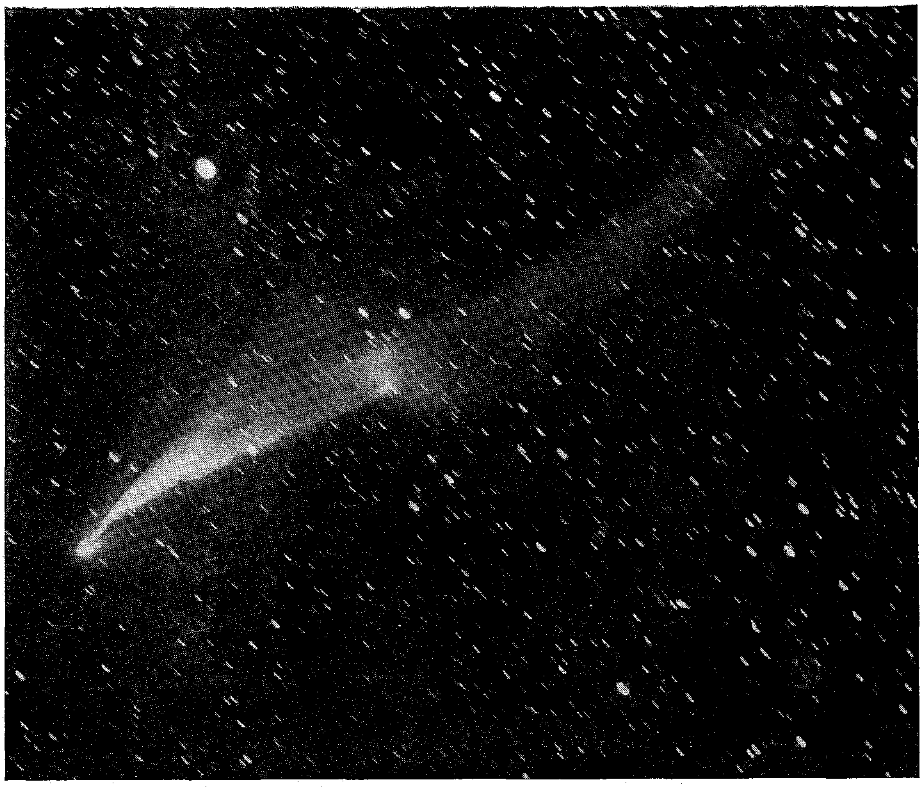
When the comet blazed forth on Christmas day, 1758, it was forever shorn of the dreadful divinity with which for ages it had been hedged, and became an object of dispassionate scientific study. Newton's conclusion that, in accordance with the laws of gravitation, comets must describe ellipses, parabolas, or hyperbolas, was brilliantly verified.

A comet is more than a neat mathematical problem. Although no longer an omen of evil, it is still wrapped in a veil of mystery which has not been wholly torn away by the physicist and the chemist. Indeed, it is only within the last few years that really plausible theories to account for cometary phenomena have been advanced. To understand just what these theories are we must first pick a comet apart, as it were, and regard it as we would a dismembered watch.

In a general way, it may be said that every comet comprises a nucleus, an envelope (called the "coma") surrounding the nucleus and measuring from 20,000 to 1,000,000 miles in diameter, and a long tail which streams behind the nucleus for sixty to a hundred million miles or more. From all that has been gathered, astronomers have decided that the nucleus is probably a heap of meteorites varying in size from a grain to masses weighing several tons each; a heap, moreover, so easily sundered that its elements are distributed gradually along the orbit. It follows that every comet must eventually perish unless it restores its nucleus by collecting stray meteors. That disintegration does occur has been observed time and time again. For example, Biela's Comet, which was discovered in 1826, burst into two payments, which drifted apart a distance of one million miles. Thus it became a twin comet. Eventually it disappeared as a comet, and in its stead we see a shoal of meteors whenever we cross its track every six and a half years. It is possible that the comets of 1668, 1843, 1880, 1882, and 1887, all traveling in approximately the same path, are fragments of a single large body which was broken up by the gravitational action of other bodies in the



DANIEL'S COMET, WHICH APPEARED IN 1907. THE TELESCOPIC CAMERA IS TIMED TO FOLLOW THE COMET; HENCE THE STARS APPEAR AS STREAKS



MOREHOUSE'S COMET, SHOWING THE CURIOUS DISTORTION SUFFERED BY THE TAIL

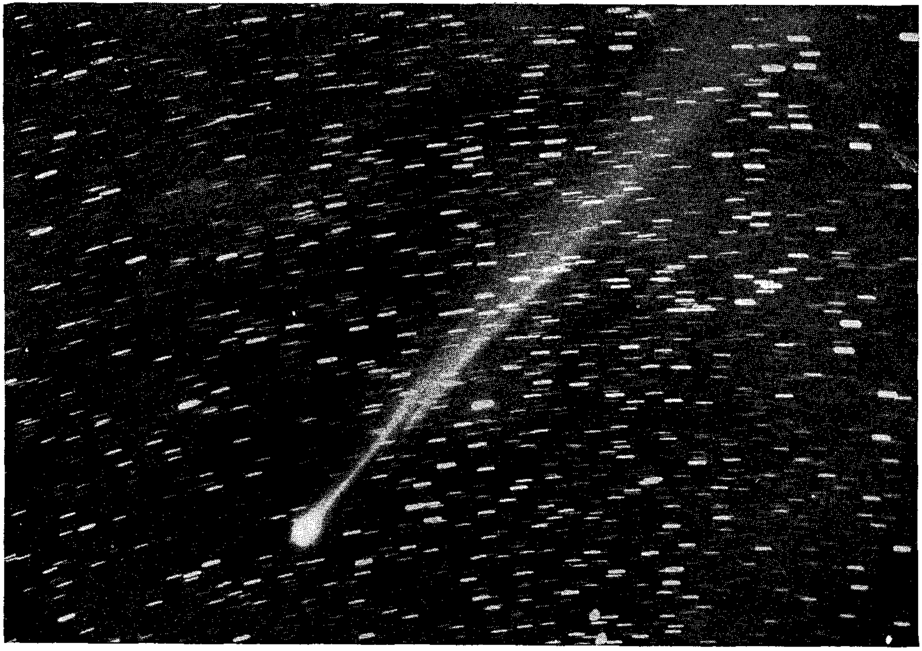
system, or through violent encounter with the sun's surroundings.

The luminous tail which streams behind the nucleus, and which Milton regarded as "horrid hair" that "shakes pestilence and war," is startling, to say the least. Despite a length which, as has been stated, may exceed a hundred million miles, it is so diaphanously light and subtile that it is difficult to compare it with any earthly fabric. The air that we breathe is a dense blanket in comparison. Several hundred cubic miles of the matter composing that wonderful luminous plume would not outweigh a jarful of air. By reason of its fairy lightness, it is possible for a tail occupying a volume thousands of times greater than the sun to sweep through our solar system without causing any perturbations in planetary movements. The earth itself has on more than one occasion plowed through a comet's tail, and no one was the wiser until the astronomers announced the fact, months later, when they had finished their computations.

Because comets have whisked us with their tails it must not be inferred that collisions with fiery wanderers are likely to occur. Such cataclysms happen only in Jules Verne's novels and in the Sunday newspaper. The alarming possibilities of a collision were appreciated long before the days of sensational journalism. When Olbers calculated that Biela's Comet would pass through the earth's orbit in 1832, a panic ensued. No one thought of inquiring where the earth would be. It was not until Arago reassuringly figured out that the earth would be 50,000,000 miles away when the passage did take place that the run on human emotion was stopped and confidence restored. The chances in favor of a collision are roughly one to 281,000,000, and then only once in fifteen million years. A blind sportsman, bent on duck-shooting, stands a better chance of hitting his target than the earth of ramming a comet.

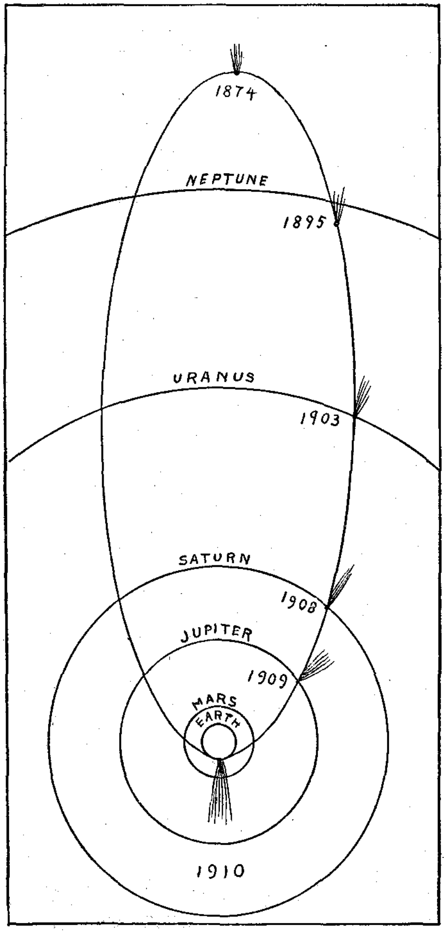
No celestial phenomenon has caused more perplexity than the ghostly sheaf of light we call a comet's tail. In a day, in a few hours even, the form of that wonderful gossamer may change. Hence it is that periodic comets are identified when they return, not by the length and arch of their tails, but by their orbits. These alone are permanent. When a comet is first seen in the telescope, it appears as a diminutive filmy patch, often unadorned by any tail. As it travels on toward the sun, at a speed compared with which a modern rifle bullet would seem to crawl, violent eruptions occur in the nucleus. The ejected matter is bent back to form the cloak called the "coma." With a nearer approach to the sun, the tail begins to sprout, increasing in size and brightness as it proceeds. Evidently there is some connection between the sun and the tail, something akin to cause and effect. When the comet rushes on toward the sun, invariably the tail drifts behind the nucleus like the smoke from a locomotive. But when the comet swings around the sun and travels away from it, a startling change takes place. The tail no longer trails behind, but projects in front, as if some mighty solar wind were blowing it in advance of the head. The phenomenon has long been an astronomical riddle. Here was a kind of matter that refused to obey the laws of gravitation and yield to the enormous pull of the sun. It was thought for a time that the tail was flung away from the sun by stupendous repelling electrical forces. That electricity plays its part in the formation of the fairy plume is conceivable, and even probable; but recently the physicist has discovered a new source of repellent energy which very plausibly explains the mystery of a comet's tail. This new source of energy is nothing less than the pressure or push of the sun's light. Solar gravitation is a force more powerful than many of us perhaps realize. If it were possible for you to live on the sun, you would find yourself pulled down so violently that your body would weigh two tons. Your clothing alone would weigh more than one hundred pounds. Running would be a very difficult athletic feat. Light pressure must indeed be powerful if it can conquer so relentless a force.

Because we have never seen objects torn from our hands by the pressure of light, it may be inferred that this newly discovered force affects only bodies that are invisibly small. With the aid of instruments that feel what our hands can never feel and see what our eyes can never see, the modern physicist has critically analyzed the radiation that beats



GIACOBINI'S REMARKABLE COMET

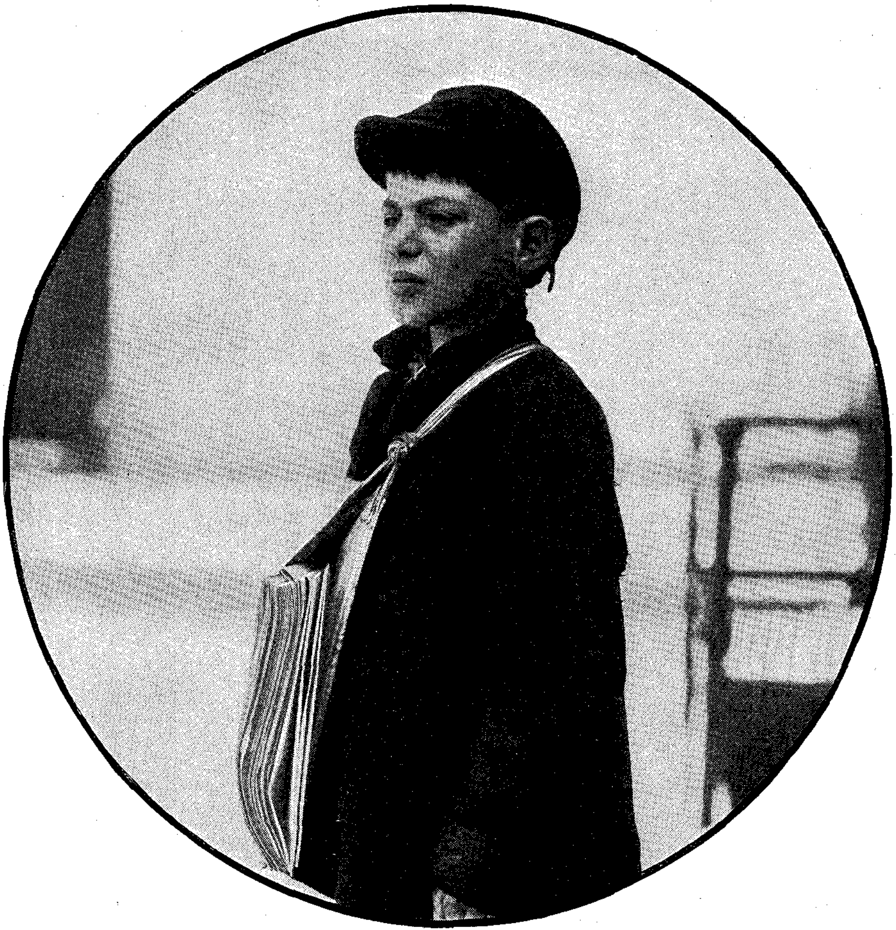
upon the earth from the distant sun. That light really does sway infinitely small particles was first experimentally proved by the Russian Lebedev. Two Americans, Nichols and Hull, improved upon his method. They cast the solar effulgence into mighty mathematical scales and found that the earth sustains a light load of no less than 75,000 tons. It remained for the broad mind of a Swedish physicist, Svante Arrhenius, to apply the principle of light pressure cosmically, and to explain, very simply, that because a comet's tail is composed of a very fine dust it can easily be driven away from the sun by radiation pressure. To understand how it is possible for so immaterial a thing as a sunbeam to produce so huge an effect, we have only to take a very simple example. Assume that you have before you a block of wood weighing one pound. The block exposes a certain amount of surface to the sun's light. Saw the block in half, and you increase the amount of that surface. Divide each half again into half, and the exposed surface is further augmented. If this process of subdivision is carried on far enough, the block will be reduced to sawdust. The entire mass of sawdust still weighs one pound; but its surface has been vastly enlarged. Indeed, the particles of sawdust, individually considered, may be said to consist of much surface and very little weight. If it were possible to take each granule of visible sawdust and subdivide it into invisible particles, a point would be reached where the pressure of light would exactly counterbalance the pull of gravitation, so that the particles would remain suspended in space, perfectly balanced in the scale of opposing cosmic forces. Finally, if the subdivision be continued beyond this critical point, the particles will be wrenched away from the grip of gravitation and hurled out into space by the pressure of light.



THE ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET, WHICH IT PASSES OVER IN 75 TO 77 YEARS

So much has been discovered about the particles that compose a comet's tail that the more progressive scientists of our day have accepted this ingenious theory. It has been discovered, for example, that the delicate tresses of a comet are to a large extent composed of fine particles of dust and soot.

Before we can completely accept the view that light pressure forms this train of soot we must ascertain whether the pressure of light is capable of accounting for the flash-like rapidity with which a comet's tail changes. A comet may throw out a tail sixty million miles long in two days. Is it actually possible for light pressure to accomplish that astonishing feat? Arrhenius has computed that 865,000 miles an hour is the speed of a light-flung particle of one-half the critical diameter. Because they are only one-eighteenth as large as this particle of critical diameter, cometary dust grains would be propelled over the same 865,000 miles in less than four minutes. It follows that the solar radiation would experience no difficulty in tossing out a tail of sixty million miles in two days.



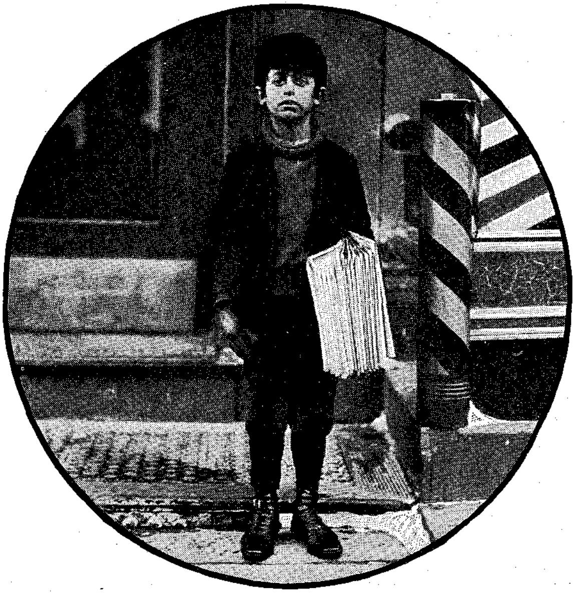
TONY

Day Laborers Before Their Time

A Story in Pictures by Lewis W. Hine
of the National Child Labor Committee

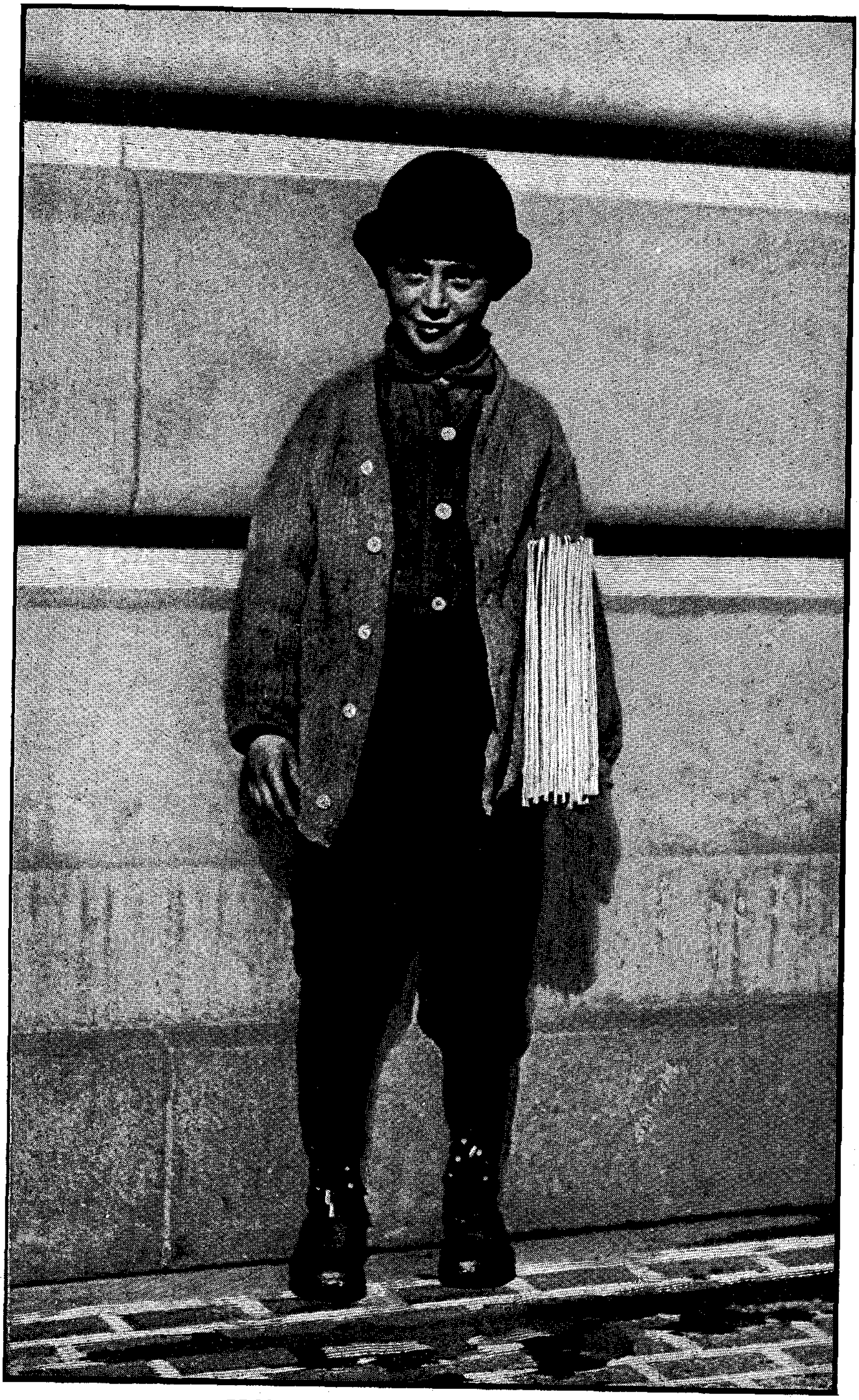
FOREWORD

Hartford, the capital of the State of Connecticut, is one of the most prosperous and beautiful cities in New England—and New England is not uncommonly nor unreasonably supposed to be the most enlightened section of the United States. The figures of the last census gave the city a population of eighty thousand inhabitants, and its unusual wealth is indicated by the single fact that the total assets of the fire and life insurance companies which have their head offices in Hartford and are the creation of Hartford capital and skill amount to one hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars. Hartford is the seat of Trinity College and one of the chief theological seminaries of the Congregational Church; moreover, its public school system is an admirable one, and it spends annually on these schools a sum amounting to between three and four hundred thousand dollars. Thomas Hooker, the famous clergyman and statesman of colonial times, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England, in 1608, was a citizen of Hartford, and is by some historians called the father of American democracy, which gives Hartford an excellent claim to the title of being the birthplace of that democracy. If, with all these historical, social, and material advantages, such conditions can prevail among the newsboys and newsgirls of Hartford as are portrayed in the accompanying illustrations from life, no argument needs to be stated to prove the need of such an organization as the National Child Labor Committee, in the process of some of whose investigations the photographs were taken upon the streets of Hartford. Under the auspices of the State Consumers' League and the National Child Labor Committee, a bill was introduced last winter to remedy some of these conditions, but it was rejected by the State Senate. Our able contemporary the Survey points out the significant fact that on the same day that this bill was rejected the Connecticut Senate passed a bill providing that women and children may be employed in shops and department stores every night of the year until ten o'clock, and without any limit whatever as to hours of work in the week preceding Christmas. No doubt there are other cities where the conditions of newsboys and newsgirls are quite as bad as those prevailing in Hartford, but the retort of *tu quoque* will not serve to remove from Hartford the distinction of setting to-day a typical if not a flagrant example of American indifference to the welfare of children made day-laborers before their time.—THE EDITORS.

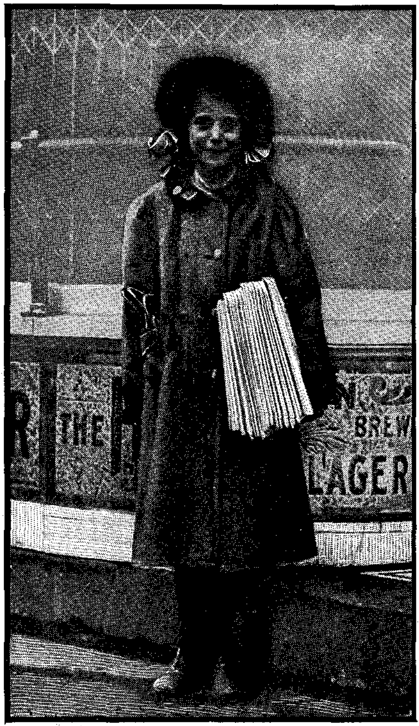


TOMMY, NINE YEARS OLD

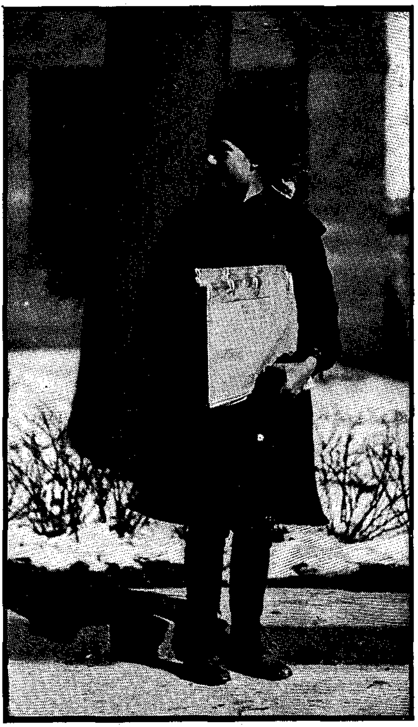
Began selling papers when seven years old



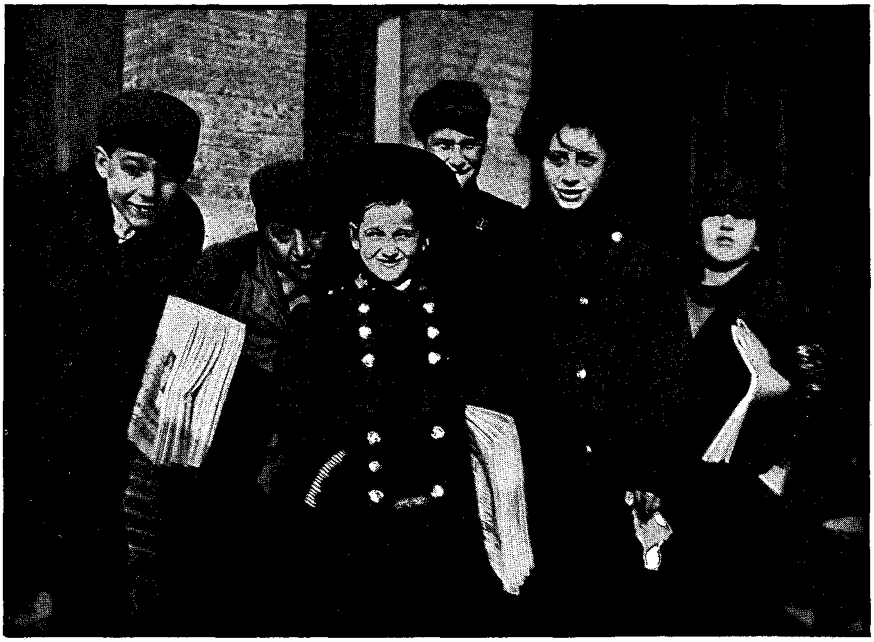
PROSPEROUS BUT TOO SOPHISTICATED



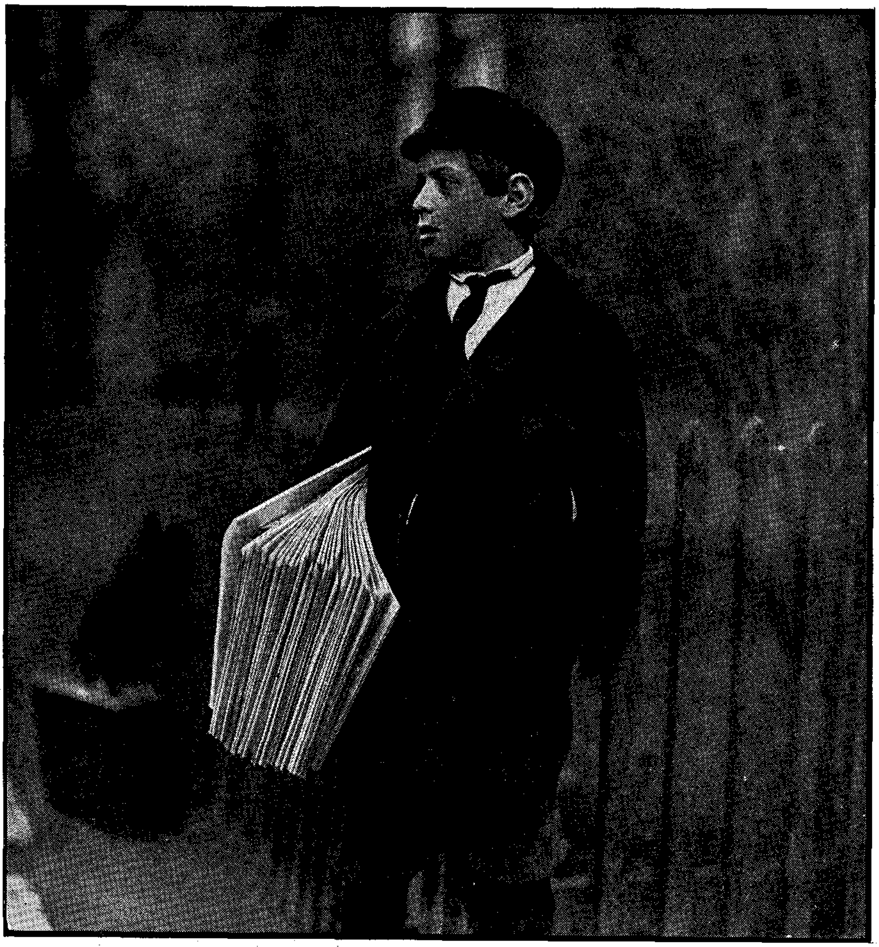
WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM SUCH AN ENVIRONMENT?



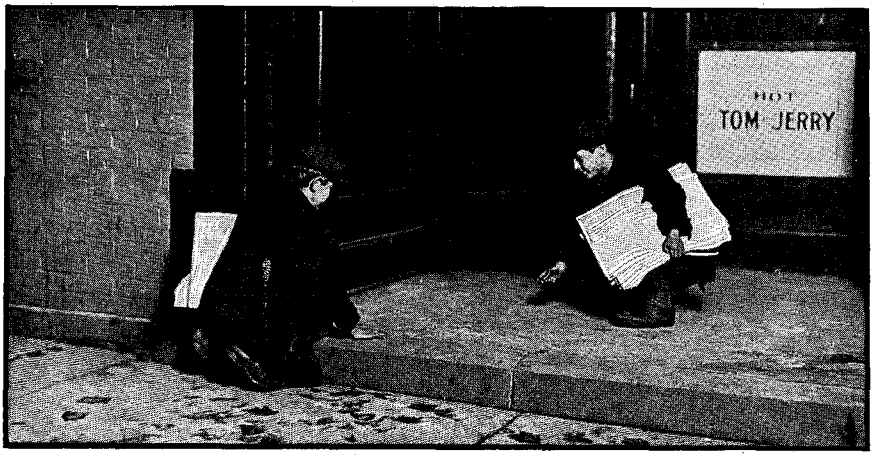
TWELVE YEARS OLD. SHE HAS BEEN IN THE BUSINESS ONE YEAR



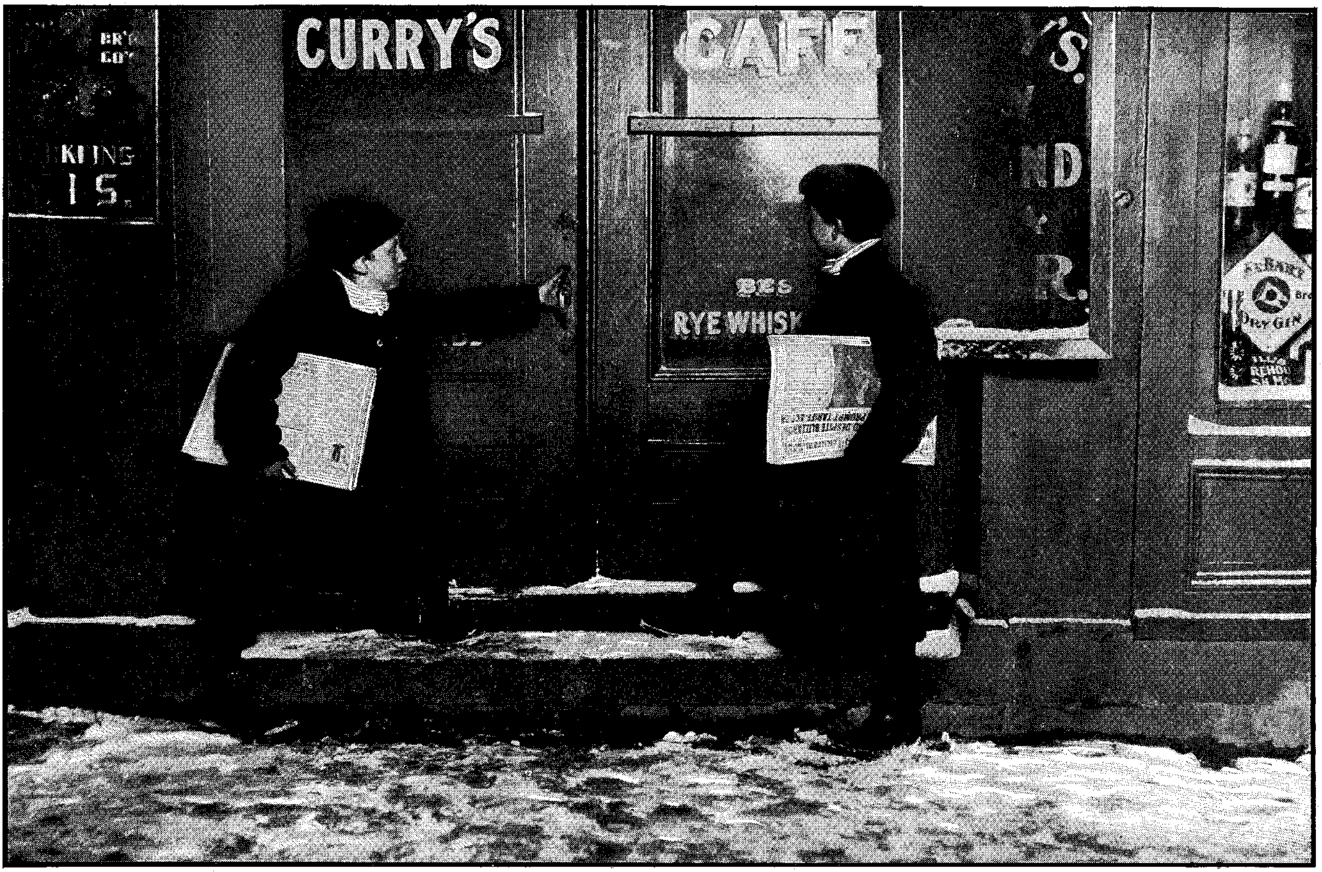
A NINE-YEAR-OLD NEWSGIRL IN HARTFORD AND HER ASSOCIATES
She has been selling for two years. Works until eight in the evening



SEVEN A.M. SELLING PAPERS BEFORE SCHOOL

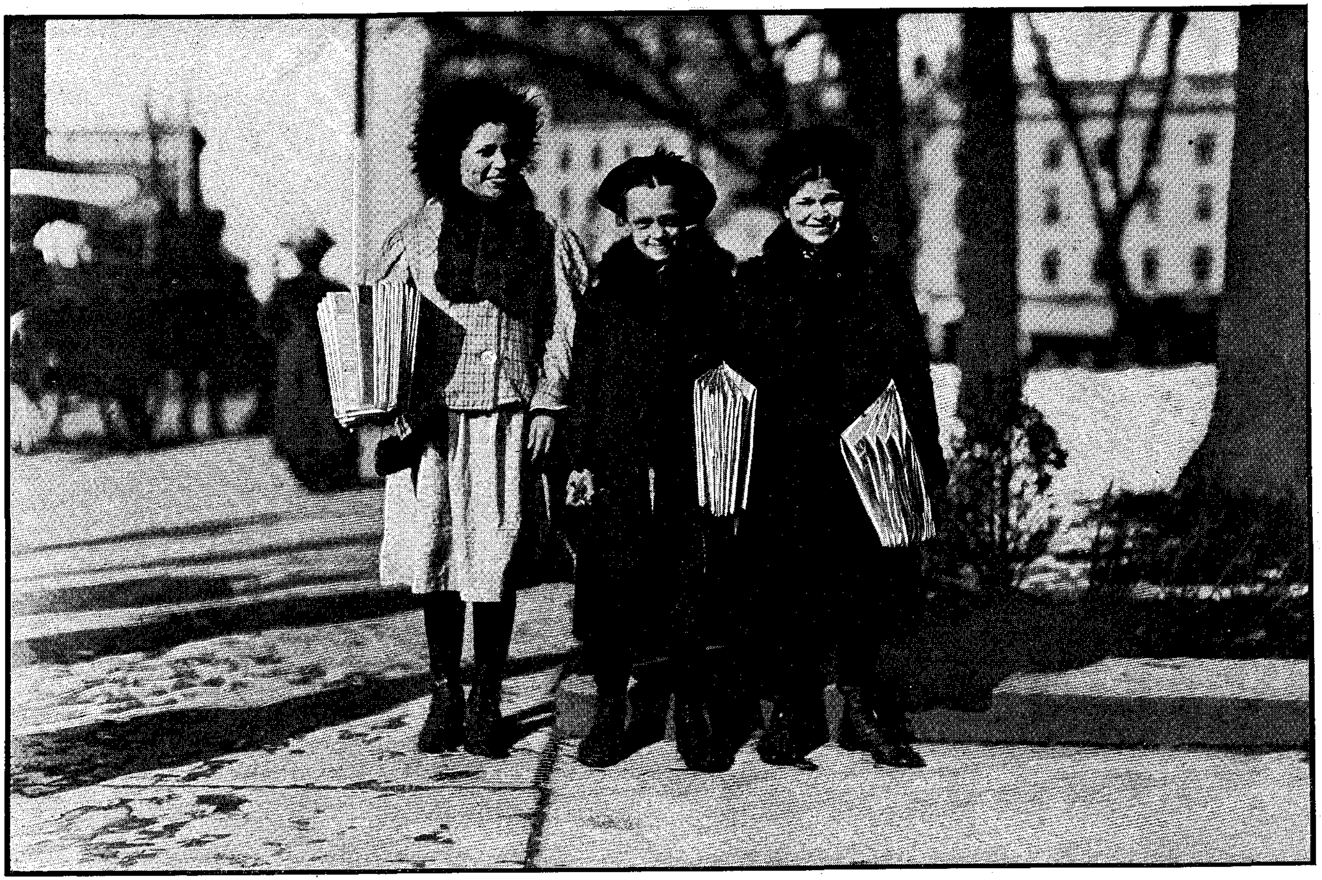

HOT
TOM JERRY

EIGHT AND TEN YEARS OLD
They have been at it two years

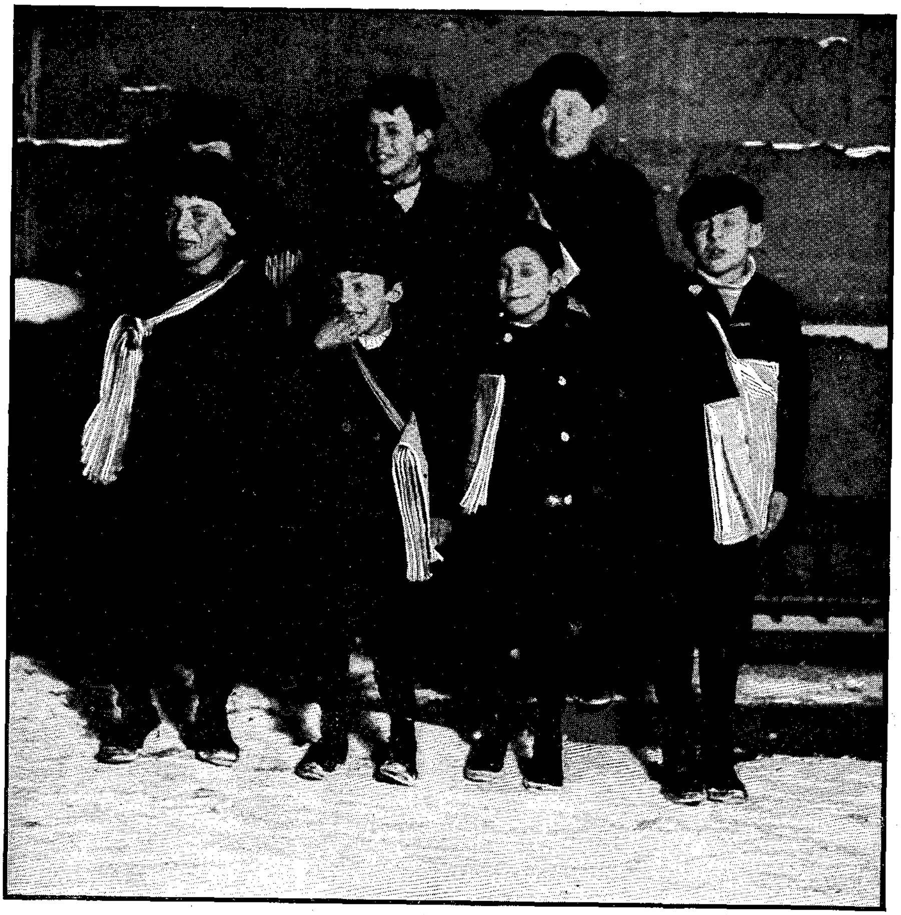

CURRY'S
CAFE
RYE WHISK
KING
15
DRY GIN

A TYPICAL CASE OF TEAM WORK. TEN P.M.

The older brother waits outside the saloon with a supply of papers while the younger one goes in with one paper and a "pitiful tale." He says, "Dey buy me out so I kin go home. Drunks is me best customers"

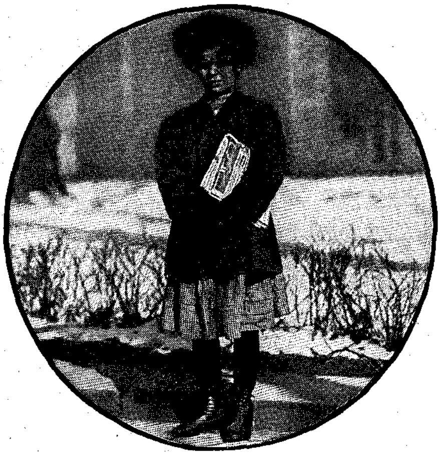


THESE GIRLS HAVE BEEN SELLING PAPERS FOR SEVERAL YEARS
They show the effects of the street life. Here is an educational problem



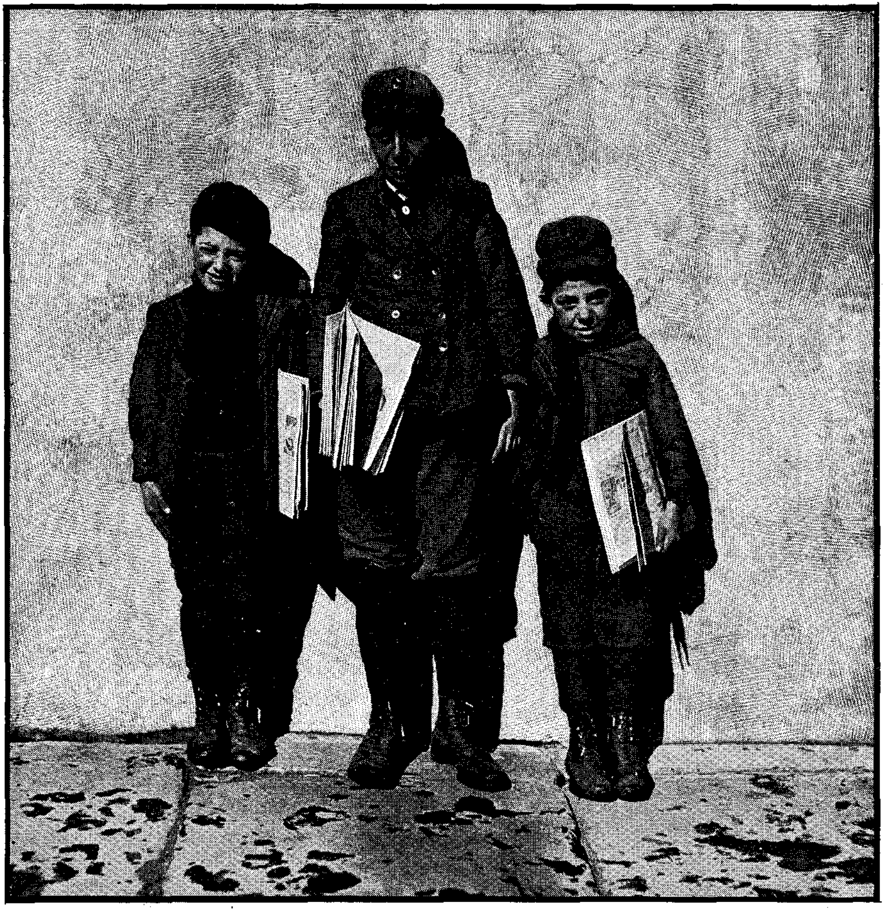
AT NINE P.M.

The smallest boy began his business career when five years old. The boys all sell late at night



ELEVEN YEARS OLD

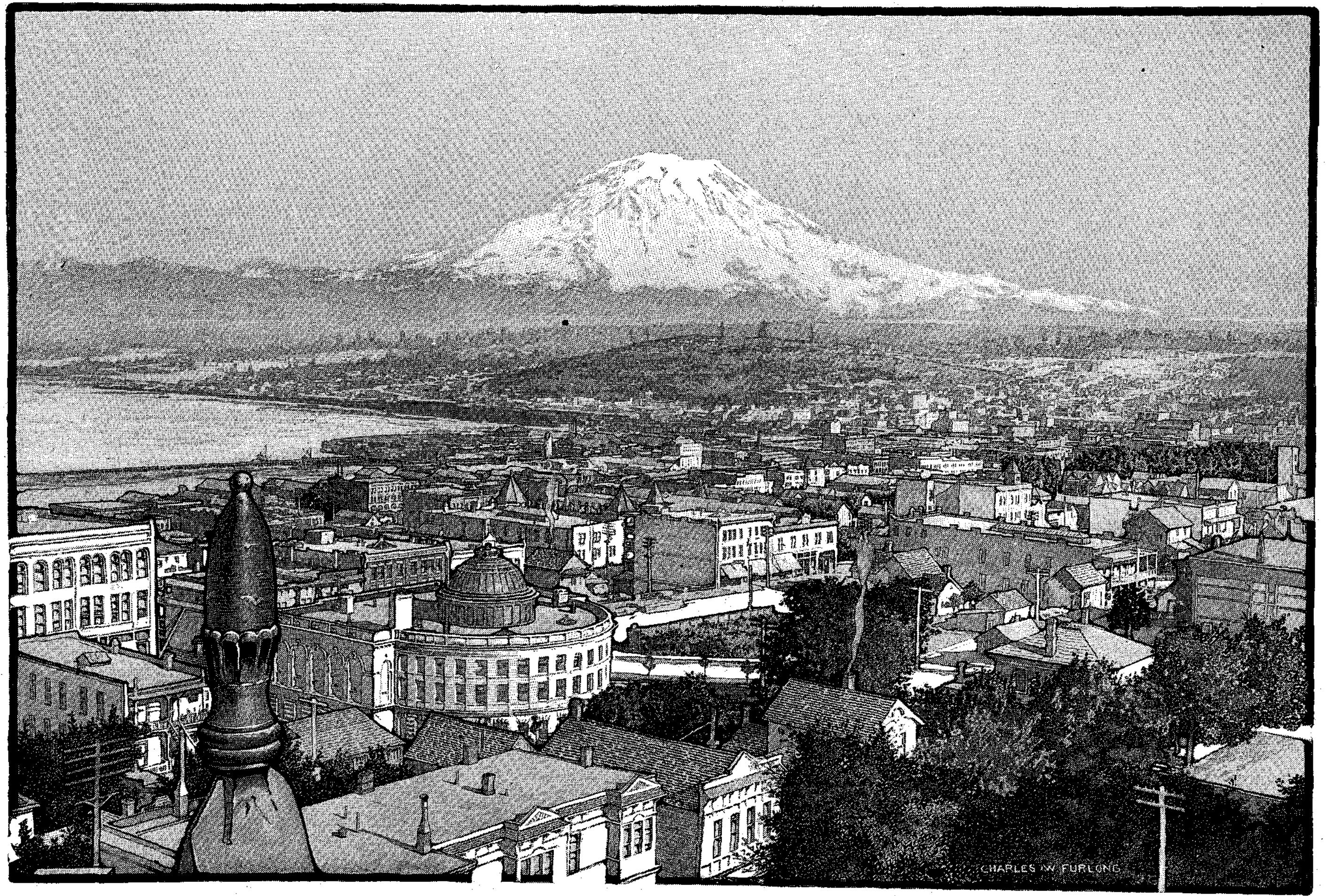
She must listen to the bad language at the news delivery office



THE TWINS BEGAN SELLING PAPERS WHEN SIX YEARS OLD

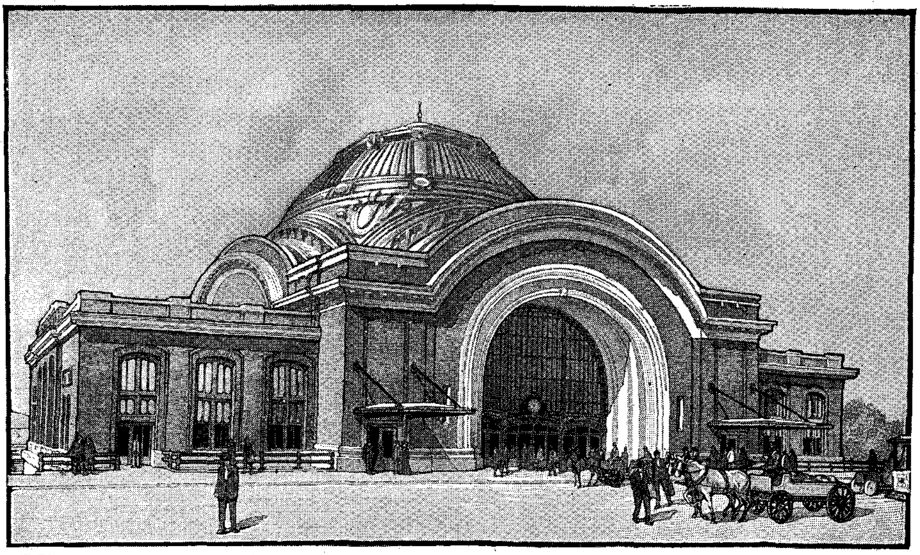
The older brother has been selling papers for seven years

"IT'S TOUGH TO START WORK SO EARLY!"


CHARLES W. FURLONG

MOUNT RAINIER FROM TACOMA

Here it is known as "Tacoma" Its streams supply both Seattle and Tacoma with limitless amounts of electric power



THE PROPOSED RAILWAY STATION AT TACOMA

The Last Northwest

By John Foster Carr

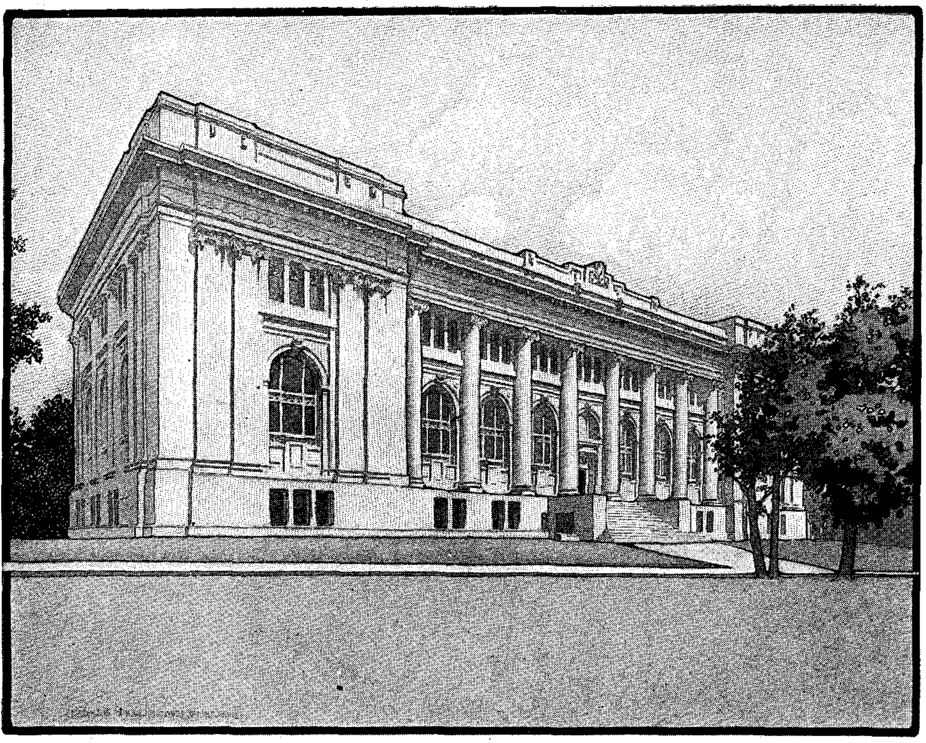
With Drawings by Charles Wellington Furlong

EVEN for the West it is a land of immensities. The Pilgrim Fathers, when they descended upon Plymouth Rock, needed nothing for the development of the small, gaunt country they saw before them but rude spade and a plow primitive as the one Triptolemus, first farmer-inventor, hewed from a log for the earth's scratching. There ax and single hand-saw sufficed for the felling of the largest trees. But this enormous country demands the power of twentieth-century machinery and methods for its peopling. And these are not enough until gigantically transformed, for even the ways of our modern and progressive East are here pygmy and useless. Yet it is a country of the American born and the American descended, of men using characteristic Yankee wit in great feats conquering Nature.

Where else would you find such an invention as the "wind-jammer scow," whose sails, when winds are adverse, can be set in the water to take advantage of the current? And here, too, old ways are disastrous. A veritable coroner's verdict, unimpeached for truth in this land of tall stories, records the death of a new homesteader of plodding patience who undertook to clear his piece of timber land alone and by hand. After hours of work upon a half-decayed ancient of the forest, his ax had barely cut to the actual wood when a huge mass of the fissured bark, a foot thick, fell off, crushing him under tons of its soggy fiber.

You forever hear new figures of heroic labors. A mill that cuts less than a quarter of a million feet of timber a day is certainly ready for the scrap-heap. And a single haul of salmon that does not count twenty thousand fish will find no mention in the columns of the Puyallup Tribune. It is a place where even braggarts "make good," and a dull man of no imagination, could you find one, would still be doing big and ambitious things, because that is a natural part of the daily way. Here all life is magnified to a new Brobdingnag.

The character itself of this vast country



THE SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY
Cost $300,000. Contains 75,000 volumes

has determined the quality of the men who have settled it—men well fitted to deal with Nature in the large. East of the Cascades were the boundless deserts that great schemes of irrigation were to turn into miraculous gardens and orchards, yielding fruit that for quantity and prodigious size was still unknown in the world. West of the Cascades, and sloping to the waters of Puget Sound and of the Pacific, were the titanic forests and the fish-swarming rivers.

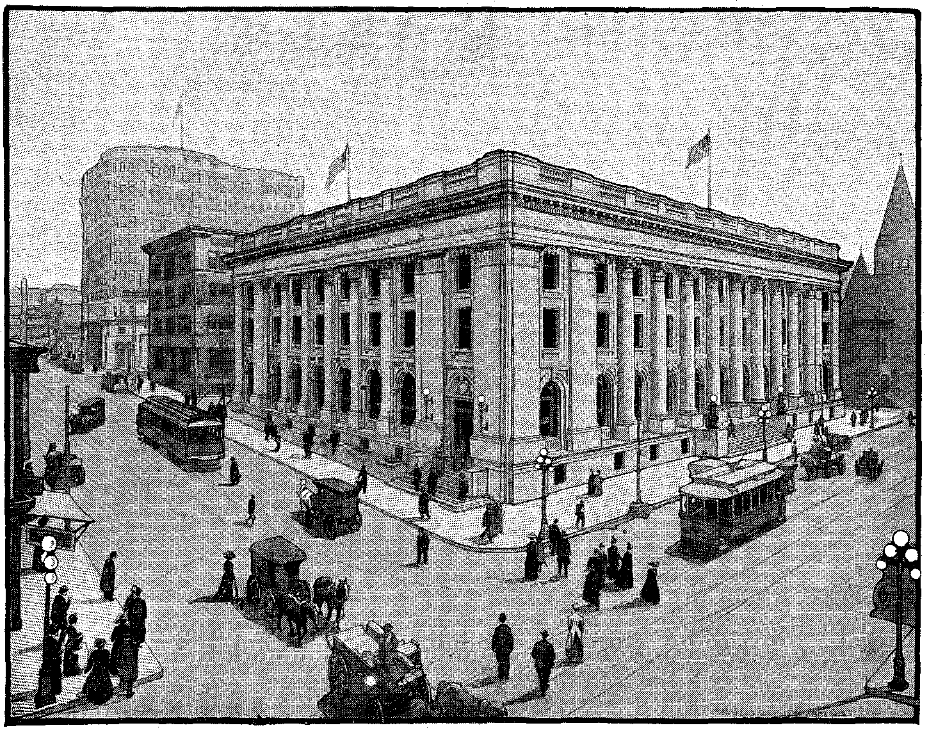
The eloquent promoter will tell you that the State of Washington has five great natural resources, any one of which would give it first rank in wealth. This "Evergreen State," with its millions of giant trees—fir, cedar, spruce—has more splendid forests than ever Michigan had, and so is the first of all our lumber producers, with the largest sawmills in the world. Its deposits of coal, league-long, rival the immense mines of Pennsylvania. Even Maine could never boast of such fisheries, and Tacoma to-day is shipping halibut, carloads of it, to Gloucester, Massachusetts. Washington, your demonstrator will say, has untouched mineral wealth second only to that of Colorado. And as for agriculture, nothing on earth can compare with the prolific wonders of the Big Bend country and the Yakima Valley. It is intensive agriculture in wholesale, and inexhaustible you may call the soil, for it is sometimes eighteen feet in depth, every year further enriched by the fertilizing waters from the mountains. Here the growing of things is done in the perfection of the old farmer's dream. Irrigation gives the crops always the exact amount of water they need, and a damaging fall of temperature is unheard of. If you are the doubting Thomas of Missouri, you will have these claims well proved to you from the State book of statistics, "published under legislative authority."

It is nowhere truer than in Washington that the increase of the wealth of our country in its settlement has come more from a looting of Nature than from the productive work of men. Wealth has grown in bartering the resources of the land for money and labor. And here this astonishing development of it has all been recent—the work of much less than twenty years. Not until 1893 did "Jim" Hill's Great Northern work its way over the Rockies, and bring the first bustling thousands to the sparse settlements of Puget Sound. The rush to Alaska and its gold did not begin until 1897, and it was later still when the people of Puget Sound began to talk in a big way about Oriental trade and "the world's greatest struggle for National and commercial supremacy."

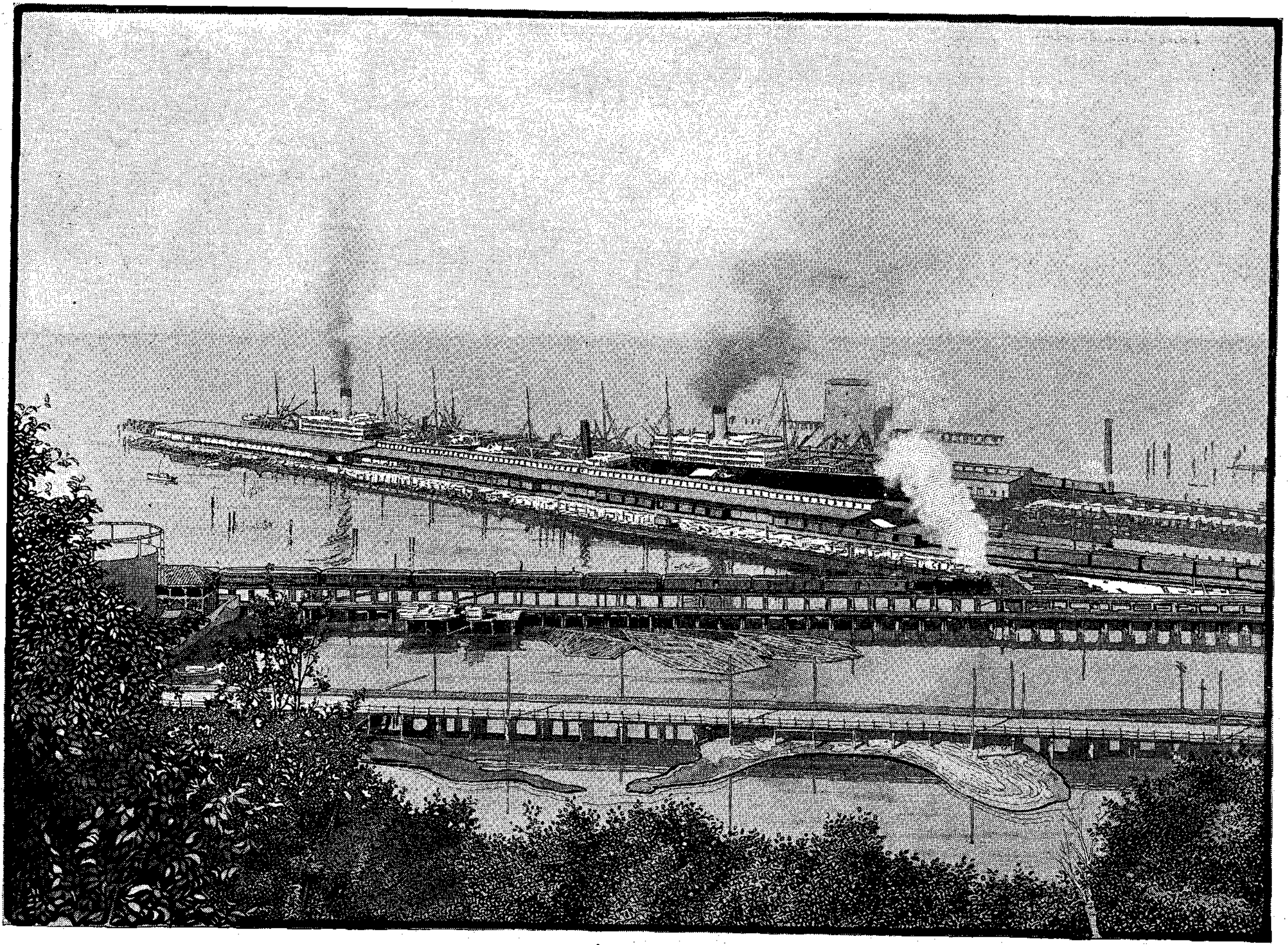
The men who swarmed to the Pacific after 1893 prided themselves on being "up to date," and they speedily transformed the typical Western peoples that they found dwelling about the waters of Puget Sound. They hated the rawness of the frontier. Long hair upon a man seemed to them as shameful as it did to the Apostle, and soon became as out of fashion as knee-breeches and cocked hats. They had small tolerance for the free-and-easy ways of the old West—the "Wild West"—and that soon became extinct. Gaming houses they found in full blast along the coast; but gambling they at once made a felony; rewards were paid to informers, and, after a brief struggle, this public evil was completely abolished. They wrought a striking change in the towns of Puget Sound, yet something of the original freedom of the West remained to stamp their independence and put a seal of distinctive character upon them. Its adventurous spirit was their own, and has quickened all their daily work.

This whole Northwestern country lives so by itself that its marks of individuality are immeasurably deepened. It is a land far away from the rest of us, and that, for one thing, points the difference. In New York we are apt to think that St. Paul is on the borders of the extreme West. But in St. Paul they talk as if the whole continent lay to the westward; and the nomad farmers who leave its grimy station for even the prairies of the Dakotas seem bent upon a long journey, and are vaguely called "settlers." Those who are bound for the coast of the Pacific have indeed set their faces toward a far country, and for their emigrant enterprise are dubbed "colonists."

And the land and the men as you see them to-day? This Northern Pacific slope has the climate of an England.



A BUSINESS CENTER OF SEATTLE
The Federal and White Buildings on Union Street



SEATTLE'S GREAT DOCKS

Showing the [illegible]

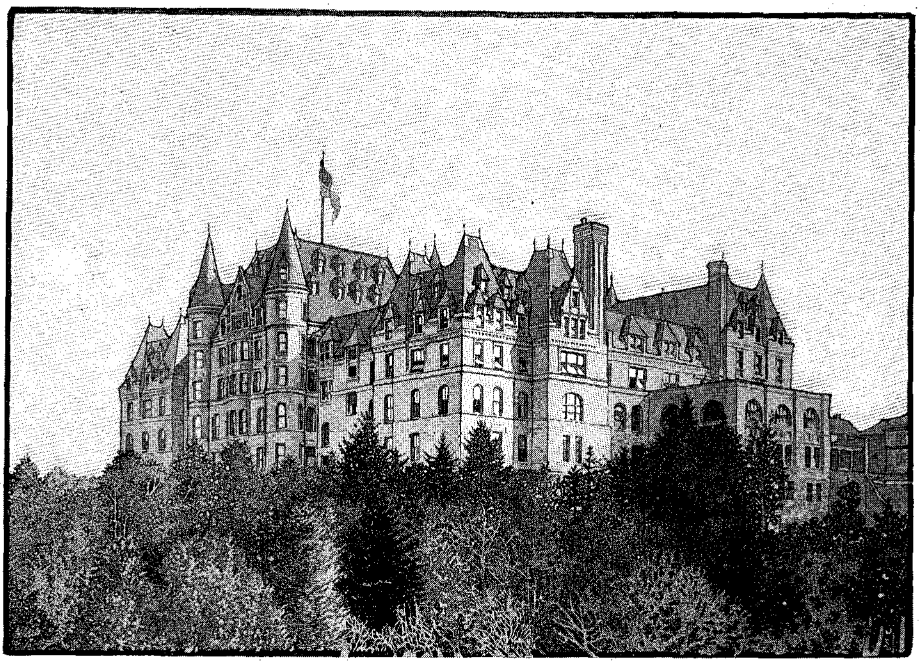
The grass is green all the year round; roses bloom in the gardens until January. The people have the ruddy cheeks of the Briton, and live much in the free out-of-doors. It is a land nine months April and three months May. No one fears the rain. In San Francisco a Scotch mist will drive the longshoremen to the shelter of the sheds. But in Tacoma the great gangs of men work on, loading the vessels in dock, uninterrupted by a heavy shower. In both Seattle and Tacoma during wet weather the free-stepping women, in much elegance of dress, go intrepidly on with their shopping despite the steady drizzle. Their scorn of an umbrella is general.

In this new element—the only one worth talking about—the oldest pioneer is not yet touched by age. Old men in Washington are lost in the crowd of youth. For once in our history, our frontiersmen are business men—young business men, with the full equipment of modern industrial life. They have a desperate impatience of authority and tradition, but, for all this, they adopt unhesitatingly many traditional Eastern ways. Speed is the thing, and immediate comforts and conveniences. In the suburbs of Tacoma and Seattle, and in the new small towns, besides some palaces of homes, little snug houses go up like magic, repeating neatly but endlessly the bungalows and cottages that are pictured with architectural drawings in the ladies' monthly magazines. In the larger cities you find reproduced the finest architecture of the East, and the sky-scrapers, while the resemblance extends to theaters, police, city ordinances, department stores.

They are "colonists" of prodigal energy, carrying with them our ready-made civilization. As yet society has escaped artificial organization; and, though Socialism is often debated publicly and labor unions have their successes to boast, like as not you will run across a frank individualist who will tell you: "The East is the place for unions—dependent men who can't stand alone."

You see much that is distinctive as you walk up the busy main streets—Second Avenue in Seattle, C street in Tacoma. As for the setting of it all, you might be in any one of the more beautiful and progressive cities of the Middle West. But the moving people have a dash and alertness like college boys on the run. There are no lank, bronzed, rough-clothed men, such as you thought to see, for here even the lumberman is usually a well-dressed business man who has developed his industry to the quick and intricate detail of a New Haven cutlery factory. After a first day's hard sightseeing the great note of strangeness that has struck you will be a group of Siwash Indians—squaws in flaming shawls, huddled, barefooted and bareheaded, with baskets and grass mats by the great entrance of the Burke Building. They squat there, stolidly silent and inattentive, the full tide of metropolitan life swirling by. Then, just to remind you that the Orient is here at the door, you will see many Japanese with their mincing, stilted walk, and now and then a red-turbaned Hindu. One woman in a hundred, perhaps, wears a cowboy's hat, but there is an emphatic note of fashion in the crowd, and behind the shining plate glass of the department store windows elegant opera cloaks are as much in evidence as in the shops of New York's Fifth Avenue. And in your hotel lobby you will see the gaudy poster of the Horse Show hanging beside the gray-swirled, new-art placard of the Choral-Symphony Society.

But you are here in a world of hustle. And here, certainly, you get little of the traveler's joy in the patronage of his superior knowledge. You see little you could easily better. These people of the Pacific cities know the best and cleverest that has been done elsewhere. And they take their knowledge as a matter of course. New York has a provincialism it glories in and thinks cosmic. Chicago is provincial, for it has become ignorant of the West and is regardless of the East. But the business man of Seattle and Tacoma knows the whole United States and keeps well informed as to all its great activities—commercial, political, and social. Generally he has come from an Eastern city and is in close touch with every side of the industrial movement of the East; he is up to the latest wrinkles of business system. His outlook and grasp are National. He knows what is being done at Washington, not solely from the stand-



TACOMA HIGH SCHOOL

The largest High School west of New York

point of special interest, as it is so often known in the East, but with its bearing upon the entire country. Yet, for all his hardy enterprise and practical keenness, through wide experience of travel he has a decided taste for luxury, good living, and amusement. He has patronized every famous restaurant from Casa Verdugo, in Los Angeles, to Boston's old-time hostelry. He knows the hurly-burly of election night in Herald Square and the wild gayety of the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. After the stress of business he selects for his diversion the latest farce-comedy from Broadway.

If ever a man was cosmopolitan, he is the one. On the main street of Seattle there are six shining, brass-trimmed news-carts, jogging about, making brisk sale of papers from all over the United States—Memphis, New London, St. Jo. "All the news from your home town" is the cry. To the hundredth time you have it forced upon you that you are in a very land of strangers; still this eagerness for news of far-distant places is astounding. Your head whirls with lightning-flash, zigzag journeys over the globe as you skim the long alphabetical list. You can buy here "the latest papers" from Athens, Calcutta, Glasgow, London, Nome, Paris, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Sydney, Tokyo!

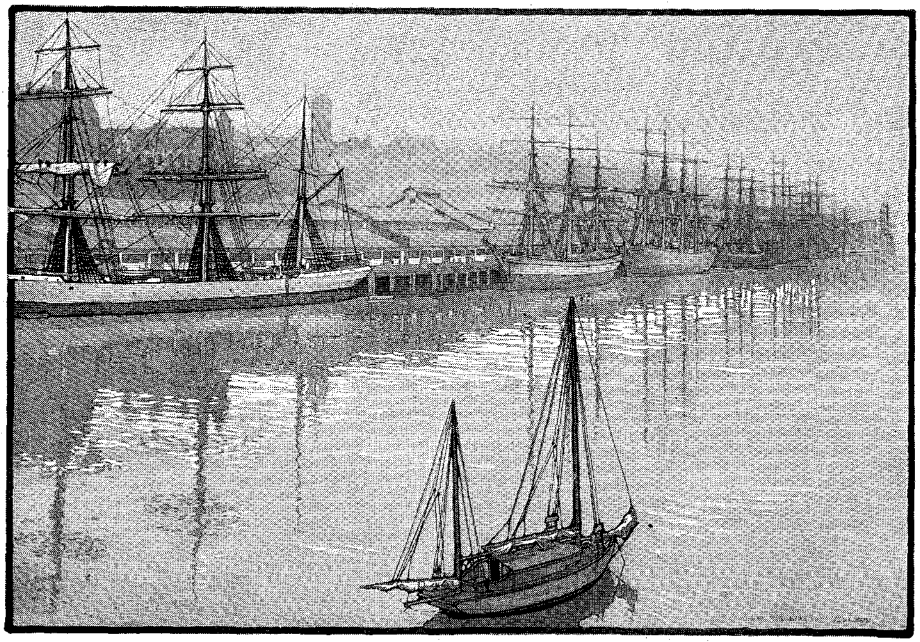
The rich show of productive wealth masses on every side of you—tremendous wealth that has been largely developed here from the country's own raw treasures, and mostly within a decade. In part it is the result of the development that our wisest economists are teaching us to call "destruction of resources;" but in Washington Nature is as bountiful as the good *jinn*, and so this is the work that still occupies the greater energies of the people, and is being pressed forward with urging zeal. And note the striking fact that this very wealth, so created, is of chief use as a weapon for effecting much greater conquests.

Tacoma and Seattle, twin cities of Puget Sound, and deadly rivals, are not merely centers of supplies in capital, labor, and material for the working of the rich lands that lie to their immediate East. The enterprise of 1909 travels far overseas, and the future is astonishingly bound up with ventures toward the North and toward a yet farther West. The South, it is true, interests both cities, and you will hear talk of a coming "rich South American commerce." And every one agrees that the Panama Canal will add gloriously to the shipping of Puget Sound. But it is Alaska and the Orient that to-day excite the imagination of these ready adventurers of trade.

Even now there is a splendid commerce direct with Asia, pushed by every device of modern method; and of this it is no disparagement to say that the great Exposition at Seattle is in large part a keenly planned advertisement. A frank but not sentimental recognition of the claims of human brotherhood, as well as commercial necessities, has created a distinct trade alliance between Puget Sound and the Orient.

Seattle, at the very beginning, stood like a wall against anti-Chinese agitation. Later, when San Francisco was mobbing the Japanese, Seattle was cultivating their friendship—giving public dinners of its Asiatic Society, seeing without jealousy Japanese boys winning many prizes in its schools. And from that historic noon when the whole city stopped work and, with the chantey cry of "Everybody helps," raised more than six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Exposition before nightfall, its popularity in the Orient has steadily grown. The deputation sent to Japan on behalf of the Exposition did much to allay anti-American feeling among the Japanese and confirm the prestige of Puget Sound. And chance has helped. The earthquake and the wrecking of docks and railway terminals in San Francisco sent shipping to Seattle and Tacoma, a good share of which was retained when experience proved the economy of the new route; for these two cities are hundreds of miles nearer Yokohama than San Francisco.

To these shrewd merchants the trade of Asia is no vague and willful dream. They have practically studied the tastes and customs of the Orient, and they make its news prominent in their papers. They know Asia, as they need to know it, in the exact possibilities of trade. They know that the Chinaman, who earns only a few cents a day, will not in the immediate future create a great new market for Grand Rapids furniture and automobiles, but that the bulk of his buying will be in the simple staples. And as you talk to them the nearness of the lands that are six thousand miles away over the sea grows as surprising as their familiarity with each one of these transpacific countries. The first thing you see in the low-timbered parlors of the Rainier Club—a social club, indeed, yet cherishing the single object of



TACOMA'S GREAT DOCK
The longest dock in the world

organizing business life to the greater glory of Seattle—is a huge globe of the world brilliantly illuminated by a hooded light. And you may hear there, as I did, a knot of smokers discussing a concession in Siam; others, the prospects for milling in Japan.

With the banding of these merchants for their trade conquest of Asia there is back of the mind always the belief that there we must dominate politically as well as industrially, and this by virtue of our position, our National wealth and power. During the last few years we of the Eastern States have been more absorbed in the problems that are narrowly National. But on the Northwestern coast the outlook remains broadly international, as it was for the whole Republic during the secretaryship of John Hay.

Now and again our newspapers print odd paragraphs about Oriental trade. But they rarely touch the dominant phase of the gigantic process that in a few decades is powerfully changing the life of all Asia to some approximation of the standards of our Occident. Our imports have little significance, for they are largely the same as those carried in the holds of New England sailing-ships a century ago—lacquer and bronzes, porcelain, silks and matting, teas, spices, camphor, hemp, and bamboo fishing-poles. But the other side tells the vital story, and even a statistical list of exports would give a key to the deeper meaning of the commerce.

Yet no tables of trade can ever give the full pulse of the interchange of National life. That fact I grasped one warm January afternoon on Tacoma's great dock, the longest in the world, as I watched the noisy, fast loading of the good ship Antilochus, of Liverpool. There were hundreds of bales of Oklahoma cotton, bound for Kobé. There were thousands of boxes of salmon and condensed milk. There were the squared mountain-heaps of white sacks of flour, branded with the blazing red sun of Japan. Endless trim bags of wheat raced up the track of the electric conveyer to the ship's rail, and, with a leap like a fox terrier, slid down the chute to the lowest deck. There were locomotives in parts, structural iron, mule shoes, bolts, nails, trolley wire, alarm clocks. There were cradled rolls of newspaper stock, soap-tallow in casks, and, replacing in part the thousands of bamboo-hooped barrels of cement from Japan, there was in full evidence American beer, and—strangely enough—a hundred cases of English ale. So cargoed, fleets of heavy English tramps, new-built Japanese liners, monster Minnesotas, are ceaselessly carrying our twentieth-century life, young and strenuous-blooded, to the ancient drowsing Orient.

But all this is only a part, and, for present importance, almost a minor part, of the great activities of these people of the Puget Sound cities. The expansion of the Republic to the last Northwest, the looming of Alaska, is the thing of overwhelming interest. It is this "Northern Empire" of our greater America that has hurried the building of these ambitious harbors and docks and sky-scrapers—the swift rushing of profitable trade rapidly adapting itself to new conditions, the development of an Arctic El Dorado.

Seattle itself is a perpetual Exposition for the exploitation of Alaska and the Canadian Yukon. On the signs along the clean new streets, in the crowded offices, it seems Alaska first, last, and all the time. Its claims are pushed by every taking device of modern advertising, and with the tense preaching zeal of a revivalist. The Alaska Club stocks the city with "literature" describing its glories—the treasures of gold, the wonders of scenery. There are picture post-cards galore, and native art from totem-poles to pocket curios. There are opportunities—you see them—for the hardy man to start life anew. There are untold rich dividends awaiting those with money to hazard; and everywhere you find the small investor. A waitress in the restaurant talks to a woman at her table about her claim to coal land. A little round-shouldered tailor who had amassed seven hundred dollars in six months, in spite of himself, he tells you, became with his quick savings an actual minor partner in a Nome grocery. Lucky speculators are legion. But, though money is made easily, it is constantly borne upon you that hard and killing work is the force that is transforming that far Northern wilderness, tunneling its mountains, spreading, and not all on paper, a net-work of railways along the old trails to the interior; building there cities, towns, villages; developing mines of many metals and great industries of fishing and lumber—hard work everywhere, backed by faith.

The best of this permanent exhibit of Seattle's is the people you meet from Alaska and the picture of their life you get from them. And certainly the exhibit is educational. The facts of growth are exultingly hurled at you, until you, too, rejoice in the impossible wonders wrought. Here was a worthless country that a Czar sold at a bargain, something less than two cents an acre. Its riches are almost untouched, yet every year its fisheries yield more than the original cost of the whole land. And already its trade with us more than doubles that of the Philippines.

Proud is the visiting Alaskan of his land, of the work that he is courageously helping along—organizing civilized modern life to the very shores of the Arctic. And earnest State builders are supreme in the Territory. They have "politics" and politicians, but an enlightened civic sense is behind progress. They have a large shifting population of miners, but nothing of the disorder of the old mining camp—no "bad men" anywhere. There are saloons and an occasional "game," but there are also the public schools and churches and hospitals. Nor is all life primitive. There are water-works, electric light plants, two well-equipped fire departments, even the familiar Sunday newspaper—the Nome Gold Digger—with a colored comic supplement.

Be in no doubt about the climate. You imagine it an ice-bound land of eternal snows. You are wrong. In the extreme north the winters are cold and long—and so they are in Norway and Sweden. But you can still have fresh vegetables, if you can pay for them, grown by steam and electric light. The year brings its changes, and even Klondike has a delightful summer; while in the south Alaska's capital has a winter "as mild as Washington, D. C." And there is proof abounding that Alaska is the gardener's paradise. Nowhere else could you find such giant vegetables. There are turnips weighing seven and a half pounds each; prize cabbages and cauliflower are photographed propped up against a yardstick. You hear of an Eden of flowers—anemones, heliotrope, bluebells, columbine, cyclamen, wild pink roses, violets, water lilies, and iris. You hear of balmy breezes, the wondrous magic of the warm current of Japan.

Once, for a double-shotted pun, Alaska was called "Walrussia"—and damaging was the derisory ode:

> "All ye icebergs make salaam,
> Ye belong to Uncle Sam."

It is never California, perhaps, but throughout great provinces outdoor living the year round is possible. And at the coldest men can still live healthily, happily, very profitably, for in Seattle the chief business of the Alaskan, as I saw it, is purchasing material for permanent homes. It is not all engines and mining machinery, furs, and the luxuries of single men. The shopper is a new benedict anxious and busy buying parlor furniture, sewing-machines, pianos, carriages and autos, jewelry, dress goods, paintings, and baby-carts.

In Alaska they call Seattle an Alaskan city, and with sufficient reason, because very largely it depends upon the Territory. Its builders have been in part the same, the same spirit has made it to-day the great glory of Puget Sound, and characteristic too is the stalwart faith of each. But Seattle had first to be. Back in the prehistoric days of the fifties, goes the story, a now nameless voyager, eager for discoveries, was cruising about the silent waters of Elliott Bay. Close inshore, one foggy night, he saw the glimmer of a fire. He expected to find Indians, when, to his shouted question, out of the darkness came a voice thundering: "This is New York, destined to be the greatest city of the Pacific coast!"

The lonely and courageous settler had chosen for his cabin a point of land the Indians called "Al-ki." The name means "by and by," but "by and by" was long in coming, and Seattle knew many struggling years. In the early eighties it was only a hopeful village of the nondescript Western type—a score of frame houses and stores straggling up a hill. Hardly had it grown to a town's estate when a fire burned it to the ground. It was rebuilt, and there came the panic of

1893. The Great Northern Railway crept down and brought a boom; and in Seattle, as in Everett, Bellingham, and Tacoma, the inhabitants' main, yet profitless, industry was slicing up the country into town lots. But the railway brought prosperity after the boom, and when later Alaska sped the news that on the evening of August 16, 1896, a gold nugget had been found on Bonanza Creek, immediately the rush to the North began, and from that day Seattle has grown amazingly.

Here are some straws of facts and figures to show how the gale of progress blows: Within five years the population of Seattle has doubled, and now counts two hundred and sixty thousand people. Business has prospered to an extraordinary degree, the current year breaking all records. Bank clearings to June 1 have amounted to more than two hundred million dollars, building permits to more than ten millions. Real estate, by the steady progress of ten years, has doubled, trebled, quadrupled, in value. Public building and city improvements have been hurried and finished, great engineering projects rapidly accomplished.

Seattle, like Rome, is built on seven hills. Yet hills handicap an American city of imperial dreams; and, in reducing their business streets to a single practicable plane, the people of Seattle have moved actual mountains, cutting away more earth than our army of excavators in Panama have dug in any one year. Over a long stretch they lowered ninety-five feet the level of one of their principal avenues. Yet in material achievements Seattle people are proudest of their churches and schools, their sixteen public playgrounds, their library and university.

In all these great works the gold of Alaska has mightily helped. By a hundred million and more it has poured into the city and through the city. It has raised sky-scrapers and built ships in yards that can produce, as they say, "anything from a catboat to a battle-ship." And this gold of Alaska has been set to work preparing a vastly greater future. The programme is the ambitious one of its first settler, and more: "Seattle is to be the third city in the United States within fifteen years." And there is a new world in creation, for "this is to be the century of Seattle and the Pacific, as the nineteenth was the century of the Atlantic and New York." "Just as sure as God made little apples!" The city father rapped it out, beating the desk with his fist.

Western civic enthusiasm is capable of great ardors. And these hopes were coldly discounted by the railways. Yet they, too, came to believe in the "future" and were soon racing each other to Puget Sound. Already four of these great transcontinental systems have reached this "American Mediterranean," and three more are on the way.

But before I draw the summary of chances, let me show further traits of this spirit of the last Northwest. Take Tacoma, Seattle's unsleeping rival. It had a similar slow growth for years. It suffered an Indian war, the trials of the Northern Pacific bankruptcy. It was nearly wrecked by the boom. But now, like Seattle, by a prosperity that is recent, Tacoma has doubled in population within five years. It is the Great City for every man, woman, and child of its inhabitants—"the City of Destiny"—they call it. And hardly Seattle can match its public spirit. It is resolved to become the most beautiful city in the world, and, like Seattle, it has been most carefully planned. Every Tacoman is almost as active in work for his city as he is for his own business. He notifies the arrival of strangers to the hospitable Commercial Club. He is one of the jolly "Boosters' Club," which bangs over the country its deafening cymbals of advertisement. Off for a trip, short or long, every spare inch of his hand-bag is stuffed with alluring "literature" from the Chamber of Commerce; every letter he posts is sealed with the crimson sticker, "Watch Tacoma grow."

"You'll like Tacoma—the City with the Glad Hand and Opportunities for All," is the word of the latest folder issued by the Board of Trade. "Come and Meet Us." And here are some of its enumerated "reasons why:"

The Ideal Home City.
Eleven hundred acres in parks.
Lowest death rate in the Northwest.
Twenty-four "grade" schools and six colleges.
The largest high school west of New York.

The largest stadium in the United States and the only public school stadium in the world.

Light and water systems owned by the city.

More beautiful scenery than any other business center.

Cheapest electric power in the United States.

Thirty-three miles of water front.

Headquarters of the Pacific lumber industry.

Largest packing-house west of Denver.

Greatest wheat shipping center in the West.

Largest flour mills, smelter, malt house, furniture factory, planing mill, car and locomotive manufacturing shops in the whole West.

The Northwest deals in large things, and never hides its light of performance under a bushel. Now and then it speaks with a note of exaggeration. But, fairly, these phrases of the advertiser convey essential truths, and his promises are fulfilled even to expectation—provided only a man work, like all his neighbors, with heart and soul.

Those who organized the great Exposition at Seattle publicly proclaimed that its purpose was commercial and educative, and that, unlike other expositions, it celebrated no great event. And yet all Seattle testifies that it celebrates the semicentennial of the long-forgotten prophecy of Seward, who, against the whole country, and defying opposition and indifference, persisted in the purchase of Alaska. His words are now its creed:

"The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter."

Already we have seen the beginning of that prophecy's fulfillment. A great practical economist declares that the prosperity of the Northwest, which has brought the Union five new States within twenty years, has been more marked than that of any other part of this country at any time except that of California during the gold excitement. In the part of it that is called the Pacific Northwest in 1843 there were five hundred white men; now there are more than two millions of people, and it is a growth that must increase. Washington, most fertile of States, is alone larger than all New England, and, home calculation has it, could support a population of fifty millions. Surely its opportunities are beyond parallel. More than half the peoples of the world live in the countries that border on the Pacific Ocean. By the assurance of fact, the Pacific Northwest is the richest land on earth for the supply of the necessities of food and of lumber for shelter; it has in great abundance coal for manufacturing and transportation, ores for manifold uses. By nature and the railways the trade channel westward has now been irrevocably fixed, and to all in the Pacific portion of the world "Puget Sound is pivotal." That is the faith of the whole land. "We are going to make our back door our front door!"

On a flaring railway poster you can see Uncle Sam mightily bestriding the whole Pacific slope. As ever, his breeches and swallowtails are cut from Old Glory. Our royal bird of freedom dangles from his fob. The morning star blazes in his shirtfront. He stretches his arm over a wonderfully narrowed Pacific, and his bootstraps are strained with vehement eloquence as he points his nephews to China, Japan, India, the Philippines. And these are his shouted words: "Only one ocean to ferry across, and 850,000,000 people for your market!"

And his nephews, the great army of them—eager, athletic, dapper young men with rimless eye-glasses; Yankee-clever, in their megaphonic way doing a notable feat for this old world's history. Far-descended, they are the van of the great westward-swarming horde that spent unknown ages creeping from the foot-hills of the Himalayas to the verge of Europe; that dared the Atlantic and pushed the march over the New World—always to the West and always to the North. And now, within a score of these last years, by the railways' rapid mustering, its great battalions have crossed the Dakota plains and the Rockies, and are marshaled on the steeps of this western coast—stopped, you would have said, by the six thousand miles of the Pacific and the peopled Orient before them. But no, the old Aryan pilgrimage continues, disguised by new-defined, twentieth-century ambitions. It is:

"Westward ho! for the course of empire—above all, commercial empire! To Asia now by the three-thousand-mile-long arm of Alaska!"

The Effect of Field Sports on Human Character

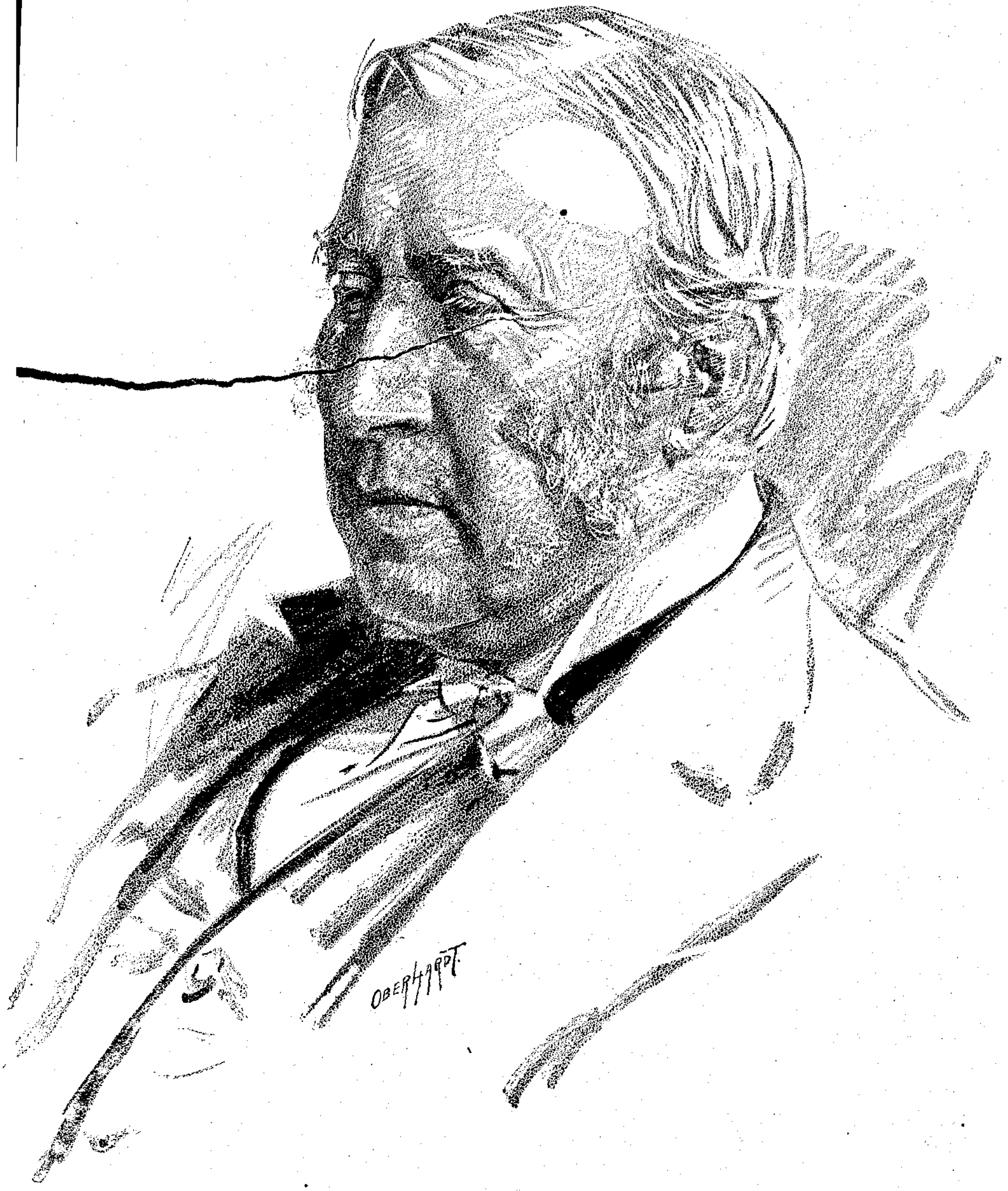
By John P. Mahaffy

Author of "Greek Social Life," "Greek Antiquities," "Greek Education," "The Art of Conversation," etc., etc.

NOT long ago, when enjoying the hospitality of The Outlook, we had a discussion on the highest and best type of human character, which was suddenly introduced by a remark of Signor Ferrero, that European civilization would not advance with proper strides until we had abolished the barbarous ideals of the most perfect life prevalent in England, more especially the notion that a sporting man of good breeding who occupied a large part of his life in physical labors and pleasures was the highest type attainable. This ideal is indeed in wide contrast to that of the modern intellectual man in Continental Europe, whether professor, politician, journalist, or author, who has grown up without this desire for physical exercise, this organized wasting of time and energy in field sports and matches of strength and skill, whose recreations are rather those of the night and the town than those of the day and the country. The old adage, "God made the country but the devil made the town," is to such men ridiculous. In the first place, bringing God into the matter, *ça manque d'actualité;* in the next, cities are the great mark and symbol of advancing civilization. Even in England there is now a constant drifting of the country laborer, the country bumpkin, the lesser squires, away from the dull and stupid fields into the lively, well-lit, amusing town. How much more is it in France and Italy "*la terre qui meurt*"?

When Signor Ferrero proclaimed his opinion that the old type of English gentleman was now antiquated, and a false ideal, I felt in me the protest of a whole life against such a theory. I could remember the days when the English gentleman traveling abroad was regarded, willingly by women, perhaps unwillingly by men, as a superior sort of animal, an aristocrat in European life, such as the Spartan was among the republics of Greece. It was by no means the mere fact that he was rich; that caused more envy than admiration. It was not because he had good manners, for his calm and undemonstrative air, his stiffness and dislike of showing his emotions—all these qualities were attributed to his aristocratic pride, his inborn sense of superiority. Nevertheless, though disliked, he was admired; though sometimes satirized, he was always imitated. The female sex, at all events, never disguised their partiality for the haughty traveler. Even his costume, very plain but thoroughly practical, was the model of fashion. Paris is not more closely the arbiter of female elegance in dress than London was for men. The very inability of foreigners to assume the English air along with the dress made their inferiority more manifest. Not a little of this feeling survives through Europe, even among those who sedulously repudiate it.

Of course, so far as modern Europe has become republican, Socialist, irreligious, scientific, there is naturally a strong reaction against this greatest of aristocracies. Yet it will long remain great and unique in Europe, because it rests on a wider social basis and includes a great part of the middle classes, which are excluded from the aristocracies on the Continent. There are many commoners in England who mix on equal terms with the nobility, nay, who are far more highly esteemed and have higher traditions than lords of recent origin. These are the gentlemen whose sons fill the public schools, the old universities, the army, and, above all, that great civil service, Foreign and Colonial, who hold a great Empire and command the respect of subjects of divers races because of their courage, their calmness, their justice, and their humanity. I do not believe that these qualities would have



JOHN P. MAHAFFY
Drawn by William Oberhardt

existed in any exceptional degree among Englishmen of the upper and middle classes were it not for their country life and their devotion to field sports. For living in the country not only creates the opportunity, but even the necessity, of adopting this kind of recreation, were it only to avoid monotony and *ennui*. There is, moreover, nothing which creates so close a sympathy between men of widely different social rank, and even widely different races and tongues, as the joining in common sports. The most primitive and universal is the pursuit of other animals, or of fish or birds. For man is by nature a hunting and predatory animal, and kills others for the sake of his food and clothing. Hence every primitive man, from the Pacific Islander to the Irishman (who, in spite of high civilization, is still a very primitive man), delights in joining the sportsman of another race or tongue who follows the same pursuit with better weapons and more skill, but with no less courage and self-denial. Still more is this the case when the animal pursued is noxious and dangerous and the sportsman saves a village from the terror of a man-eating lion or tiger. What is also highly important is that this love of sport helps largely to make young Englishmen content to live a solitary life in remote corners of the Empire. They have this relaxation and this excitement as a wholesome solace and a wholesome occupation for their leisure hours, instead of longing for the boulevards and cafés of Paris or Rome, or seeking among the natives other consolations which lower their prestige as well as their moral tone. I well remember saying to King Humbert, when he was regretting the condition of Sardinia, that if, instead of sending there the worst members of his civil service, by way of punishment, he would borrow ten of our best India civil servants and give them control of the island, he would see it safe and prosperous in ten years' time. Like things might have been said about Eritrea, where a policy of grasping and even dishonesty brought about the disaster of Adowa.

But let us leave these perhaps disagreeable reflections and consider the physical training of the Englishman in itself, and not in comparison with that of other races. There are, of course, two great divisions of sports, those that consist in the pursuit of game, and those that consist in competitions for superiority either of individuals or groups of players. In the older days, up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, those field sports that consisted in hunting (the fox or hare), shooting game, and fishing for salmon or trout were held far superior to any other physical amusement. Though in shooting and fishing the prey was always valuable as food, and no sport was thought well of except for such, yet the main object and purpose were the pursuit, just as much as in hunting. The great attraction was undoubtedly this, that civilized men, even those living in luxury, underwent many toils and much fatigue in reverting to the habits of their savage ancestors, to whom the chase was a necessity of life. The man who goes out with two modern breechloaders is the direct descendant of the man who went out with the bow and arrows, the blow-pipes, or the boomerang. The delight of each is the same in kind. I have both shot and fished when the pangs of hunger were the consequence of ill success, but the pleasure was hardly greater than that of bringing down two snipe right and left, or a pheasant from a great height in the air. In hunting the fox or the stag it is, of course, altogether the difficulties and dangers of the chase which produce the charm of that sport. The school-boy who lives confined to his playgrounds, the townsman who has not access to the wild country and the haunts of game, must content himself with the many exercises of strength and skill which represent the instinct of war in the savage, as the others do the instinct of the chase. But these are now so disguised that the only clear evidence which remains is the love of victory in a contest, and the more even the contest the greater the delight in success. This class of physical recreation is also divisible into two, one in which men play in teams and the victory is a joint victory, the other where individuals try their prowess against each other, as in lawn tennis or golf. This latter class is the inferior, though more convenient in many respects, for it does not cultivate that precious virtue of self-sacrifice for the good of the side which marks the perfection of the other. The complete submission to the captain is another invaluable feature, for it teaches young men that there is such a thing as absolute though voluntary obedience, and that great results of this kind can never be attained on republican, but on monarchical, principles. In every crisis of life, great or small, one man must take the lead, but unless he is able to command hearty and loyal obedience he cannot hope for a successful issue. There is another cross-division in these sports. Some demand careful physical training for the sake of a single effort which is over in an hour. Others do not require more than the average condition of a healthy man. This latter is of course the better alternative, seeing that the slavery of training ended by one great effort often leads to a rebound into luxury, and may not only damage the physique but still more the morale of the athlete. That was the reason why all Greek speculation or education spoke with disparagement of athletes. They were not even thought the best soldiers. Their physical training and peculiar diet were held to make them sleepy and stupid, nor were they as fit for long marches on poor fare as the ordinary citizen.

I feel it impossible to represent adequately what I feel on this subject without coming to a concrete case and showing how the English ideal works out in an average specimen of the race. Nor can I speak of any case so well as of my own, which I now look back upon after a long and busy life, and which I can criticise, I trust, with philosophic calm if not without partiality.

I feel all the more free to write this fragment of autobiography because, if I have done any service to the world, if I have helped to add any enjoyment to society around me, it is wholly due to the exceptionally wise education which I received, not from professional teachers, but from devoted parents, who had means and leisure to devote themselves to the task. I have often said that an autobiography is a thing which no gentleman should write. What follows is, however, not what I have done myself, but what others have done for me.

It so happened that I was born of Irish parents in Switzerland, whither they had gone owing to great and sudden bereavement. They had lost three children within one week. As they both belonged to the professional class, and also owned landed property, they were not constrained to live where they must earn money. My earliest childhood was profitably occupied in speaking first French and then German as native tongues, while the use of English was not abandoned in my home. It was in Bavaria that I was taught the elements of music and received my first lessons in shooting and fishing, which my father loved. In summer his position of British chaplain brought the traveling English, who were then of the higher classes, to associate with him. The rudiments of Greek and Latin, and even of Logic, I was taught by him. So I came home at the age of twelve practiced in many things which the school-boy never learns, or learns without proper intelligence. Ireland was just recovering from the horrors of the famine, and all landed proprietors, great and small, were very poor. Therefore to most of us hunting was out of the question, and indeed in Bavaria riding for pleasure was almost unknown. But the County Monaghan afforded unlimited fishing and shooting without let or hindrance. The greatest value of this recreation was that it could be had any day and close by. There was no need of getting holidays and traveling a distance to enjoy them. Hence all through my years at home such a thing as a pause of a month or six weeks in work to rest ourselves or our teachers was unknown. Whenever we wanted a day, we were allowed one. But the habit of continuous work was ingrained in us all; and nothing seems to me more valuable in proper home education than this, in contrast to the unavoidable holidays of public schools. Two elder brothers who showed no taste for book-learning were prepared for other walks in life, in which they succeeded perfectly. Had they not died young, they would have done more useful work in the world than I have done.

When we removed to Dublin, and I was set to prepare for the University, I was still so far master of my time that I was able to acquire skill in cricket, which is the best of all the athletic sports, because, in the first place, it demands brains as well as muscles, and is thus an intellectual exercise; next, it does not require special physical training, like rowing, but can be taken by any healthy lad as part of his ordinary exercise; it demands loyalty to the side, as well as individual prowess, and thus promotes and rewards unselfishness. In these respects it may be classed by itself between field sports and athletic sports, and it does not admit those personal collisions which are the objectionable feature of football. Thus equipped, I entered the University, very imperfectly trained in the accurate part of classical scholarship, just as the American Rhodes scholars found themselves at Oxford, but in other respects far more widely prepared to have sympathy with many pursuits, and, above all, so fresh and young, and able to work hard, that I cannot but feel how I lived in a golden age, strange to all competitions or running for prizes within an age limit, the worst poison that now infects the intellectual training of our youth. It was not difficult, with the help of good teachers, to make good the weak spots in this home training, to learn how to write accurate Greek and Latin, prose and verse, to master algebra and trigonometry so far as was necessary for all the tests required, and so to rise from a low place in the class to respectable distinction.

Looking back on this example of English or Irish home training, I cannot but feel convinced that it was infinitely superior to the training of men such as Signor Ferrero are likely to have had. The possibilities of field sports do not seem to exist for the middle classes in the Latin races, and, as regards their schools, it is not necessary to point out the superiority of the English system, for all French and Italian authorities on education are constantly deploring it. Even the Germans, who pay attention to gymnastics, are distinctly overweighting the mere book-training of their youth, and still neglecting not only the physical but the moral values of those school sports and exercises which are controlled by the boys themselves, and constitute a most important *imperium in imperio*, a democratic society which enforces obedience to its unwritten law with prompt and severe punishment. But this consigning of boys to a public school and to the control of others than the parents is, indeed, often a necessary, but only a second-best, alternative. It is now very exceptional that parents, even with the help of occasional special teachers, have either the leisure or the knowledge necessary to bring up their sons. The usual condition of things is that the father is too busy, the mother too ignorant. To meet this difficulty the day school is preferable, if only the society of other boys and the practice of sports and games can be secured. The boarding-school is, of course, the easiest solution, and secures the physical exercise of the boy, at least in our English system, adequately. But then boys brought up in droves never have the opportunities of that higher and more subtle education which they receive in a truly cultivated home. That is the education which all our girls that belonged to the leisured classes used to get, and it made them far more cultivated than our school-boys, and perfectly fitted to their duties in after life. For I do not esteem the modern girl who hardens her muscles and tans her skin and is unhappy every day that she cannot spend in outdoor exercise, any more than I esteem the youth who takes care of his complexion and studies beauty in his dress. Both unfit themselves for their proper duties, and strive to efface the fundamental difference between the sexes which nature has established and all sound societies have maintained.

Here we come on the radical divergence between Signor Ferrero's view of civilization, so far as I know it, and ours. All human culture is necessarily artificial, and to a high degree, but there are different species of artificiality. No doubt what we call nature is in many respects both wasteful and cruel. So far it is the mission of civilization to contradict nature. But in many other respects Nature is both healthy and stimulating, and here the best culture only corrects and improves her teaching. And it is surely better to educate and control one's natural instincts than to extirpate them. The modern democratic ideal of education, which regards only the development of the intellect, exemplifies the same kind of mistake as the mediæval ideal of asceticism. There was a time when all Europe seemed agreed that the anchorite in his cell was a nobler person than the man who delighted in his wife and children, nay, even his horses and his dogs. We know better now. But I think that modern democracies or democratic societies are not unlikely to develop (or degenerate) into a type of man that thinks the politician, the author, even the journalist, a higher type than that which we Anglo-Saxons cultivate. Not that the newer type can call itself more humane. Those who think field sports contemptible think vivisection commendable. For the one is only a sacrifice of animal life to our physical well-being; the other is a sacrifice to Science; nor do they hesitate to drench the altars of this new goddess with the blood of innocent victims, as did the slaves of bygone superstitions. It is not the mere taking away of life by the simplest process. I have heard a great man of science, a theologian and an otherwise humane man, say he did not mind a dozen dogs being tortured to save a single human life! There are few English sportsmen to whom such a declaration does not seem odious. Yet they all take away life, and sometimes even with pain. But it is never cold-blooded scientific cruelty.

The general result of this comparison of two divergent types can best be illustrated by examples. We were out with a Spanish grandee who professed to be a sportsman, and was so according to his light. He was not a bad shot, especially at pheasants driven over his head, with a camp-stool to rest on in the intervals. But we took him walking across a wet moor, rough with tussocks and rocks, which he evidently thought no sport at all; nor was he able to hit birds getting up unexpectedly before him. But presently there was a heavy, driving shower. We gathered behind a turf-stack for shelter, but were all very wet. When the sky cleared, he assumed that we would go home at once to change our clothes, and when we said, "Not at all," and made him resume his place in the line, he turned to me and exclaimed pathetically, "*Mais, mon Dieu, ces Anglais, qu'ils sont fous!*" I have little doubt that were I to invite Signor Ferrero to wade breast deep in a rapid river in hope of hooking a salmon, or to wade a wet bog in pursuit of snipe, he would utter some similar sentiment, and regard me as not only a fool but a barbarian. And yet I can appreciate his brilliant researches in history, his intellectual conversation, his artistic tastes, all perhaps except his speculations on religion and philosophy, and these not because they are unintelligible to me, but because I imagine that I have reached further into them and studied deeper than he has. This is no mere expression of personal vanity. The views on these great subjects which he has propounded are those identified with Epicurus, of whose system I think, with Cicero, *nil magnificum nil generosum sapit.* But if in some respects I profess to take a higher standpoint than his, on another I take one which he will think far lower. If I were to regard physical pleasures as the *summum bonum* of life, then I will confess that even if to-day, when I am old, any one were to offer me the choice of spending to-morrow in a noble picture gallery, or at a splendid concert, or in an antique city, with its palaces and churches, or of going out in pursuit of sea-trout or salmon, or snipe or grouse, with good hope of success—though the artistic pleasures would be to me a certainty which I have been trained all through a long life to understand and enjoy, though the sport must be an uncertainty and might result in a blank day—I should at once take the day's sport in the country. Perhaps it may be said, in contemptuous reply, that the majority of the old Irish gentry were such, and that they valued nothing else. The books I have written will save me from being counted a mere member of this class. But my generation had an enormous advantage over that of the present day. The lesser gentry of Ireland and Scotland had opportunities for sport now denied to all but the noble and the rich. A man with £500 a year in the country then could command sport which a man of £5,000 a year cannot now secure. And this is not the smallest reason why from this class, the smaller proprietors, including the clergy of the Established Church, there went out men who have done more than any other class or section of the race for the safety and the splendor of the British Empire. Writers, orators, warriors, statesmen, could look back to their early sporting days in the frugal life of their country homes.

It will be said that this education was, after all, an aristocratic education. It demanded leisure; it was not condemned to make ready for early competition. This I am quite ready to admit, but, after all, is not every higher species of education aristocratic? It is the one thing where the poor cannot compete with the rich, those of the sod with those of the mansion. The competitive system, invented to give equal chances to great and small, only increased the chances of the rich against those of high birth, for the cost of preparation increased, and the best is beyond the reach of the poor. No system of Socialism can destroy this privilege of the classes except by reducing them to the masses. Even then, from the masses the classes will always emerge and constitute themselves an aristocracy in which wealth, if not high traditions, will procure leisure and good education. Then the education which requires years of care and much relaxation in the midst of work will again become the condition of a higher and better life. So essentially true is it that men are not born equal in the sight of God. There is a well-known Irish definition of a gentleman—"the man that never done a hand's turn for himself, nor anybody else"—which has this element of truth, that it expresses how essential leisure is to the higher life of men. There is another of the educated man—the man that knows everything about something, and something about everything—which would find general acceptance in Anglo-Irish or Scottish society. But the latter *everything* must be really comprehensive and include physical as well as intellectual attainments.

If I have omitted all consideration of the religious training of our youth, it is not because I underrate its paramount value. But on this point I feel that my supposed critics and I move in different planes, and that our respective views are heterogeneous, and therefore incommensurable. I apologize for using such words, but here they express the exact difference between us and save me from all argument.

OF ONE GROWN OLD

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Now I would paint her portrait as of one
Grown honorable with deeds, the level brows
Carved in serenity, yet overrun
By furrowing years, to show the body bows,

While soul stands firm. Her eyes are Laughter's own,
Though long the channel of embittering tears.
Her thoughts frame halting speech, like old flutes blown
By lips that try the airs of other years.

Like lilies round the sacred altars set,
Hedged in by holy words and music, she,
Far from the world's unconquerable fret,
Lives out her days in sweet austerity.

No dread of wars shall now assail her soul,
No trumpets call her to the tall watch-spires;
Strife past, her thoughts now answer to the roll,
Like men-at-arms about the evening fires.

Her days speed by like armies through a land
Scourged past all struggling for. No drums there beat;
But where the blood of battles stained the sand,
Now scarlet poppies nod about the feet.

Two Famous Ballads

Barbara Allen's Cruelty &
Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale

With an Introduction by
Hamilton Wright Mabie

THERE is no better way of bringing into view the special qualities of the ballad than by placing it in contrast with the sonnet. The sonnet is the work of an individual; it is a piece of calculated, self-conscious composition; it is written to be read by the eye; it deals with an emotion, a thought, an image; its form is sharply defined and is imposed with the weight of a law on its writer; it is, in a word, the most individual form of expression of a period in which literary self-consciousness has become acute and sensitive. The ballad, on the other hand, is not, in its older forms, the work of an individual; it is impersonal; it was often, beyond doubt, the expression of a spontaneous impulse, and devoid of conscious or premeditated effect; it was recited or sung, never written; it told a story either in a striking incident or a series of incidents; it was addressed to an audience, and was listened to and not read; it had great flexibility of form. The sonnet is the creation of trained writers in a sophisticated age, using an exacting form of verse with the most careful prevision of artistic effects; the ballad was the composition of untrained men in a simple society, using a flexible verse form with no sense of authority or restraint.

The delight with which the ballad and other forms of folk literature were received when they were, so to speak, rediscovered has been felt afresh in every succeeding generation, because these older forms of composition are so far removed in inspiration, substance, and form from the spirit and methods of modern writing; because they are so fresh in feeling and in phrase, so naïve and direct, so objective and broad in treatment. Contrast the story of Barbara Allen, which the forerunners of the people who now read the "yellow" journals once knew by heart, with Maeterlinck's "Seven Princesses," and the simplicity and ingenuous veracity of the song stand out in striking relief. If the famous ballad of "The Hunting of the Cheviot," of which Sidney said that it moved his heart "more than with a trumpet," is placed beside Maeterlinck's impressive drama, "The Blind," how bold and sharp become the outlines of the old story, how devoid it is of atmosphere and symbolism, on what a rushing current its action is swept along!

The ballad is absolutely impersonal and objective; it bears no trace of authorship, rarely of design. The balladist thought only of his story, never of himself. He had no view of life to convey, no moral to enforce; he was a reporter with a vivid sense of reality and a natural gift of narration. He was rarely an artist in the sense of getting the most subtle effects out of his material; but he often had the great gifts of sincerity, spontaneity, and graphic description. The ballad was the natural expression of an unsophisticated age and an uneducated people. It was born when culture was a little capital of distilled knowledge in a few hands; it was democratic in spirit and substance, and popular in form. The stories which it told were common property; they were the joint possession of the entire community; everybody knew them and was more or less moved by them. In a very real though not in a rigidly exact sense, the ballads were the creations of communities rather than of individuals. Speaking of the primitive times which antedated written literature and produced a rich growth of legends, fairy stories, folk-tales, Herder said: "Poetry in those happy days lived in the ears of the people, on the lips and in the hearts of singing bards; it sang of history, of the events of the day, of mysteries, miracles, and signs. It was the flower of a nation's character, language, and country; of its occupations, its prejudices, its passions, its aspirations, and its soul."

In emphasizing the common capital of experience and history upon which all poets of this primitive period drew with entire freedom, Herder brings out one of the two elements of what may be called communal as contrasted with individual authorship in the modern sense. But the communal element becomes more definite when the conditions under which the ballad was composed are brought into view. Imagine a community made up of people who had never traveled, who were largely shut off from the world, who were of substantially the same grade of society, who could neither read nor write and had no books; but who had imagination, passion, curiosity, the love of life, and a keen sense of its comedy and tragedy. The people in this community had been told in childhood stories of war, of private vengeance, of love, of adventure. They had no histories or novels, but they knew by heart a great number of these actual or imaginary happenings; and among themselves the usual dramas of love and hate and sacrifice were continually enacted. Here, in a word, were all the materials but none of the mechanism of literature. Here also were men and women of vivid feeling, quick imagination, dramatic power. When these people came together, they shared with all men the instinct for rhythmical movement, the dance impulse which is as old as the race; they shared also the singing impulse; for both these impulses are fundamentally social. This stimulus fired the man of responsive imagination; he put a story or an incident known to them all in verse form, for improvisation was common and easily becomes a habit when the practice of it is widespread. The singer who, on the spur of the moment, made his song as he went along, moved his audience to join in a chorus; or perhaps some other singer sprang to his feet and added a verse, or a dozen verses. The song went home to the hearts of the simple people; it gained what we call popularity. It was still, however, in a fluid state; the original composer had no thought of ownership in connection with it; it was common property, to be changed, enlarged, modified at every singing. When it had gained a fairly complete form, it was handed down orally from generation to generation, subject to the inevitable gains and losses of that form of transmission. Even when a man of natural gifts of song composed a complete ballad, it passed out of his keeping, and suffered many changes as it was handed down to a later period. For this reason there are many texts of the popular ballads, but there is no text.

Of the two ballads here reprinted, "Barbara Allen's Cruelty" secured a great and lasting popularity. Writing of his childhood, Goldsmith says: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sang me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'" "Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale" is one of the most humorous and effective of the long list of songs which celebrate the audacities, adventures, and rollicking life "under the greenwood tree" of the famous popular hero. H. W. M.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love o' Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly rase she up,
And she cam' where he was lying;
And when she drew the curtain by,
Says, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allen."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blude were a-spilling!

"O dinna ye min', young man," she says,
"When the red wine ye were filling,
That ye made the healths gae round and round
And ye slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knelling;
And every jow the dead-bell gave,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen!"

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
To lay me down in sorrow.
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then steppèd forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding."

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two and three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland

A Study of Mismanaged Political Reform

By Paul Leland Haworth, Ph.D.

The Outlook has from time to time reported the salient features of Mayor Johnson's dramatic political career in Cleveland. The following résumé of that career is recommended to all those who are interested in improved government of American cities. The mayoralty campaign in Cleveland is not a "local issue." The fundamental questions presented in this campaign to the citizens of Cleveland are questions of vital interest to the taxpayers and voters of every municipality in the United States. Dr. Haworth, the author of the present article, is a resident of Cleveland and is a student of and authority on political history and civics.—THE EDITORS.

SOME years ago there came to the front in the public life of the city of Cleveland a man who was hailed in many quarters as the long-awaited statesman who was to lay the foundations of good municipal government as Alexander Hamilton, for example, laid those of American public finance. Mr. Tom L. Johnson was a street railway man and manufacturer, who confessedly had accumulated a fortune by practicing most, if not all, the tricks and stratagems which have made public service corporations and the men behind them too often "a byword and a hissing." Skilled in the arts of the monopolist and the franchise-grabber, he professed to have reformed, and began to pose as the defender of the helpless citizens against the wolves of his own kind.

In 1901 Mr. Johnson was elected Mayor of Cleveland. Since then he has thrice been re-elected, in 1907 defeating Mr. Theodore E. Burton, one of the ablest and best-trusted men in the city. The causes of this continued and truly remarkable success are, in the main, two. In the first place—himself. Mr. Johnson is a man of remarkable magnetism and buoyancy of spirits, who attracts the admiration and removes the element of personal antagonism from most of those who come into personal relations with him. Furthermore, he is such a plausible, resourceful, and astute politician that in most of his campaigns he has achieved a feat hitherto esteemed as difficult as that of combining oil and water—namely, harnessing saloon-keepers and ministers of the Gospel to his triumphal car.

For eight years Mr. Johnson has dominated the city of Cleveland as few, if any, American municipalities have ever been dominated. But, though he has been a "boss," he has not been a "boss" of the type of Cox, Murphy, Croker, or Tweed. He has led by taking the people into his confidence, or at least a part of his confidence. "I play the game with the cards face up," has been his boast. Is there an election to be won, a referendum to be carried? At once Mr. Johnson pitches his celebrated tent and with his lieutenants begins to plead his cause, answering questions and, if possible, engaging his opponents in joint debates. Though not an orator, he is convincing, is especially effective at rebuttal and repartee, and it is admitted by friends and enemies alike that he has yet to meet his match. He has not always been frank—few politicians are; he has sometimes and especially of late resorted to the arts of the demagogue; yet his main appeal has been, or at least has seemed to be, to reason and the people's sense of justice. His greatest triumph has been that he has aroused in Cleveland "a civic sense." He has made the people realize that the affairs of the city are their affairs. Such a realization is as valuable an asset as a city can possess, for it is in indifference that misgovernment and corruption thrive. It was this interest in their own affairs that in the last referendum campaign, on one of the hottest nights of the year, held twelve thousand perspiring people breathlessly attentive in and about a tent in which the Mayor and an opponent for two long hours discussed the dry details of franchises and traction management. I do not believe that such a thing would have been possible in any other city in the country.

In no other respect has Mr. Johnson's political astuteness more clearly revealed itself than in his choice of subordinates. In practically every campaign he has virtually selected the elective officers as well as those he has the privilege of appointing. In choosing men he has not confined himself to his own party. Whenever he saw a man of influence and ability, with a gifted tongue, he has delighted to lift him upon the stage. These men, such as Professor E. W. Bemis, Newton D. Baker, the Rev. Harris R. Cooley, he has kept in the limelight. Mere politicians of the baser sort he has kept as much as possible in the background. The plan has undoubtedly added to his strength, for the men mentioned and other heads of departments are almost all men of ability and high private character, against whom little can be said except that, it is alleged, they have been so thoroughly "Johnsonized" that they can see only through his spectacles.

With all his ability and astuteness, it is improbable that Mr. Johnson would have been so successful had not the situation been extremely favorable. The citizens of Cleveland, which is naturally a Republican city, had been so alienated by a carnival of misgovernment that they had repudiated Republican rule even before Johnson's advent as a mayoralty candidate; and they have shown a longer memory than is usual in such cases. Mr. Johnson immediately took up the street railway question as his chief issue, and promulgated the startling doctrine that the streets of Cleveland belong to the citizens of Cleveland—that when a public franchise expires the people are at liberty to make and ought to make the best possible terms for themselves, just as the owner of a private house, upon the expiration of a lease, is free to re-rent to the tenant who will pay him the most money. Such doctrines were not popular among some of the residents along Euclid Avenue nor among their superserviceable dependents, but they took like wildfire among the denizens of the West Side. "Three-cent fare and municipal ownership" became the slogan of the new crusade.

The Cleveland Electric Railway Company controlled the whole street railway system of the city, but its franchises were beginning to expire. It fought with all its energies to retain control—on its own terms—of the traction rights in the city, and was aided by Republican politicians hungering for the fleshpots of political power and by the class which naturally rallies to the defense of special privilege. Dummy bids, injunctions innumerable—every device that wealth could procure or the mind of a corporation lawyer could conceive was tried in the effort to stave off defeat. But Mr. Johnson and his lieutenants democratized the people of Cleveland, and one by one the defenses of the railway were battered down.

Mr. Johnson's victory over Mr. Burton in the election of 1907 seemed for a time to have settled the issue. The street railway company at last hoisted a white flag. After protracted negotiations, an agreement was at last reached whereby Mayor Johnson secured control of the street railways for the benefit, as he claimed, of the city. A State law, framed in the interest of street railway corporations, forbade municipal ownership; but a holding company known as the Municipal Traction Company, the affairs of which were to be looked after by nine directors, was created to lease and operate the system in the professed interests of the public. These directors were all friends and supporters of Mr. Johnson.

And now occurred an exemplification of the oft-proved truth that victory is sometimes more demoralizing than defeat. From the moment that Mr. Johnson and his lieutenants secured the control they had sought dates the decline of their political fortunes.

Hitherto the administration's record had been an honorable one. Mr. Johnson had been called by a student of municipal affairs "the best Mayor of the best-governed city in the United States." The praise was perhaps too great. There were honest men even then who would tell you that "Tom's so crooked he could hide behind a corkscrew;" but, judged by the record alone, his administration was entitled to respect. A democratic, even philanthropic, spirit had pervaded all departments. The bitterest critic could find no tangible evidences of "graft."

But from the 27th of April, 1908, the date of settlement, there have not been wanting evidences that have been triumphantly seized upon by Mr. Johnson's enemies as proving that, after all, the leopard cannot entirely erase his spots. From that date Mr. Johnson has seemed more like the Johnson of old than the Johnson who had been down to Damascus.

In common with most American politicians, he had promised more than he could fulfill. He had promised a three-cent fare; yet, when the holding company assumed control, an additional cent was for ninety days charged for transfers; to all points without the city limits except East Cleveland—which succeeded in forcing a three-cent rate—an excess fare was charged, but the necessity of this, it should be said, had been pointed out by the Mayor during the campaign. A strike broke out almost immediately, and vastly diminished Mr. Johnson's influence among the laboring classes. The service degenerated, and on a few lines was discontinued entirely. Yet, in spite of greatly reduced service, each month showed a deficit in revenue. Meantime, the administration displayed a brutal disregard of the public's wishes and a clearly manifested disposition to make those sections of the city which had been foremost in opposition pay a bitter penalty for their recusancy.

Although he had been a vehement denouncer of stock watering, Mr. Johnson countenanced a heavy issue of new stock, and did his best to float it. For a long period there appeared in his favorite organ an advertisement of the stock, featured by a portrait of himself and accompanied by his personal guarantee that the stock was "as safe as a Government bond." That the promise was delusive, the guarantee not absolute but speculative, was subsequently admitted by the Mayor himself when, following the defeat of the security grant at a referendum, he stated that the guarantee had no legal effect, but that the obligation was "as sacred as a gambler's debt." A circumstance which made the whole transaction appear in a still worse light was that, when the crash was imminent, at least one person having influence was allowed to redeem the stock at par, while other persons without such influence were not so fortunate.

For some time Mr. Johnson had been experimenting with a "pay-as-you-enter" fare-box, by the use of which he hoped to be able to make the non-payment and "knocking down" of fares practically impossible. In perfecting the device he and his associates spent about $36,000 belonging to the Cleveland Railway Company. In defense of this expenditure he pointed out that the company was to be allowed to have the fare-boxes at cost, but admitted that he expected to derive a personal benefit from the sale of boxes elsewhere. The indignation aroused by this introduction of methods employed for commercial private profit into the administration of public business was intensified by the fact that Mr. Johnson's son received a salary from the fare-box company for endeavoring to introduce the device into other cities.

In the days when the people were with him Mr. Johnson was an advocate of the referendum; but when the strikers, their sympathizers, and others of his opponents, acting under a State law, filed a petition demanding a referendum on the security grant to the Cleveland Railway Company, he and his supporters inconsistently but vainly resorted to the most unjustifiable devices to prevent a vote. The referendum was held in October, 1908, and resulted in the defeat of the franchise by the narrow margin of six hundred votes.

The result was renewed chaos in traction conditions. The affairs of the Municipal Traction Company were so badly involved that, upon application from creditors in other States, receivers were appointed by a Federal Court to operate the system. The old Cleveland Electric Railway Company, hoping doubtless to regain complete control, violated a "gentleman's agreement" and refused to restore the Forest City lines to the old Forest City Company. Negotiations for a new settlement were entered into, and Judge Robert W. Tayler, the judge who granted the receivership, proposed a plan whereby a new grant was to be made for twenty-five years to the Cleveland Railway Company, with the proviso that the public was to receive good service at cost. Cost was to include operating expenses, maintenance and renewal funds, fixed charges on bonds and debt, taxes, and six per cent on the actual investment beyond the bonds. The city was to have supervision over the operation of the lines and over the accounts of the company. Not earlier than January 1, 1919, the city was to have a right to name a purchaser, and there was also a provision whereby the city itself, in case it should receive legal authority, might buy the system. The initial rate of fare was to be three cents, with one cent (not refundable) for a transfer, and the rate was to be raised or lowered as necessity should dictate. But if raised it could not be raised above a certain maximum; this maximum fare was to be seven tickets for a quarter, with one penny (not-refundable) for a transfer; cash fare, five cents, with no additional charge for a transfer. The plan was an excellent one; it was accepted by the railway company; it was favored by public sentiment and by the press of the city; but the administration, with a seeming determination to secure control at all hazards, rejected it and granted a franchise, on a street where the old franchise had expired, to one Herman J. Schmidt. Again the issue was fought out in a referendum campaign, and again the administration was defeated, this time by almost four thousand votes.

In this campaign Mr. Johnson resorted to tactics more demagogic than any he had hitherto employed. When a meeting held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce appointed a Committee of One Hundred to direct the fight against the grant, he endeavored to neutralize the effect of their endeavors by rousing the masses against the classes. Circulars were issued naming prominent retail merchants who were members of the committee and advising the people to boycott the merchants as advocates of a five-cent fare and enemies of the public welfare.

The defeat of the Schmidt grant left the situation as follows: The street railway lines are still operated under a receivership. The fare on most of the routes is five cents cash, or eleven tickets for fifty cents, on the remainder (operated under grants to the old low-fare companies), three cents. On the five-cent lines a passenger must pay one cent additional for a transfer, and on three-cent lines three cents if the transfer is to a five-cent line, but on all a penny is refunded when the transfer is taken up.

Early last September Mr. Johnson, with practically all the "slate" approved by him, was renominated with little opposition in a primary notable as being the first held under the new Ohio law. He announced that he would continue his fight on the street railway question, and that he would also bring forward the question of tax reform. As the present system of levying taxes in Ohio is one of the worst in the Union, agitation of the subject is bound to be of value. The Republicans, after a heated campaign, nominated a ticket headed by Mr. Herman C. Baehr, the present County Recorder. Mr. Baehr has an excellent record as a public official, his private character has not been questioned, and he enjoys great personal popularity. The fact that he was at one time secretary of a brewing company diminishes his availability less than it would were he not of German descent, and were it not that Mr. Johnson's attitude toward the saloons has been a very liberal one. Mr. Baehr promises an administration of "deeds, not words," and advocates a settlement of the street railway question on the following basis: A thorough and honest trial to be made for eight months of a three-cent fare, with one cent (not refundable) for a transfer. If the experiment shows that such rate of fare is too low to be consistent with good service and a fair dividend to stockholders, then a higher rate is to be charged; but in no case is the rate to be higher than seven tickets for a quarter, with universal transfers. Contrariwise, if a three-cent fare shows that the return is unnecessarily large, then the fare is to be still further lowered. The plan has much to commend it.

On the last day but one of September, and after this article had been written, an unexpected turn was suddenly given to the political and traction situations by the announcement that a new agreement had been reached between Mayor Johnson's administration and the railway company. Negotiations, which had been in progress since the last referendum, had hitherto been halted by inability of the parties concerned to agree upon the questions of valuation and maximum fare. At last, however, the Mayor and Council agreed that these questions, as the company had proposed, should be submitted to Judge Tayler for arbitration. It is expected that when he has completed this task, a franchise drawn along the general lines of his plan previously referred to will be passed by the Council and then submitted to the people. The agreement is hailed by the newspapers as a settlement of the long war, but Clevelanders have grown so accustomed to "settlements" that do not settle that many of them will be skeptical until the last nail has been driven home—and clinched.

Definite prophecy, as the oracles at Delphi were well aware, is hazardous. A few months ago it appeared certain that the people of Cleveland were about to write the judgment of Belshazzar on Mr. Johnson. Since then he has regained some ground. What effect the new settlement will have upon his political fortunes is uncertain, but there are many, including some Republican politicians, who think it will inure to his benefit. Should he succeed in turning back the tide of defeat that recently has been running so strongly against him, he will have an opportunity to justify, in some measure at least, the expectations of his friends. But he must turn his back upon the methods he has recently employed, forget old enmities, and cease mixing private with public affairs. It is idle to deny that at his best he is a man of broad and progressive views, possessing unusual administrative ability. Should Mr. Baehr be elected, he will be in a position to carry out the desirable things for which his predecessor has fought, to discard the undesirable, and to solve some pressing problems which Mr. Johnson has ignored. But if he wishes to succeed, he must not forget that the Johnson administration, whatever its faults, has left a deep impress upon the people, and that, if it goes down to defeat, it will be because the people are tired of its methods rather than of its ideas.

Though the traction question is still unsettled, it is possible to come to some conclusions regarding it. In the first place, the contest has clearly demonstrated that the rate of fare in a city the size of Cleveland should not be as high as five cents. On the other hand, under present conditions, three cents is, in the opinion of the writer, somewhat too low to be consistent with a reasonable profit and efficient service. The proper mean lies somewhere between the two extremes, and will be found, I think, not far from the seven tickets for a quarter with universal transfers offered by the Cleveland Electric Railway Company prior to the election of 1907. To be sure, owing to the strike, hard times, public prejudice, and a somewhat high valuation of the property owned by the old company, the three-cent fare was not given a fair test; but the deficit shown under it was so large that, when the character of the service is considered, it seems unlikely that under present conditions it could succeed. Inasmuch, however, as statistics show conclusively that the number of passengers carried increases much more rapidly than do operating expenses, it is evident that the time will soon come when a straight three-cent fare, or even lower, will pay. Furthermore, some inventive genius may any day cut the cost of transporting passengers in half. It follows, therefore, that no city should grant a franchise at a fixed rate for a long period.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the failure of the municipal holding company plan did not, as some prejudiced and thoughtless persons asserted, prove the hopelessness of the low-fare movement. The long conflict has shown clearly that a five-cent rate is much too high, and neither party to-day would dare to carry through a settlement on the old basis. For this desirable state of affairs Mr. Johnson deserves full credit. It would be well for such cities as New York and Philadelphia if they had a similar demonstration. For nothing is clearer than that the citizens of such cities, as a result of the negligence or worse of their public officials, annually give to the holders of street railway franchises millions of dollars that ought to be paid into the public treasury or retained in the pockets of the patrons of the roads. These millions are usually hidden by watered stock and the other devices dear to the monopolist's heart, but the gift is made, nevertheless.

The management of the Municipal Traction Company was such as to lend some color to the charge that municipal ownership would give rise to evils equaling if not surpassing those under private ownership. The writer has never been ready to believe that Mr. Johnson, as has frequently been asserted, was in the street-car fight in order to gain financial control of the road, though it must be admitted that his action in the fare-box matter had a bad look. But it is clear that he was willing to use the street railways as pawns in the political game. The good positions, some of them sinecures, were given, almost without exception, to his political friends; and it is not improbable that had the security grant not been defeated the street railway system would by this time be a fully developed adjunct of the Tom Johnson political machine. If, as Mr. Johnson asserts, he is a sincere advocate of municipal ownership, he certainly took the poorest method in the world of showing his fealty.

That municipal ownership would not succeed in Cleveland or in other cities is too much to assert. But the experience does go to show what a few keen-sighted men have long been thinking, namely, that the political millennium cannot be brought about by changes of systems or the invention of clever governmental devices. Any one who has made even a superficial study of our history must have been struck by the proneness of Americans to experiment with the machinery of government—particularly of municipal government. If anything goes seriously wrong in a city, presto, a new charter and a total change of system! Such experiment, within limits, is, of course, worth while, for it would be foolish to assert that the perfect type of government, either local or National, has been evolved. But the evils which beset our popular government lie deeper than a faulty system. They are part and parcel of our citizenship. No governmental devices, however ingenious, can neutralize ignorance and the indifference which allows what is everybody's business to be nobody's business but the politician's. Better systems are needed, but, above all, a higher sense of righteousness and responsibility among the people. A stream, as a whole, cannot rise higher than its source, and thus far no political hydraulic ram which should raise the best portion of the stream of republican humanity into positions of responsibility has been devised. Before we can have any real regeneration in our government there must be a regeneration of the American people.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

BY FREDERIC E. SNOW

A white shaft gleaming in the morning light
  Above the waters, like a monolith
  From Egypt's storied land of sphinx and myth;
Or, when the evening falls, a winking sprite
That opes and shuts an eye the livelong night.
  All day the lapping currents lave thy base;
  All night the shifting tides about thee chase.
The storm-winds lash thee in their furious flight,
And blind thee with the madly swirling snow.
  Yet still thy voice sends out its booming cry
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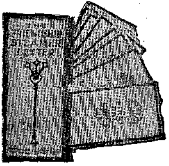

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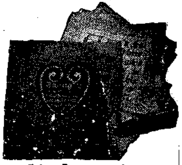

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